

# CURRENT LITERATURE

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(See American Poets of To-Day, page 16.)



# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXIV., No. 1 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JULY, 1898

### *The War with Spain.*

With the passing of another month much has been done toward convincing the Spanish nation of the futility of its struggle to retain Cuba, to say nothing of other colonial possessions, though not enough to completely satisfy those citizens of the United States who hoped that the army would be as quickly and ably handled as the navy. It should be borne in mind, however, that while for the latter it was a comparatively easy task to add to its force by the purchase of auxiliary ships of various types, and to secure enough seafaring men to man them, it is no trifling matter, without previous preparations, to expand an army of scant 25,000 men to one of more than quadruple force. But for this lack of preparation there is positively no excuse, though, whereas the thoughtless are now blaming the administration and even the officers of the army, the vials of their wrath should be emptied on the heads of the stupid and self-satisfied legislators, who, sitting in committee, have persistently shut their eyes to facts and their ears to the warnings of experts. For years they were told that skeleton regiments should be formed, and equipment made ready for just such an emergency; but, no, as long as the enemy was not at our doors, economy was the watchword of our enlightened representatives; not, to be sure, as to the appropriation of funds for expenditure in unnavigable waterways and extravagant public buildings, but on matters concerning possibly the very existence of the Republic. And these same men are now among the loudest in their complaints of dilatory action on the part of the army, and stand over-ready to pour out millions of treasure, much of which could have been saved by reasonable foresight. But now that a landing of marines has taken place at Guantanamo Bay, and the force intended for the capture of Santiago has at last left Tampa, there will probably be less criticism of the army which will henceforth give an excellent account of itself.

Unquestionably, the navy has set a very high mark for the other branch of the service to attain, and dare-devil exploits, such as that of Lieutenant Hobson and his men, send a thrill through the nation that is sanitary and revivifying to an eminent degree. Even the peace-at-any-price man must have felt the old Adam stir within him as he read how the Merrimac was anchored and sunk in the channel at Santiago amid the screeching and bursting of shells, and wondered what there was after all in war that could so move his commercial soul. Every one is anxious that Hobson and his men should be fittingly rewarded for their inspiring deed, but what about the other officers and sailors who were ready and eager to undertake this same task? To say nothing of rewards, do our readers, supposing they are always dealt with in a spirit of

even common justice. We cite a case in point, and quote from the Army and Navy Register of May 28:

"Captain F. J. Higginson of the navy, recently appealed from the decision of the auditor for the Navy Department disallowing the difference between his sea pay and shore duty pay, and also amount of commuted rations, while he was absent from his vessel serving as a member of a naval examining board. The incident occurred in November last while the officer was on board the Massachusetts, from which ship he was absent from November 8 to 13, and from December 20 to 23, a period of ten days, and the total amount involved was \$30.40. The acting chief of the Bureau of Navigation stated that the officer performed the duties mentioned as a member of the board 'in addition to his duty in command of the Massachusetts,' and suggested that the auditor be requested to apply this construction to the case. The Comptroller has affirmed the action of the auditor on the ground that it has been uniformly held in cases of this kind, an officer is for the time being detached from his vessel and entitled only to shore duty pay."

Here we find that Captain Higginson, a naval officer with a splendid record and in command of a first-class battleship, is mulcted \$30.40 of his small pay for simple obedience to the orders of his superiors. If such a regulation exists, the sooner Congress does away with it the better for the credit of the nation, but if, as we strongly suspect, this is but another example of the petty nagging and despotism to which officers of both services are constantly subjected by the understrappers and heads of bureaus in Washington, a clean sweep should be made of these gentry who often expend much intelligence in harassing brave men that are venturing their lives by land and sea.

The horrid front of war has been made to seem almost fair and smooth to look on by the pleasing mendacity of Spanish officials and a certain opera bouffe flavor in the record of Spain's victories for the month has made it positively delightful reading. For instance, while we innocently suppose that Schley's and Sampson's reconnaissances and bombardments had knocked at least a good deal of dust and mortar out of the fortifications of San Juan and Santiago, and with only the most trifling casualties on our side, we are surprised by authentic intelligence, from Madrid, of fearful havoc wrought on our fleets, and a loss of men reaching in one action to the number of 1,500. If Admiral Cervera is as much of a humorist as he has proved himself to be a gentleman, he must have smiled somewhat ruefully at the ebullition of joy which convulsed his native land when the people learned that he was safe in the harbor of Santiago, safe with the devil, represented by Commodore Schley, between him

and the deep sea. Other causes of Spanish meriment have been the doings at the Philippines, but a recent despairing dispatch from Augusti, the Captain-General, saying that surrender is inevitable, has cast something of a damper on public rejoicing, and turned attention to the complete rottenness of Spanish administration. With the arrival of the first expedition of American troops, Manila will probably fall at once into Dewey's hands, and as the days of Santiago and San Juan are numbered, it is possible that Spain's covert allies, France, Germany and Austria, will soon bring this Niobe of nations, bereft of her children, to accept the stern decree of the gods.

*Yankee Heroism*

In a particularly flattering estimate of the American character, Henri Rochefort saw in us a "terrific enthusiasm." He said that "No European power which managed to set foot on American soil would come out of it alive." He argued very keenly: "In America no one is a soldier, which means that in case of a conflict every one is," and he called us "a race full of initiative and audacity, one of whose most magnificent characteristics is contempt of life." To the American it must be a matter of considerable surprise to learn that he is proverbially credited with a calmness in the face of death that amazes the European mind. But, then, when one stops to consider it, he realizes that American heroism has an individuality of its own. Of course, there are Americans and Americans, and some of the latter are not heroes in any sense; but the American American is a distinctly courageous individual. He does not face death with the resigned fatalism of the Hindoo, nor the fanatic frenzy of the Mohammedan. He does not go into action on the stilts of rhetoric and melodrama that mark the Romance races. He does not die with the hooroo of the wild Irishman, nor the stolidity of the Anglo-Saxon. He has perhaps merged the stoicism of the Indian, the stubbornness of the Saxon, and the rejoicing of the Celt, with an autochthonous philosophy, an amazing coolness and an irrepressible humor.

The curious thing is that the typical American hero is able to see the funny side of his own death, the flaws in his non-idolized leaders; he can grasp the whole situation with shrewdness, and yet remain so far from being overcautious or shrinking that he does not count his life a penn'orth when anything is to be gained.

When the call came for Lieutenant Hobson's crew of six to man and sink the Merrimac, a feat whose picturesqueness equaled its apparently inevitable fatality, there were hundreds, if not thousands, ready and eager to answer that call. Under the storm of shot and shell, and with the imminent danger of being hoist by their own petard, they steered the ship and sank her with the precision and aplomb of a naval review. When Spanish projectiles thronged the air of Manila Bay, the commander of the Boston stood on his bridge, with his coat off, fanning himself and observing that the cup of coffee he was taking was not properly sugared. Such of our seamen as have been forced to be idle during the fleet's action have frequently danced and sung, and even played the harmonica to the diapason of bombardment. When, in the civil war, Cush-

ing's little tugboat was hailed by the Albemarle it had come to sink, every man aboard of her sang out a humorous reply to the sentinel's, "Who goes there?" The deadly sharpshooters of the North and South cracked jokes at each other while their guns exchanged repartee. Instances of the absolutely fearless, homely, unrhethorical, witty behavior of the Yankee in crises of danger fairly bristle history. The robust traits that have made Yankee heroism and coolness a marvel and a warning to the rest of the world, reappear now in full force. They should convince the monomaniacs who have thought they saw decadence and end-of-the-centuryism sapping the race, that the salt of Americanism has not yet lost its savor.

*"De Pontibus"*

An exceptionally valuable book on bridge building just published, from the pen of J. A. L. Waddell, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, bears the title "De Pontibus," for which the author offers the following satisfactory explanation:

For five consecutive years of his early life the author devoted more than half of his working time to the study of the Latin language, and this is the first opportunity which has occurred during the twenty-two years of his professional career to put the knowledge so obtained to any practical use. Moreover, he fears that if he be so fortunate as to be able to practice his profession another twenty-two years, no other occasion will occur to use it. So he feels the necessity of grasping this unique opportunity of a lifetime.

The professional experience of the author of "De Pontibus" is so nearly that of most college graduates—who have not taught Latin to somebody else—that the whole incident recalls Emerson's famous remark "De Pontibus" when he asked, apropos of the study of dead languages, why people should swim across the Charles River when they could cross on the bridge. Many of us have not only been unable to put our knowledge of the classics to any "practical" use, but we have rarely been able to put it to any intellectual use. The classic literature which has ministered to our intellectual life is that which we have reached not by swimming across the moat of classic lexicons, but by crossing the drawbridges of English translations. If we have enjoyed Homer it has not been in the original Greek, but with the help and the inspiration of Bryant or Professor Palmer or Andrew Lang. If we have enjoyed Plato, our obligations, ten to one, are to Jowett. If we are familiar with classic history it is not due to our reading of Thucydides, or Cæsar, or Tacitus, but to our reading of Grote, or Froude, or Merivale. In other words, we have gotten at the thought and the life of Greece and Rome by means of the bridges which the scholarship and genius of English writers have constructed. No one who has used these bridges will speak slightly of the broadening and stimulating influence with Greek and Latin literature and history exert, and if this influence is to be preserved and extended the use of these bridges is to be urged upon all serious students. The question of the classics in education is no longer the question of science versus Greek and Latin. Science has fully established itself in the curriculum, and some of the severest critics of Greek and Latin admit that



the study of science alone does not furnish culture. It is not science that needs to be given a large place in our colleges, but literature. The modern issue is not science versus the classics, but the classic versus the classics, and those who would preserve the study of "the best that has been thought and said" in Greek and Latin must more and more encourage the use of Emerson's "bridges."

*The Insolence of Letters*

Literature, as an art, is comprehended, or thought to be comprehended, by so many more people than any of the other arts, that those good folk who can read and write, have, by a strictly party vote and the possession of an enormous majority, passed a resolution that a knowledge of literature constitutes culture. This holds true, they think, whether one knows anything at all about the other arts or not. But they will not admit that a knowledge of certain of the other arts constitutes culture unless it accompanies a liberal acquaintance with literature. One is therefore constantly hearing from people who know the inside of a few books and the outside of many, complaints of the hopeless ignorance and narrowness of the average musician and painter. Now, literature, as literature, is very distinct from mere language as a commodity and a medium of exchange. The average newspaper article or the average narrative bears no more relation to literature because it makes use of the same words and phrases that stylists use, than the painting of houses and signs and the pounding of a gong of a railroad lunch counter bear to painting and music. There is, therefore, a painful inconsistency, a Pharaonic inconsistency, in the attitude of the great majority, which assumes to frown upon certain narrow-minded painters and musicians because they are ill acquaint with the classics of literature; for this same great majority has not the faintest knowledge of what constitutes good art or good music. Majorities rule, but they never prove. They are excellent in the administration of affairs, but they are useless in argument or art criticism. And there is no more reason for setting up literature as intrinsically greater than music, sculpture or painting, than for reversing the comparison—as many of the snobbish followers of these latter three arts presume to do. It is well enough to complain of the ignorance manifested by certain artists concerning the standards of literature, if the complainant is not himself quite as ignorant of the classics of these arts. Otherwise—and it generally is otherwise—silence, toleration and meekness are far more becoming. That is to say, if one is disgusted because a certain brilliant pianist has failed to read *Quo Vadis*, or has not interest enough to pay to see Ibsen performed, before expressing that disgust, even to one's self, one should stop to consider his own attitude in regard to the latest symphonic poem by Richard Strauss and the most recent exhibition of the Impressionistic or Luminarist school.

The truth of the matter is that the average artist knows infinitely more about good literature than the average reader of alleged culture knows about the best music and painting. Artists who are familiar with Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Heine,

Hugo, Thackeray, Kipling, and Hawthorne, are by no means uncommon. They know at least the chief writers and their distinctive styles. But almost scarcer than the proverbial "hen's teeth" are the well-read laymen who have the faintest idea of the individual manners and influences of Bach, Mozart, Weber, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Tchaikowsky and MacDowell. Before the kettle should call the pot black it should take a slight dip into the flour barrel, and readers who look down upon painters who are inapt to discuss Addison and Charles Lamb fluently, should make sure that they themselves know the difference between Monet and Manet. All this is not said with any idea to excuse many artists for their undoubtedly culpable narrowness of interest, but rather to accuse the average person of so-called general culture, of very real and very profound ignorance of the rudiments of other arts than belles-lettres. The blame for this state of affairs lies largely in our system of education which forces upon the general student years of detailed study of minor writers they will never refer to again, and will forget as soon as the superficial lesson is over; and which inculcates this useless knowledge of the smaller fry of the writers of so many languages, at the expense of the very greatest creators of the arts of music, painting and sculpture. There is a radical need for a change in the courses of study in our schools. The mental training to be received from the study of at least a primer of the other arts is far greater than that to be had from the study of so many branches of language and mathematics that add no jot of usefulness or comfort to future life.

Before throwing any more stones at the ordinary artist, then, the general reader should move out of his glass house of artistic ignorance.

*The Sacrifices of Children*

Nearly every one has at some time been touched by the uncomplaining sacrifices which children in families of a certain order are called upon to undergo. The saintly child is out of fashion in literature. The frank little freebooter who holds himself rather scornfully aloof from the interests and virtues of adult life is a favorite child at present. The saintly type is really persisting, however. One of the funniest and most impressive of little maids springs to mind. The brilliancy, the celerity of her intentions give a strangely inspired appositeness to mature thought in her unconscious, apparently, haphazard remarks. Her mother, whose one care she is, is of a radically opposite type. When their ideas conflict, as not infrequently they do, the daughter, aged six, is able to accept an ultimatum with a resigned sweet-tempered indulgence, dashed with a shade of amusement, even when a visit to country cousins is the privilege at issue. There are persons fond of exercising mastery, who fancy a child is well-trained when its powers of reason and volition have been completely subjugated. Often the voice of God directs the child against the will of the parent, whose eyes are hidden that he may not see, whose ears are shut that he may not hear. There are children dying by half inches in New York who might thrive in a country environment. They are sacrificed ruthlessly to the parents' choice of residence. There are fathers, if not mothers, to whom a new

book or a new horse for themselves appeals incomparably more strongly than a new book or a new wheel for the boys. "That's papa's book, you must not touch it," a small girl says, while the boy chooses what he calls "Animals of a quiet neighborhood" from the Sunday school collection, with uncomplaining recognition that what he reads consciously concerns no one. The self-sacrificing parents are known to all of us. There is, however, a class which from lack of heart, sympathy, education, tact, judgment, insight, generosity, perpetually sacrifice their children, running athwart their latent possibilities with unthoughtful vetoes and disastrous counter-commands. The individuality, the genius the child may possess is alien to their own natures and they labor blunderingly to eradicate it. Somehow the right of a child to the perfection of its own temperament should be secured, as well as some reasonable opportunity to act upon his environment in the fashion his instincts and intuitions direct him as conducive to his own welfare. To summon to this world a child soul with whom to be always warring at cross purposes of wrongful adaptation, is a horrible abuse of the parental office.

#### *Ironcladding*

The advent of the ironclad man-of-war is only a progressive step in the direction of a much more generally diffused use of steel in the future. Within the past decade iron has made such headway in the construction of modern buildings that, while it has not replaced stone or brick altogether, it may be said to have marked the downfall of those materials in the most progressive centres of activity. While iron possesses enormous strength, it cannot replace the use of brick and mortar altogether, owing to its conductivity and comparative weakness as a protective agent against fire. By a happy combination of iron and fire-proof materials—terra cotta, stone, asbestos, plaster—the new method of construction used in the modern sky-scraper has been evolved, and has met with such success that the time seems to have come when the question is forced on us whether iron and steel should not be generally introduced into all our everyday building operations. The sky-scraper, as is well-known, is but a veneer of stone or brick encasing a labyrinthine structure of steel, which is the real support of the whole. Under the old construction the building laws would not permit of the erection of twenty-story buildings except upon walls so thick as to render the ground plan almost a solid mass of masonry. By the use of steel caissons for foundations, steel girders and columns for the superstructure, and a mere "curtain" of non-inflammable material upon the elevation, held in position by the ironwork within, the lower walls of a twenty-story building need not be more than a foot in thickness. In the tall building the gain of floor space is therefore two-fold—first, in the greater number of floors, then in the larger area of available room to each floor, through absence of thick walls. For large buildings this new method of construction has proved less expensive than the more cumbersome method which it has replaced. For smaller houses, such as dwellings, it has thus far proved too expensive to be generally used, but that the progressive wave brought about

by the use of iron and steel is destined to spread to the ordinary construction of all buildings there can be little doubt, for there is everything to commend it, and only the question of expense is to be found on the other side. Our present methods are in the end the costliest, but we are little in the habit of considering any but the first cost as the one that counts. We build of wood in the country, and of sandstones in our cities. Flimsiness and unsubstantiality are well-known characteristics of construction in all new countries. Wherever we turn we find evidences of this spirit, for it has dominated everything during the past century. Indeed, we have to go back to pre-Revolutionary times to find the slightest appreciation of durability in the construction of houses. To-day the method is to skimp in every possible direction, and what with poor quality of material and inadequate supports, our buildings are mere tents which a good wind can unpeg and carry into our neighbor's yard. The time is therefore ripe for the change which must evolve from the new structural movement of the times. Greater permanence must be sought, and with it more complete protection against the dangers of fire or the elements. Our homes, instead of being vari-colored and shapeless tinder boxes, exposed to early decay or sudden annihilation, should be made to express better our national characteristics both of progressiveness and firm substance. Iron and steel are now the symbols of those traits. They cannot enter too soon or too widely into our activities.

#### *Anglo-Saxon Alliance*

What has happened lately to revolutionize American feeling toward Great Britain and to lead us, after having so recently rejected a "mild treaty of arbitration," to talk now about a possible Anglo-Saxon alliance?

It should be said in the beginning that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, there is no doubt that the two nations have in recent years been drawing closer together. The war flurry over the Venezuela business and the subsequent rejection of the general arbitration treaty, strange as it may seem, really went to help this tendency. The war excitement roused numbers of us to examine more carefully than we had ever done before, our grounds for friendship, instead of enmity, with Great Britain; and the earnest advocacy of the treaty by many of our strongest, clearest thinkers and most respected and trusted citizens, regardless of party, had great educating power, and tended to give thought upon the whole subject of our relations to the mother country a more serious bent than would otherwise have been the case. Many of us came to fuller and freer recognition of the fact that we Americans, in spite of all the commingling of nationalities among us, are practically of English blood, and that, in spite of occasional bitterness of feeling toward England, and especially toward Englishmen, we are proud of the fact. Most of the best that is in us and in our institutions is of English derivation; we rose against English oppression in the Revolutionary War because our English blood rebelled against oppression, and when we had won our independence we established and maintained a free, orderly, strong government



because as Englishmen we had been trained, and our fathers for generations before us had been trained, under essentially such a government. As Mr. Gladstone said twenty years ago, writing of us in his *Kin Beyond the Sea*: "Their infancy had been, upon the whole, what their manhood was to be, self-governed and republican. Their Revolution . . . was like ours [of 1688] in the main, a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed. It was a conservative revolution, and . . . the Thirteen Colonies made provision for their future in conformity, as to all that determined life and manners, with the recollections of their past." Facts of this kind and of a like sort, having to do with the development of both countries since their separation, have come to be more and more fully recognized, and they have been felt with such force down in the very depths of our being that it is probable that if at any time in recent years either power had been attacked by a strong outside enemy and needed help, the other would unhesitatingly have furnished that help.

In spite of appearances then we have really been gradually coming together. The tremendous impulse toward each other which has come now with such rapidity as almost to take our breath away, is due to two causes—the situation in China and our war with Spain. To take the last first: Early in April it came to be generally known here that the British Government had assured our Ambassador in London that the United States had its fullest and most cordial sympathy in its Cuban policy, and at about the same time the practical value of this sympathy came to our knowledge in the publication of the fact that Great Britain had refused to join the continental powers in intervening between the United States and Spain, and by her refusal had prevented a strong coalition against us. The London Spectator, one of the most representative papers in England, said, in reference to this: "The continental powers do not love the American Republic, but we cannot imagine that they would be so mad as to risk a war with the whole Anglo-Saxon race, for that is the risk. . . . If America were really attacked by a great continental coalition, England would be at her side in twenty-four hours." Since the failure of their first effort the powers have again and again made similar overtures to England, and her steady persistence in refusal has tended to confirm the truth of The Spectator's assertion. The value to the United States of this manifestation of England's friendship can scarcely be overestimated. England early rendered important service, too, by the prompt publication of a neutrality proclamation, and the enforcement under it of the laws forbidding ships of combatants to remain in her harbors or to coal and provision there. The enforcement of these laws throughout her colonies, especially on this side of the water, could not but operate distinctly to the disadvantage of Spain and to our consequent advantage. Is it any wonder that while the head of America has been quick to recognize the value of these services, the heart has responded as well? And does any one doubt that when, in his speech at the recent Anglo-American banquet in London, the president of the American Society in that city, said to his English

hosts: "As you have stood by us in our day of trial, when your day of trial comes count upon us," he gave expression to general American sentiment?

There is no question that English friendship for us is not wholly disinterested. The situation in China and the danger of Russian ascendancy there have made England feel her isolation keenly, and earnestly desire to find among the great powers of the world one upon whose cordial good-will, in time of need, she might depend. What so natural as that she should look to the United States? And when we consider that the settlement of the Eastern question involves the struggle for leadership between England and Russia, and think of what Russia stands for—autocratic government, the repression of the individual, ports closed to the trade of the world, except under most disadvantageous conditions, and so on—and of what England stands for—the exact reverse of all this—what is surer than that American sympathies must be wholly on the side of England; and what more certain, after the events of the last three months, than that, if she should need it, the Government of the United States would give substantial proof of the fact?

In estimating the value of England's friendship for us at this time let us not be induced to underrate it by the knowledge that her conduct is not wholly disinterested—that, as is sometimes said, she expects to get as much as she gives by it. This may be freely admitted; but would we like it if she didn't? Would it comport with our pride and dignity as a nation if she didn't? Washington, in his Farewell Address, tells us: "It is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another. . . . It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard." This is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago, and as between strong nations, it is in the main rightly true. But while we allow to self-interest all that may be claimed for it in the present case, we know that it is also true that the strength of the movement for Anglo-American coöperation is vastly increased by the general belief that close relations between the two countries are really in the interest of all that is highest and best in Christian civilization. One cannot read the many articles upon the subject in current numbers of magazines, weekly and monthly, and not be struck by the dominant note, not of mere selfishness, enlightened or other, but of nobility of hope and purpose, which characterizes the majority of them. Self-interest and a sense of moral responsibility are the moving forces among Anglo-Saxon peoples, and in this case both point in the same direction. But self-restraint is strong among us, too, and we shall not be carried off our feet by the present movement toward each other. A formal alliance under existing conditions is not likely. For the present it is probably enough for us both that we should continue to recognize as fully as most of us are now coming to, the claims upon each other established by the facts that we have the same blood, language, literature, laws and religion; that we stand alike for liberty and the general advance of the best interests of humanity; and that together we can hold our own against the world, or against any combination that the world is likely to make against us, or either of us.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*Avenged.....Lloyd Miffin.....The Slopes of Helicon (Estes & Lauriat)*

A frightened moon, without one star,  
 Close chased by demon clouds;  
 Gaunt castle ruins, dim and far,  
 Where phantoms flit in shrouds;  
 Fierce winds that torture frantic trees,  
 And fright the guilty grass;  
 The moanings of sepulchral seas;  
 Weird spectres, that repass;  
 Black umbrage, threatening unknown doom;  
 Old blood-stains on the moss;  
 Pallid above a grave's damp gloom,  
 The white and ghostly cross.  
 No hint of hidden human guilt,  
 Save this, the ghouls impart:  
 A dagger—to the jewelled hilt—  
 Rusts in a woman's heart.

*The Rock and the Sea.....Charlotte Perkins Stetson.....In This Our World\**

## THE ROCK.

I am the Rock, presumptuous Sea!  
 I am set to encounter thee.  
 Angry and loud or gentle and still,  
 I am set here to limit thy power, and I will!  
 I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. From age to age  
 I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage.  
 Scarred by frost and worn by time.  
 Brown with weed and green with slime,  
 Thou may'st drench and defile me and spit in my face,  
 But while I am here thou keep'st thy place!  
 I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!  
 I know thou art fair as fair can be,  
 With golden glitter and silver sheen,  
 And bosom of blue and garments of green.  
 Thou may'st pat my cheek with baby hands,  
 And lap my feet in diamond sands,  
 And play before me as children play;  
 But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!  
 I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. Black midnight falls;  
 The terrible breakers rise like walls;  
 With curling lips and gleaming teeth  
 They plunge and tear at my bones beneath.  
 Year upon year they grind and beat  
 In storms of thunder and storms of sleet—  
 Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,  
 But the rock they beat on is always there!  
 I am the Rock!

## THE SEA.

I am the Sea. I hold the land  
 As one holds an apple in his hand,  
 Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,  
 Watching the continents sink and rise.  
 Out of my bosom the mountains grow,  
 Back to its depths they crumble slow;  
 The earth is a helpless child to me.  
 I am the Sea!

I am the Sea! When I draw back  
 Blossom and verdure follow my track,  
 And the land I leave grows proud and fair,  
 For the wonderful race of man is there;  
 And the winds of heaven wail and cry  
 While the nations rise and reign and die,

Living and dying in folly and pain,  
 While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.  
 What is the folly of man to me?  
 I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. The earth I sway:  
 Granite to me is potter's clay;  
 Under the touch of my careless waves  
 It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;  
 The iron cliffs that edge the land  
 I grind to pebbles and sift to sand,  
 And beach-grass bloweth and children play  
 In what were the rocks of yesterday.  
 It is but a moment of sport to me.  
 I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep  
 Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;  
 Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise  
 In changing splendor of sunset skies,  
 And comfort the earth with rains and snows  
 Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.  
 Flower and forest and child of breath  
 With me have life—without me, death.  
 What if the ships go down in me?  
 I am the Sea!

*Dandelions.....Andrew Downing.....The Trumpeters and Other Poems\**

Bright coinage of the generous sun,  
 Down-flung, and scattered, one by one—  
 They star with gold the green plateau,  
 And light the landscape with their glow!

*The Fox and the Raven.....Guy Wetmore Curry.....Harper's Round Table*

An old fable retold.

A raven sat upon a tree,  
 And not a word he spoke, for  
 His beak contained a piece of Brie,  
 Or maybe it was Roquefort:  
 We'll make it any kind you please—  
 At all events, it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb  
 A hungry fox sat smiling;  
 He saw the raven watching him,  
 And spoke in words beguiling:  
 "J'admire," dit-il, "ton beau plumage."  
 (The which was simply persiflage.)

Two things there are, no doubt you know,  
 To which a fox is used:  
 A rooster who is bound to crow,  
 A crow who's bound to roost.  
 And whichever he espies  
 He tells the most unblushing lies.

"What's more," quoth he, "I understand  
 You're more than merely natty;  
 I hear you sing to beat the band  
 And Adelina Patti.  
 Pray render with your liquid tongue  
 A bit from Götterdämmerung."

This subtle speech was aimed to please  
 The crow, and it succeeded:  
 He thought no bird in all the trees  
 Could sing as well as he did;  
 In flattery completely doused  
 He gave the Jewel Song from Faust.

\*Small, Maynard &amp; Co. Boston: \$1.25.

\*The Hayworth Publishing House, Washington, D. C.

But gravitation's law, of course,  
As Isaac Newton showed it,  
Exerted on the cheese its force,  
And elsewhere soon bestowed it:  
In fact, there is no need to tell  
What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird  
Took in the situation,  
He said one brief emphatic word,  
Unfit for publication.  
The fox was somewhat startled, but  
He only sighed and answered, "Tut!"

The moral is, A fox is bound  
To be a shameless sinner.  
And also, When the cheese comes round,  
You know it's after dinner.  
But (what is only known to few)  
The fox is after dinner too!

*Coasters.....Thomas Fleming Day.....The Rudder*

*Overloaded, undermanned,  
Trusting to a lee;  
Playing high-spy with the land,  
Jockeying the sea;  
That's the way the Coaster goes  
Thro' calm and hurricane,  
Everywhere the tide flows—  
Everywhere the wind blows—  
From Mexico to Maine.*

O, East and West! O, North and South!  
We ply along the shore,  
From famous Fundy's foggy mouth,  
From voes of Labrador;  
Thro' pass and strait, on sound and sea,  
From port to port we stand—  
The rocks of Race fade on our lee,  
We hail the Rio Grande.  
Our sails are never lost to sight;  
On every gulf and bay,  
They gleam in winter wind-cloud white,  
In summer rain-cloud gray.

We hold the coast with slippery grip;  
We dare from cape to cape;  
Our leaden fingers feel the dip,  
And trace the channel's shape.  
We sail or bide as serves the tide;  
Inshore we cheat its flow;  
And side by side at anchor ride,  
When stormy head-winds blow.  
We are the offspring of the shoal,  
The hucksters of the sea;  
From custom theft and pilot toll,  
Thank God that we are free.

*Legging on and off the beach;  
Drifting up the strait;  
Fluking down the river reach,  
Towing thro' the Gate;  
That's the way the Coaster goes  
Flirting with the gale,  
Everywhere the tide flows—  
Everywhere the wind blows—  
From York to Beavertail.*

*Here and there to get a load;  
Freighting anything;  
Running off with spanker stowed;  
Loafing wing-a'-wing;  
That's the way the Coaster goes  
Chumming with the land,  
Everywhere the tide flows—  
Everywhere the wind blows—  
From Ray to Rio Grande.*

We split the swell where rings the bell  
On many a shallow's edge;  
We take our flight past many a light  
That guards the deadly ledge.  
We greet Montauk across the foam,  
We work the Vineyard Sound;  
The Diamond sees us running home,  
The Georges outward bound.  
Absecon hears our canvas beat,  
When tacked off Brigantine;  
We raise the Gulls with lifted sheet,  
Pass wing-and-wing between.  
Off Monomoy we fight the gale;  
We drift off Sandy Key;  
The watch of Fenwick sees our sail  
Scud for Henlopen's lee.  
With decks awash and canvas torn  
We wallow up the Stream;  
We drag dismasted, cargo borne,  
And fright the ships of steam.  
Death grips us with his icy hands  
In calm and hurricane;  
We lay our bones on fifty sands  
From Mexico to Maine.

*Cargo reef in main and fore,  
Manned by half-a-crew;  
Romping up the weather shore,  
Edging down the Blue;  
That's the way the Coaster goes  
Scouting with the lead,  
Everywhere the tide flows—  
Everywhere the wind blows—  
From Cruz to Quoddy Head.*

*Going For a Soldier.....E. Nesbit.....Poems*

Are you going for a soldier with your curly yellow hair,  
And a scarlet coat instead of the smock you used to wear?  
Are you going to drive the foe as you used to drive the  
plough?

Are you going for a soldier now?

I am going for a soldier, and my tunic is of red,  
And I'm tired of woman's chatter, and I'll hear the drum  
instead;

I will break the fighting line as you broke your plighted  
vow,

For I'm going for a soldier now.

For a soldier, for a soldier are you sure that you will go,  
To hear the drums a-beating and to hear the bugles blow?  
I'll make you sweeter music, for I'll swear another vow—

Are you going for a soldier now?

I am going for a soldier if you'd twenty vows to make;  
You must get another sweetheart, with another heart to  
break,

For I'm sick of lies and women, the barrow and the  
plough,

And I'm going for a soldier now!

*Michelangelo.....Jose-Maria de Heredia.....Sonnets\**

Haunted he was by torment tragical,  
When in the Sistine where no fête, he knew,  
Lonely, his Sibyls and his Prophets grew,  
And his Last Judgment on the sombre wall.  
He heard the tear-drops, unremitting fall  
(Titan whose wish to highest summits flew)  
Where Country, Glory, Love, defeatures rue;  
And deemed that dreams are false, that death wins all.  
And so, these Giants, bloodless, weary grown,  
These slaves bound ever to the unyielding stone,  
How strangely twisted at his sovereign will;  
While in the marbles where his great thoughts fare,  
How courses with emotion's deathless thrill  
The passion of a God imprisoned there!

\*Translated by Edward Robertson Taylor. William  
Doxey, San Francisco, publisher; \$2.50.



## A LOVER OF THE FLAG

BY KATE ROHRER CAIN.

While patriotism is at white heat, and particularly on the Fourth of July, it seems a fitting time to call to mind one of the truest patriots that ever lived or died, the Hon. Christopher Yancy Thomas, who wrote the constitution admitting Virginia into the Union after the civil war. He was a devoted Union man throughout the war, and almost a martyr during the cruel reconstruction period. Full of grace the pen must be that would dare detail the sufferings of those bitter times to this rushing generation when the "blue and gray" are lovingly mingled, and both marching to Cuba under the old flag Mr. Thomas loved to the death, and which he did so much to establish again in Virginia.

There were many minds in the making of the new constitution, men of a different mould of thought and life, but it was Mr. Thomas who labored to modify and adopt the new laws to a peculiarly sensitive people, doubly shrinking under defeat from even the good the conquerors might offer them. Sensitive and shy himself, refined in all his nature to the keenest point of suffering, he enjoyed praise with the simplicity of a child, and he shut his heart away from hurts with a child's dignity. His clear intelligence and vast knowledge enabled him to reach the hearts and needs of others, and plan and labor for the New South in a truly paternal spirit. General Grant and General Scofield, the military governors of the State, knew and greatly appreciated him, and through him they were ever ready to yield favor to the suffering, disfranchised Virginians, until a general amnesty was reached, and the State forever one of the Union again. It was Mr. Thomas who took pains that all possibility of secession, all possible mistakes as to States' rights as opposed to national interest, should be clearly defined and prevented in the new constitution. Too delicate to make any claims for himself, the country owes him much, and his State and county can never repay his service.

Born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, March 24, 1818, to what was affluence for those days, of a fine old English family, Sir Phillip Thomas, one of his immediate ancestors, his inheritance was of noble blood, but he held it "only noble to be good." A thirst for knowledge gave the bent of books to his fatherless boyhood, and his gentle but strong mother was proud to rely on her only boy while fondly directing him into thoughtful ways. He had a fondness for all reading, was unusually well informed on foreign matters, with a fundamental knowledge of old French and English law, and grew up remarkably free from prejudice, keenly alert and interested for the common good, with a burning zeal for the principles of freedom and liberty, Washington and Hamilton being his ideals as opposed to Jefferson and Calhoun.

Law was his profession, and although he had a large practice, it is said that through his fine sense of right and justice, he effected the settlement of more cases out of court than ever reached the docket. He knew civil engineering, and was often

called upon to decide roads and boundaries, and construct bridges for his county. A fine business man, of rugged honesty, he was unanimously elected president of the first railroad connecting his chosen town with the outside world—the beautiful little mountain town of Martinsville, Henry County, Virginia. Farming was his recreation, and he did it scientifically. Agricultural and mechanical papers were his delight, and his farm and shop were models and unique in his locality.

He was State Senator at the opening of the war, and he labored with all the powers of his soul to prevent secession, writing letters to men of influence, and urging the people to see the logical outcome of such a step.

It had been the custom in Virginia for the members of the Legislature at the close of the winter term to go home, and on March court day to give an account of what had been done during the session. The people eagerly crowded to hear what Mr. Thomas had to say, and when he told them on that court day of March, '61, how foolish it was to go to war, his far-seeing mind pictured the deplorable condition that would ensue. March, '66, court day came again, and again he was called upon to speak to the people, and his words were all of prophecies fulfilled, with added faith in the general Government, and efforts on his part to arouse confidence and love for the flag.

Despite bitterness and calumny, the sneers of the ignorant, and ostracism by the proud, the people were glad to have the benefit of Mr. Thomas' ability and honesty. Never seeking his own ease or profit, he was ever ready to labor for the general welfare, and many times he held office of trust by unanimous election. He was commonwealth's attorney during a most difficult period, school trustee, sheriff, and country treasurer. He was tendered the Governorship of the State when it was under military rule, but his goodness of heart had not permitted him to see the widows and orphans and wives of Confederates suffer, and his help to them prevented him from taking the prescribed oath. He was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, and the oath there offered Southern members he could not in honor take, so that a modified oath was tendered him. He opposed the famous Civil Rights Bill, believing the South was not ready to live by it, that defeat and humiliation were too fresh to enable them to comprehend and embrace such a law. He wished the South to love the flag and cherish it as a sacred emblem of the power with which they themselves had clothed the Government.

The colored people looked upon him as their friend and protector.

His home, filled with books, papers and magazines, was the abode of cultivated and lovely hospitality. He died, comparatively young, February 14, 1879, leaving a stanchly Republican family of three sons and five daughters, and his devoted wife, a cousin of O'Hara, the author of *Bivouac of the Dead*, and of Fountain, the author of *All Quiet Along the Potomac*.



## POEMS TO BE READ BY THE SEA

*Song, from Death's Jest Book.....Thomas Lovell Beddoes*

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;  
 The wanton water leaps in sport,  
 And rattles down the pebbly shore;  
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,  
 And unseen mermaids' pearly song  
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.  
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:  
 To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-wing'd bark  
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,  
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,  
 Break the cav'd Tritons' azure day,  
 Like mighty eagle soaring light  
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.  
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,  
 The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

*A Sea Story.....Emily Henrietta Hickey*

Silence. Awhile ago  
 Shrieks went up piercingly;  
 But now is the ship gone down;  
 Good ship, well manned, was she.  
 There's a raft that's a chance of life for one,  
 This day upon the sea.

A chance for one of two;  
 Young, strong, are he and he,  
 Just in the manhood prime,  
 The comelier, verily,  
 For the wrestle with wind and weather and wave,  
 In the life upon the sea.

One of them has a wife  
 And little children three;  
 Two that can toddle and lisp,  
 And a suckling on the knee:  
 Naked they'll go and hunger sore,  
 If he be lost at sea.

One has a dream of home,  
 A dream that well may be:  
 He never has breathed it yet;  
 She never has known it, she.  
 But some one will be sick at heart  
 If he be lost at sea.

"Wife and kids at home!"—  
 Wife, kids, nor home has he!—  
 "Give us a chance, Bill!" Then,  
 "All right, Jem!" Quietly  
 A man gives up his life for a man,  
 This day upon the sea.

*Song of the Sea.....Richard Burton*

The song of the sea was an ancient song  
 In the days when the earth was young:  
 The waves were gossiping loud and long  
 Ere mortals had found a tongue:  
 The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung  
 Or soothed to a siren strain,  
 As they tossed the primitive isles among,  
 Or slept in the open main.  
 Such was the song and its changes free,  
 Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone  
 In the days of the coming of man;  
 A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,  
 And fiercer her riots ran:  
 Because that her stately voice began  
 To speak of our human woes;  
 With music mighty to grasp and span  
 Life's tale and its passion-throes.  
 Such was the song at it grew to be,  
 Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound  
 As the human years unrolled;

For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,  
 Or choked with a shipwreck's gold:  
 Till it seemed no dirge above the mould  
 So sorry a story said;  
 As the midnight cry of the waters old  
 Calling above their dead.  
 Such is the song and its threnody,  
 Such is the song of the sea.

The song the sea is a wondrous lay,  
 For it mirrors human life:  
 It is grave and great as the judgment-day,  
 It is torn with the thought of strife:  
 Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife  
 With love-lights everywhere,  
 When the sky has taken the deep to wife  
 And their wedding day is fair—  
 Such is the ocean's mystery,  
 Such is the song of the sea.

*A Fisher-Wife.....Christina G. Rossetti*

The soonest mended, nothing said;  
 And help may rise from east or west;  
 But my two hands are lumps of lead,  
 My heart sits leaden in my breast.

O north wind swoop not from the north,  
 O south wind linger in the south,  
 O come not raving, raging forth,  
 To bring my heart into my mouth;

For I've a husband out at sea,  
 Afloat on feeble planks of wood;  
 He does not know what fear may be;  
 I would have told him if I could.

I would have locked him in my arms,  
 I would have hid him in my heart;  
 For, oh! the waves are fraught with harms,  
 And he and I so far apart.

*The Sailor's Sweetheart.....Samuel Minturn Peck*

My love he is a sailor lad,  
 He says he loves me true  
 For all my wealth of golden hair—  
 Because my eyes are blue;  
 And while he is upon the sea,  
 Whose raging billows roar,  
 The village lads come wooing me  
 At least some half a score.

I list to what the laddies say,  
 Of smiles they have no lack,  
 And though I say nor yea nor nay,  
 I think I'll wait for Jack.

There's Donald and there's Robin Grey,  
 Oh you should hear them sigh,  
 I smile at them and only say  
 I'll answer by and by.

They bring me trinkets from the fair,  
 And ribbons bright like this;  
 And oftentimes they humbly kneel  
 And plead me for a kiss,  
 And then I turn and look away,  
 Across the billows black,  
 And softly to myself I say  
 I think I'll wait for Jack.

Ye bonnie stars shine out, shine out,  
 Ye billows cease your war;  
 O south wind rise and blow my love  
 Within the harbor bar!

No other lad can woo as he;  
 My smiles are shallow smiles,  
 For oh, my heart is on the sea  
 Amid the western isles,  
 And though I let the laddies woo  
 I give no wooing back;  
 I only do as lasses do,  
 The while I wait for Jack.

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*Certain Defects in Modern Criticism.....Literature*

It is as much in the interest of the readers of the present day as in that of the writers that I would plead with certain of our literary reviewers for some modification in the scale and language of criticism adopted by them in dealing with new publications. For I assume that the primary purpose of a review is to guide the reader as to the new publications which are likely to interest and attract him.

Speaking for myself, and, I should suppose, for most others, when I take up a periodical journal or review devoted to criticism, my first object is to see what books of value and merit have been lately given to the world. The review may not be able to afford space for long extracts from any such work dealt with, and we are therefore left entirely dependent on the taste and judgment of the critic. And in this matter it is evident that a great change has of late come over the disposition of the average critic. Forty years ago, and longer, it was the common and just complaint that reviewers sacrificed too much to the pleasure (a very seductive one) of tossing and goring the author under review. There may be something of this still left among us, but by far the most startling feature of modern reviewing is not its harshness, its scorn, its implacability, but rather its universal indulgence, and its indiscriminate and excessive language of eulogy.

It is only necessary to glance down the advertising columns of a literary journal, in which publishers attach "notices of the press" to the books they announce, to be struck by this fact. Words and terms, once upon a time reserved only for the great masters of literature, for the great classics of the language, seem to be now sprinkled freely, with no sense of their incongruity, over any and every new work of fiction that may appear. The term "genius," for example, which was once held as it were a sacred appellation to be conferred on the "Di Majores" of our literature, is now so common as to have lost any significance whatever. I noted it three times last week, in the advertisements of a single publisher, applied to some recent works of fiction. As for lesser terms of praise, "unique," "unsurpassed," "first-rate," "intensely human," "quivering and palpitating with passion"—these, I need not say, appear week after week as plentiful as blackberries.

It is therefore of a certain lack of moderation and discrimination that I complain as unfair to the reader who comes to the critic for guidance. He wants to know, in the first instance, which new books are of high excellence, which of a moderate merit, and which are to be avoided as worthless. Too often he reads reviews which seem to speak of all alike in language which used once, as I have said, to be restricted to the masterpieces of our literature. We all know the story of the little child who, reading epitaph after epitaph in the churchyard, inquired with some surprise of its parent "where all the wicked people were buried." An unsophisticated stranger after reading review after review of modern works of fiction might well ask

where all the worthless novels were interred. It is our sense of proportion that is offended when praise is universal. We long at last for some rough-and-ready measure of distinction. A graduated scale, numbered for reference, as thus: (1) First rate, (2) good; (3) good, but not good enough; (4) very fair; (5) fair; (6) mediocre; (7) poor stuff; (8) pretentious trash; (9) sensational rubbish; (10) drivel—would at least indicate an attempt at classification, though it did not provide elaborate reasons for the judgment given. But if the critic's judgment by classification were sound, it would be a great saving of trouble. The method might be crude, and inartistic; and would not even make copy. But the reader, supposing the classification to be reasonably just, would at least be nearer than he is at present to knowing what to expect from the book noticed. Indiscriminate praise encourages the production of much inferior literary work. There is nothing new, of course, in this observation, but it is not for that reason superfluous to repeat it.

This is an age when the manufacture of books has reached a pitch unknown to any other period of our literature. The marked increase in the number of publishers in the last quarter of a century goes to show it. And the strange thing, as it strikes the ignorant outsider, is this—that the vaster the annual crop of books, the more lenient, the less exacting, the critic appears to become. He seems to smile, with all-embracing benevolence, upon all! And this, I repeat, may be fun for the critic—and for the author—but how about the poor reader of the review, who is on the lookout for suggestion and guidance?

And if there is this ground for the plaint that I am pouring forth, is there not another, of even more importance? Even the critics who have long erred on the side of excessive laudation are startled at last by the signs of a public standard of taste, against which they are warring in vain. Certain novels of to-day, which need not be named, but which will occur to every one, selling by the hundred thousand—full of false humor, false philosophy, false pathos, and the most monstrous pictures of life, such books have at last awakened certain critics to the forgotten responsibilities of criticism. A few, no doubt, still take sides with the myriad purchasers—and boldly heap upon these works of fiction every epithet of praise that they can summon. But the majority, to do them justice, have, like the fabled worm, "turned at last." But it is too late. The admirers of these productions no longer care for the critic! The more their favorite romances are abused, the more fondly they cling to them. Yet I must put in a word for such as these. Are they so much to be scorned, as we in our haste may think? Are they not showing, in part, simply the fruits of a defective education? Have they not been too often allowed, by their educators, to mistake the sham for the reality? The critic cannot, it is true, neutralize the natural bias of any reader toward what is fifth rate. But I submit that he might have done more than he has in this direction.

*A Japanese Library....Arthur May Knapp.....Feudal and Modern Japan\**

Stray opinions of "certain writers" appear to be greatly at variance as to the probable value of the enormous literature of the far east, the larger part still locked up in the hieroglyphs. One of these writers is quoted by Chamberlain as saying that "It should be left to a few missionaries to plod their way through the wilderness of the Chinese language to the deserts of Chinese literature." On the other hand, I have somewhere seen the statement of a traveler that "There are a hundred Emersons in China." Making all due allowance for exaggeration on either side, quite certain it is that there exists in China and Japan a vast store of literature and that there exists also a host of lovers of literature who, like Emerson, delight to delve among and to appropriate its treasures. That much of it is of such a nature as to feed the peculiar order of mind known as Emersonian, that order being eminently Confucian, is doubtless also true. A most interesting evidence of the existence in Japan of just such a literary atmosphere was revealed to me soon after my arrival there. I was awakened one morning barely after dawn by a servant bringing to my bedside a card whose hieroglyphics he translated for me into the name Nakamura Masanao, one of the most celebrated scholars in the Empire.

Such a name as this, together with the knowledge I had gained a day or two before, that the earlier in the morning a Japanese made a call the greater the respect he desired to show, sufficing to dispel all the usual feeling incident to the premature situation, I hastened as soon as possible to the room where my guest was in waiting. I found there the charming old gentleman with a copy of Emerson which I had lent him a few days before, eager for me to explain one or two passages which were obscure to him. That there were only one or two showed him to be no stranger to Emerson's thought, the volume I had lent him happening to be the only one of the works of the Concord philosopher with which he was not already familiar. Later, to his great delight, I presented to him a large portrait of his favorite American author, and still later, when visiting him at his home one day, I was ushered into his working-room, where the first thing to meet my gaze was that portrait ensconced directly over the low floor desk where he labored at his beloved work, and on which lay an open volume of the author at whose shrine he was worshipping with a devotion such as few temples consecrated to religion have ever witnessed.

It was this visit which I shall always remember because it gave me also the privilege of seeing the great scholar's library. It resembled our Western private libraries in only one particular. There were the same tiers of shelves covering the walls, but no gorgeousness of binding colors or of gold. Nor was there aught of that aspect of invitation which characterizes the shrine of books in a Western home. There was the same cold simplicity which is the chief impression every Japanese room makes upon the foreigner. But the strangeness of the whole effect was due to something beside this, and so great was that strangeness that at first I could not seem to fathom its cause. Then, suddenly, the

reason for it flashed upon me. The books, far more than in any Western theologian's library, were all asleep. Instead of the vertical self-assertiveness of our volumes as they stand upon their shelves, these were all lying upon their sides, piled up one upon another, as we would pile pamphlets, that being largely the form in which Japanese books have heretofore been printed.

Most curious was it to note how this peculiarity in the mere placing of the volumes imparted to the room an atmosphere intensifying its stillness and making it all that a scholar's haunt should be. And deep, indeed, must needs be its peace to accord with the serenity of the sage who had lived so long amid its solitudes and who now stood by my side lovingly enumerating his literary treasures. Manifestly it was to him no desert in which he had passed his life, nor was there any lack of nourishing food for the sustenance of this gentle bookworm, this Oriental Emerson. That out of that sustenance had come so genuine a love and appreciation of the Western sage, was ample proof of its value as literature.

*Women in French Fiction.....Anna L. Bicknell.....The Century*

Those who have gathered their opinions as to the real character of the average Frenchwoman from the romantic literature of the present century, more especially that of the last few years, would necessarily bear a severe judgment, tinged with a considerable amount of contempt. Such an opinion would, however, be unjust and wholly undeserved, as any impartial observer, having been privileged to share French home life, could truly tell them.\* The average Englishwoman is very graphically depicted in English novels, and a foreigner can form a fair estimate of her merits and demerits from the descriptions of English domestic life presented by popular writers. But it is not so in France or in French literature. The real French gentlewoman deserves to be better understood, for she is totally unlike the heroines of modern novels, whose writers know about as much of aristocratic life as the author of *The Lady Flabella* in Nicholas Nickleby. The pictures presented in Octave Feuillet's writings are perhaps the truest to nature as it is seen in some melancholy cases; but he himself certainly would have been ready to admit that the women he met in daily life had nothing in common with his morbid heroines. As he belonged to a good, old family of the upper "bourgeoisie," he had better opportunities of knowing the society which he depicted so powerfully in his novels of fashionable life than have the upstarts who describe salons of which they have never crossed the threshold.

But even in the works of Feuillet, although the frame is accurate, the portraits are those of exceptionally diseased minds. Women like Madame de Champallon in *Monsieur de Camors*, or the dreadful Julia de Tréceur, may exist in France or elsewhere; but those who know French society will certainly recognize more readily women like Madame de Camors and her charming mother, or the Su-

\*Miss Bicknell, who lived for some years in the Tuileries as a governess in the household of Napoleon III., would seem to be qualified to speak on the subject under discussion.—EDITORS.

\*L. C. Page & Co., Boston.



zanne of La Clef d'Or, with the home of Sibylle and the dear old people so delightfully described there. Many examples might be quoted equally sweet and pure among the heroines of Feuillet's impassioned narratives, and one is convinced that these have been more faithfully copied from nature than the others.

The fact is that the great majority of French novelists belong to the Bohemia of literature, and are not admitted within the precincts either of aristocratic circles, or of the less refined, but equally strict, bourgeois homes. They know only the borderland, peopled in general by the wealthy and adventurous foreign set which budded and expanded during the Second Empire, and has now taken its place by the side of French society, but not within its pale.

*The Compleat Novelist.....James Payn\* .....Strand Magazine*

I have for years been subject to inquiries from persons utterly unknown to me (except that their name is legion) as to how fame and fortune (but especially the latter) are to be won by writing novels. . . . The idea seems to be that the profession of a novelist (though heaven knows we are no conjurers) is similar to that of those prestidigitateurs who, after a performance, are prepared for a consideration to inform the curious how it is done. Still, as the inquirers are so numerous, and as that section of the public (though fast diminishing) which does not write novels seems also to take an interest in the subject, I propose to give a hint or two on it which may probably prove serviceable. The theme itself by no means dull, and has features in it which are even amusing. I need not say that the correspondents who ask: "How to write Fiction," though they have probably written reams of it, have published nothing. When a man—and especially a woman—has done that, he wants advice from nobody, and resents it being offered.

"How shall I sit down to write a novel?" inquires one, pathetically, who obviously desires instruction from the very beginning. There is a greater choice about this than she probably imagines. I knew one novelist who, while pursuing his trade, never sat down at all, but stood at his desk—which is how, not his legs, but his shoulders "got bowed." Another walks "to and fro" (like the devil) seeking for ideas. A bishop, the other day, revealed to us the fact that he always wrote on his knees; but the work, we conclude, was a devotional one, and not a novel. One popular story-teller, to my personal knowledge, used to write upon his stomach (i. e., lying upon it), with his reference books around him, like a sea beast among rocks.

This preliminary settled, however, my fair inquisitress asks me how to begin. This is an inquiry the importance of which is apt to be underrated, and, though an initial one, should not be the first. The first should be: "What shall I write about?" It is amazing how many of our story-tellers, and especially of the female ones, begin story-telling without having a story to tell. They start off, often at great speed, and sometimes too fast, but in no particular direction. "Where are you going to, my

pretty maid?" is a question which, in their turn, might be asked of them. They are certainly not "going a-milking," if their milch cow is the public. It is fair to say, however, that almost all beginners, whether male or female, fall into this error. Yet it is only geniuses who can write brilliantly about nothing. "There is no preparation, there is no *mechanique*," is a statement only applicable to great magicians. Think how the greatest novelists have, sooner or later, had to give their attention to plot! There have been, of course, some very fine character-novels; but these have not been written by beginners; to delineate character requires above all things experience and observation. As a general rule, the advice that should be given to all budding novelists is: "Don't be in a hurry to blow. If you have no story to tell, wait till you get one."

The necessity indeed of having the plot of one's novel—or at all events, the skeleton of it—arranged beforehand, is surely as obvious, when one comes to think of it, as that of knowing the lines of a ship, or the plan of a building, before commencing their construction. Few of us, having determined to build our own houses without the aid of an architect, have not come to grief; I know one enterprising person who forgot the stairs. If you only want a bungalow—a cottage on the ground floor—of course, this doesn't so much matter; and similarly, the smaller the story the less there need be of plot; but some sort of plan to work upon—subject to alteration and with plenty of room for additions—you must have. The question, of course, arises: How to get it? But this must be answered by the inquirer himself. It must depend upon some incident or circumstance more or less dramatic, which has made a deep impression on the writer's mind; it may have originated there (which is the better way) or it may have been communicated to it, but the impression must be deep. Moreover, it should not be recent; the longer he reflects upon it, as the cow chews the cud, the more likely he is to succeed with it. Half a dozen lines suffice in the first instance for the germ of the story. They look bald enough, but there are potentialities in them for those who can use them, just as music, the poet tells us, lies in the eggs of the nightingale. As the born story-teller dwells on them, they expand page after page. New incidents, new situations, new characters gradually present themselves as in some magic mirror. The two former may be the offspring of the imagination, but the latter should owe their being to memory; they should be studies from real life. Great care must, however, be taken to prevent recognition. The appearance, the neighborhood, the profession of those portrayed should altogether differ from what they are in reality. Great distress of mind as respects this matter has been caused by many an undesigned coincidence, and all traces of personal resemblance should be concealed as carefully as an Indian hides his trail.

Whatever may be the merits of novels of character, it is certain that they do not appeal to the great world of readers as those do which deal with dramatic situations and incidents. As the life of the body is the blood, so the life of the novel is its "story." My correspondents seem to treat this as easy to procure; but they are mistaken. There are many people

\*For a notable appreciation of the late James Payn, see *Gossip of Authors*, page 20.

indeed who protest they have any amount of plots to give away; "just the very thing to write about"; but as John Leech used to say when a poor joke was suggested to him for *Punch*: "Admirable indeed, my dear fellow, but it does not lend itself to illustration." Not one-tenth of the stories suggested by our friends are suitable materials for a novel.

Singular as it may appear, before the beginning of a story is attempted, the writer who wishes to do the best for himself, and is not afraid of taking pains, should fix upon the end of it. However long may be the journey, and tired may be the horses, the post-boy who has any self-respect will always "Keep a gallop for the avenue." He is well aware of the advantage, as regards remuneration, of leaving a good impression at the last. While as for the post-boy who doesn't know his way, nor even the place for which he is bound, it is obvious that he doesn't understand his business. I am convinced that the best novels, not "sensational" ones only, but those of sustained interest, have been composed, so to speak, backwards. The having the "dénouement," perhaps the catastrophe, well on one's mind from the first, is a precaution similar to that which is taken by a public speaker who, whatever he forgets, is careful not to lose sight of his peroration. He well knows that is what he has to lead up to, and that upon the nature of it will chiefly depend his success. However well he may have got on up to that point, if his conclusion is lame and impotent, his speech will be a failure. Moreover, the foreknowledge of the end suggests much of the proper course of events in a story.

If the conclusion of a story occurs to one as striking and dramatic, it must not be put aside, of course, on the ground of its being melancholy; but, as a general rule, I would warn young novelists against "bad endings"; it is their weakness to indulge in them just as it is that of young poets to rhyme about premature death. Youth has the "trick of melancholy." A few readers may sympathize with this feeling, but the majority exceedingly resent an unhappy termination to a story in which they have been interested. Some persons will not open a novel suspected of this drawback, and I have known even books like the *Bride of Lammermoor* to remain unread in consequence.

At all events, whether the ending is good or bad, it ought to be concealed. There are some readers indeed who are so unprincipled as to look at (what used to be) the third volume first, just as children cannot keep their hands from the dessert when the soup is on the table; but this conduct is contemptible. Wilkie Collins thought it criminal. I shall never forget his distress of mind when, in the vanity of youth, I boasted to him of how I had guessed the secret of *The Moonstone* at an earlier date than he had intended.

As for the scene of his story, I would recommend Scott, Jr. (if he will allow me to call him so), not to select foreign ones, however conversant he may be with them. There have been some exceptions, but, as a rule, even our most popular novelists have lost something of their circulation when they have ventured on alien soil. With readers who have passed much of their time abroad, there is, of course, no objection to this; they may even prefer

it, as awakening pleasant memories; but they are but a small minority; the others best like to read of what they are familiar with, and are in a position to pass judgment on. Wherever the scene of the novel is placed, however, it is absolutely necessary for the writer to become thoroughly acquainted with it. No time, or trouble, should be grudged in this matter. It is by no means, however, necessary to stay long in the chosen locality; on the contrary, the salient points which strike one on a first acquaintance are apt to be lost through familiarity with them, and it is these which strike the reader.

To pass from "place" to "period" I would observe that, though of late years there has been a great resuscitation of the historical novel, it is generally a mistake for writers who would be popular to place their story in a far back time. One or two have recently made a great success in so doing, but it is given to few to clothe dry bones with flesh.

Almost all young writers cast their fiction in the autobiographical form, for indeed they are generally their own heroes. This has been done a few times only with success (as in the case of David Copperfield), even by great authors; with small ones it is a fatal error.

There should be no ego in a novel. The introduction of self into it is fatal. Thackeray, it may be said, did it; but it was a mistake even in his case, and it is probable that Scott, Jr., is not a Thackeray. Does he suppose that his puppets are so life-like that it is necessary (like Bottom the weaver) to put his head outside the puppet-show to assure us that they are not really alive? Does he imagine that his tale has such a sustained interest that it can bear this solution of continuity? If he does, he possesses at least one quality which some people think is necessary to literary success—"a gude conceit of himself."

On the other hand, he should not be afraid of expressing his opinions; while young at the trade, it is better to do so through the mouths of his characters; but if this cannot appropriately be done, let him state them, though always in an impersonal way. To students of fiction it is interesting to mark how, as authors gather strength, and gain their places in the world, they deliver their "obiter dicta" upon things in general.

I may here tell a secret, or at all events something not generally known, concerning popular, and presumably good, novelists. Sometimes, of course, their circulation wanes with their wits; old age has its natural effect upon their powers of imagination; but much more commonly their reputation decays through another attribute of old age, which is by no means unavoidable, namely, indolence. They flatter themselves they are sure of their public, which, indeed, is always faithful to them as long as can be reasonably expected, and even beyond it; and they no longer take the same pains to please as they used to do; they substitute recollection for observation, and trust to memory where they formerly drew from experience. It is irksome to them to take trouble. Now, though no definition of genius is so idiotic and absolutely contrary to the fact than that which describes it as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," if pains are not taken, even genius cannot in the end succeed, however fortunate it may



be in the beginning. While if Scott, Jr., is only a young person of talent and not a genius (as is possible), he may just as well hope to be a great engineer, if he takes no pains, as to be a novelist. It seems so easy to those who have never done it to succeed in fiction; story-telling appears such a holiday task to the outsider; but as a matter of fact it requires a great deal of application, observation, study, and, above all things, patience and perseverance. Only a few writers "awake to find themselves famous," and even these have generally had rather a long night.

When the skeleton of his story is finished he must be careful to avoid plumping it out by padding. He should be always marching on with his story and never "marking time," like a recruit at drill. Dissertations and disquisitions should be avoided. Where his characters indulge in reflection they should be as brief as epigrams, and, if possible, as pointed. There is nothing so tedious in fiction as a Hamlet hero.

As to the nature of the novel, that must, of course, depend upon the nature of the author, but it is certain that popularity most attends the writer who can attach Cupid to his chariot wheels. By far the majority of novel readers are the ladies, and they prefer, above all others, the love story. It is true that some of our greatest writers, Thackeray especially, and in a less degree Dickens, have not been very successful in their treatment of this matter, but genius has no laws. I have already apologized to Scott, Jr., for taking it for granted that his gift is short of genius; if it were otherwise, he needs no teaching. But it is quite curious how independent is a writer who has a specialty for describing courtship of any other attractions. Still, I would warn him against the diffuse descriptions of the young people whose course of true love he has set himself to narrate. Nor do I think it is advisable that he should "pan out" too much on the scenery; as a matter of fact, this is mostly skipped, but I may add concerning it, as of the portrait-painting, that unless there are very salient points about it, it fails to give the impression desired. Any one who visits the places described by even such a master of the pen as Walter Scott, must acknowledge that that is his first introduction to them; he has gained no familiarity with them through the printed page.

The chief point of a novelist's endeavors should be to give his story sustained interest. It is, of course, necessary, in a long one, to break the thread when he introduces new scenes and characters, but it should be picked up as soon as possible, and both old and new combined in it. There are many admirable works that can be taken up and laid down at any time, but this should not be the case with a novel. The aspiration of one of our greatest writers was "to cheat a schoolboy of his hour of play" (a much more difficult task, by the bye, than to cheat him of an hour of work, which he will cheerfully give up for almost any other occupation), and the ambition of a novelist, unless he is one of those who write "with a purpose," should be to—what some excellent people would call—"waste the time" of his readers; that is to say, to so fascinate them that they cannot lay his story down, or go to bed, until they have finished it; and no matter what may be his wit

or wisdom, he will never accomplish this unless he has a story to tell them. And thus we come round to the point from which we started, the paramount necessity of a good plot. "A good plot," as Hotspur says, "and full of expectation, an excellent plot."

Lastly, neither time nor pains should be spared in the choice of title. This is very important, especially with a new writer. The same foolish persons who tell us that all the plots have been exhausted, will doubtless say that the titles also have already been appropriated. A great many of them have been so, as is evidenced by the number of novels that have had to change their names between their serial publication and their book form in consequence. They are names, of course, of unknown novels, for no one would be so impudent as to take that of a well-known one—which their authors have not even thought it worth while to spend five shillings in registering. It is pretty certain that no court of law would award damages for doing what could not be helped, and what could not but result, if it had any result, in the advantage of the person (supposed to be) injured. Still, it is advisable to take every precaution possible to avoid this duplication. The title should indicate the nature of the story without revealing its secret, and should not be a proper name, which can attract nobody. David Copperfield and Martin Chuzzlewit are attractive to us, because we are all acquainted with their contents, but they are, as titles, colorless, and excite no curiosity. When Scott, Jr., has attained fame, he can call his novel what he pleases.

Some care should be also taken with the names of the characters of a novel. Matters are improving in this respect, and we seldom read such obvious titles as were at one time common in fiction, reminding us of those in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The Faithfuls and Easies, the Gammons, the Quirks and Snaps, the Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfires, once so familiar to us, would now be pronounced crude and extravagant. Dickens was almost the first to escape from them; his names were all taken from real life, either from what he read over shops or in the Post Office Directory. The exception is in Nicholas Nickleby, where, however, there is an excellent name of the *Pilgrim's Progress* type—Sir Mulberry Hawke. Scott, Jr., should take his names from the Directory, but be careful to put an out-of-the-way Christian name before them, so as to avoid the risk, if not of an action for libel, at least of some personal unpleasantness. People don't like being called "out of their names," but still more do they dislike their real ones stuck on to a bad character in a novel, like a lady's head on the body of a comic photograph.

In all that I have said of him, let Scott, Jr., distinctly understand that I pretend to teach no method of making bricks without straw. If he has no natural turn for story-telling, no human being can give it to him; but if he has a bent that way—and not merely a passionate desire to see himself in print, which is a much commoner attribute—I have endeavored to show him how he can utilize it; what he should give his attention to, and what he should avoid. I cannot promise him success, but I believe I have shown him the way in which he is most likely to attain it.

## WHAT JIMSELLA DID\*

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

[Jim Mason, colored, and his wife Mandy have had a hard experience in the strange "North" to which they have come in the hope of bettering their condition. In the struggle the bonds of affection have been loosed and Jim, who has taken to remaining away from home for long periods, (during the absence from which he has just returned a baby has had time to be born), is now threatening to leave Mandy "for good and all."]

"Ef you didn't want me, Jim, I wish to Gawd dat you'd 'a' lef' me back home among my folks, whaih people knowed me an' would 'a' give me a helpin' han'. Dis hyeah No'f ain't no fittin' place fu' a lone colo'ed ooman less'n she got money."

"It ain't no place fu' nobody dat's jes' lazy an' no 'count."

"I ain't no 'count. I ain't wuffless. I does de bes' I kin. I been wo'kin' like a dog to try an' keep up while you trapesin' 'roun', de Lawd knows whaih. When I was single I could git out an' mek my own livin'. I didn't ax nobody no odds; but you wa'n't satisfied ontwell I ma'ied you, an' now, when I'se tied down wid a baby, dat's de way you treats me."

The woman sat down and began to cry, and the sight of her tears angered her husband the more.

"Oh, cry!" he exclaimed. "Cry all you want to. I reckon you'll cry yo' fill befo' you gits me back. What do I keer about the baby! Dat's jes' de trouble. It wa'n't enough fu' me to have to feed an' clothe you a-lyin' roun' doin' nothin', a baby had to go an' come, too."

"It's yo'n an' you got a right to tek keer of it, dat's what you have. I ain't a-gwine to waih my soul-case out a-tryin' to pinch along an' sta've to def at las'. I 'spect you runnin' roun' after somebody else—dat's de reason you cain't nevah stay at home no mo'."

"Who tol' you dat?" exclaimed the man fiercely. "I ain't runnin' aftah nobody else—'tain't none o' yo' business ef I is."

"Ef hit ain't my bus'ness, I'd like to know whose it gwine to be. I'se yo' lawful wife an' hit's me dat's a-sta'vin' to tek keer of yo' chile."

"Doggone de chile! I'se tiahed o' hyeahin' 'bout huh!"

"You done got tiahed mighty quick when you ain't navah even seed huh yit. You done got tiahed quick sho'."

"No; an' I do' want to see huh, neithah."

"You do' know nothin' 'bout de chile, you do' know whethah you wants to see huh er not."

"Look hyeah, ooman, don't you fool wid me. I ain't right, nohow!"

Just then, as if conscious of the hubbub she had raised, and anxious to add to it, the baby awoke and began to wail. With quick mother instinct, the black woman went to the shabby bed, and, taking the child in her arms, began to croon softly to it: "Go s'eeepy, baby; don't you be' 'fraid; mammy ain't gwine let nuffin' hu't you, even ef pappy don' wan'

look at huh li'l face. Bye, bye, go s'eeepy, mammy's li'l gal." Unconsciously she talked to the baby in a dialect that was even softer than usual. For a moment the child subsided, and the woman turned angrily on her husband: "I don' keer whethah you evah sees dis chile er not. She's a blessed li'l angel, dat's what she is, an' I'll wo'k my fingahs off to raise huh, an' when she grows up, ef any nasty nig-gah comes erroun' mekin' eyes at huh, I'll tell huh 'bout huh pappy, an' she'll stay wid me an' be my comfo't."

"Keep yo' comfort. Gawd knows, I do' want huh."

"De time'll come, though, an' I kin wait fu' it. Hush-a-bye, Jimsella."

The man turned his head slightly.

"What you call huh?"

"I calls huh Jimsella, dat's what I calls huh, 'ca'se she de ve'y spittin' image of you. I gwine to jes' lun to huh dat she had a pappy, so she know she's a hones' chile an' kin hol' up huh haid."

"Oomph!"

They were both silent for a while, and then Jim said: "Huh name ought to be Jamsella—don't you know Jim's sho't fu' James?"

"I don't keer what it's sho't fu'." The woman was holding the baby close to her breast and sobbing now. "It wasn't no James dat come a-cou'tin' me down home. It was jes' plain Jim. Dat's what de mattah, I reckon you done got to be James." Jim didn't answer, and there was another space of silence, only interrupted by two or three contented gurgles from the baby.

"I bet two bits she don't look like me," he said finally, in a dogged tone that was a little tinged with curiosity.

"I know she do. Look at huh yo'se'f."

"I ain' gwine look at huh."

"Yes; you's 'fraid—dat's de reason."

"I ain't 'fraid nuttin' de kin'. What I got to be 'fraid fu'? I reckon a man kin look at his own darter. I will look jes' to spite you."

He couldn't see much but a bundle of rags from which sparkled a pair of beady black eyes. But he put his finger down among the rags. The baby seized it and gurgled. The sweat broke out on Jim's brow.

"Cain't you let me hold de baby a minute?" he said angrily. "You must be 'fraid I'll run off wid huh." He took the child awkwardly in his arms.

The boiling over of Mandy's clothes took her to the other part of the room where she was busy for a few minutes. When she turned to look for Jim, he had slipped out, and Jimsella was on the bed.

At supper time that evening Jim came in with a piece of "shoulder-meat" and a head of cabbage.

"You'll have to git my dinner ready fu' me to ca'y to-morrer. I'se wo'kin' on de street an' I cain't come home twell night."

"Wha—what!" exclaimed Mandy, "den you ain't gwine leave, aftah all."

"Don't bothah me, ooman," said Jim. "Is Jimsella 'sleep?"

\* From Jimsella, one of a collection of short stories, entitled *Folks From Dixie*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro writer whose verses have been quoted from time to time in these pages. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers; 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

By F. M. HOPKINS

James Jeffrey Roche was born in Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, about fifty years ago. In early infancy he went with his parents to Prince Edward's Island, going from thence to Boston, in 1866. His early education was obtained in a school directed by his father, an accomplished teacher and scholar. He received his collegiate training at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown. He was engaged in commercial pursuits in Boston until 1883, when he became assistant editor of *The Pilot*, then under the editorial management of Mr. James Boyle O'Reilly. On the death of Mr. O'Reilly, in 1890, he became editor-in-chief, a position he still holds. Mr. Roche's first book, *Songs and Satires*, was published in 1886; a *Life of the poet O'Reilly*, in 1890; a novel, *The Story of the Fillibusters*, 1891, and *Ballads of Blue Water* in 1895.

Mr. Roche's first collection of poems won immediate attention and much praise and his second has added to his well-earned reputation.

Mr. Roche's feeling for the heroic records of American seamen comes largely from his sympathy with the life of his favorite brother, John Roche, pay clerk in the United States Navy, who died a hero's death in the Samoan disaster of March, 1889. At Sea, published the following summer, has won high praise as the embodiment of a beautiful story of brotherly love. During the past month Lieutenant Hobson's brave feat in sinking the *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbor has been frequently compared with Lieutenant Cushing's successful attack on the *Albermarle*. The ballad, "*Albermarle*" Cushing will therefore have a particular interest at this time. The three selections given here are all taken from *Ballads of Blue Water*, with the author's and publishers' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) permission, and bear abundant testimony that Mr. Roche is a true patriot as well as a true ballad writer.

## "ALBERMARLE" CUSHING.

Joy in rebel Plymouth town, in the spring of sixty-four,  
When the *Albermarle* down on the Yankee frigates bore  
With the suacy Stars and Bars at her main;  
When she smote the *Southfield* dead, and the *South Miami* quailed,

And the fleet in terror fled when their mighty cannon hailed

Shot and shell on her iron back in vain,  
Till she slowly steamed away to her berth at Plymouth pier,

And their quick eyes saw her sway with her great beak out of gear,

And the color of their courage rose again.

All the summer lay the ram,  
Like a wounded beast at bay,  
While the watchful squadron swam  
In the harbor night and day,

Till the broken beak was mended, and the weary vigil ended,

And her time was come again to smite and slay.  
Must they die, and die in vain,

Like a flock of shambled sheep?  
Then the Yankee grit and brain

Must be dead or gone to sleep,

And our sailors' gallant story of a hundred years of glory  
Let us sell for a song, selling cheap!

Cushing, scarce a man in years,

But a sailor thoroughbred,

"With a dozen volunteers

I will sink the ram," he said.

"At the worst 'tis only dying." And the old commander,  
sighing,

" 'Tis to save the fleet and flag—go ahead!"

Bright the rebel beacons blazed

On the river left and right;

Wide awake their sentries gazed

Through the watches of the night;

Sharp their challenge rang, and fiery came the rifle's  
quick inquiry,

As the little launch swung into the light.

Listening ears afar had heard;

Ready hands to quarters sprung,

The *Albermarle* awoke and stirred,

And her howitzers gave tongue;

Till the river and the shore echoed back the mighty roar,

When the portals of her hundred-pounders swung.

Will the swordfish brave the whale,

Doubly girt with boom and chain?

Face the shrapnel's iron hail?

Dare the livid leaden rain?

Ah! that shell has done its duty; it has spoiled the Yan-  
kee's beauty;

See her turn and fly with half her madmen slain!

High the victors' taunting yell

Rings above the battle roar,

And they bid her mock farewell

As she seeks the farther shore,

Till they see her sudden swinging, crouching for the leap  
and springing

Back to boom and chain and bloody fray once more.

Now the Southern captain, stirred

By the spirit of his race,

Stops the firing with a word,

Bids them yield, and offers grace.

Cushing, laughing, answers, "No! we are here to fight!"  
and so

Swings the dread torpedo spar to its place.

Then the great ship shook and reeled,

With a wounded, gaping side,

But her steady cannon pealed

Ere she settled in the tide,

And the *Roanoke's* dull flood ran full red with Yankee  
blood,

When the fighting *Albermarle* sunk and died.

Woe in rebel Plymouth town when the *Albermarle* fell,  
And the saucy flag went down that had floated long and  
well,

Nevermore from her stricken deck to wave.

For the fallen flag a sigh, for the fallen foe a tear!

Never shall their glory die while we hold our glory dear,

And the hero's laurels live on his grave.

Link their *Cooke's* with *Cushing's* name; proudly call  
them both our own;

Claim their valor and their fame for America alone—

Joyful mother of the bravest of the brave!

## THE CONSTITUTION'S LAST FIGHT.

*A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—*

*Constitution, where ye bound for?*

*Wherever, my lad, there's fight to be had,*

*Across the Western Ocean.*

Our captain was married in Boston town

And sailed next day to sea;

For all must go when the State says so;

Blow high, blow low, sailed we.



"Now what shall I bring for a bridal gift  
When my home-bound pennant flies?  
The rarest that be on land or sea  
It shall be my lady's prize."

"There's never a prize on sea or land  
Could bring such joy to me  
As my true love sound and homeward bound  
With a king's ship under his lee."

The Western ocean is wide and deep,  
And wild its tempests blow,  
But bravely rides Old Ironsides,  
A-cruising to and fro.

We cruised to the East and we cruised to the North,  
And Southing far went we,  
And at last off Cape de Verde we raised  
Two frigates sailing free.

Oh, God made man, and man made ships,  
But God makes very few  
Like him who sailed our ship that day  
And fought her, one to two.

He gained the weather-gage of both,  
He held them both a-lee;  
And gun for gun till set of sun,  
He spoke them fair and free;  
Till the night-fog fell on spar and sail  
And ship and sea and shore,  
And our only aim was the bursting flame  
And the hidden cannon's roar.  
Then a lifting rift in the mist showed up  
The stout Cyane close-hauled  
To swing in our wake and our quarter rake,  
And a boasting Briton bawled:

"Starboard and larboard we've got him fast  
Where his heels won't carry him through:  
Let him luff or wear, he'll find us there—  
Ho, Yankee, which will you do?"

We did not luff and we did not wear,  
But braced our topsails back,  
Till the sternway drew us fair and true  
Broadside athwart her track.

Athwart her track and across her bows  
We raked her fore and aft,  
And out of the fight and into the night  
Drifted the beaten craft.

The slow Levant came up too late;  
No need had we to stir.

Her decks we swept with fire and kept  
The flies from troubling her.

We raked her again, and her flag came down,  
The haughtiest flag that floats,  
And the limejuice dogs lay there like logs,  
With never a bark in their throats.

With never a bark and never a bite,  
But only an oath, to break,  
As we squared away for Praya Bay  
With our prizes in our wake.

Parole they gave and parole they broke,  
What matters the cowardly cheat,  
If the captain's bride was satisfied  
With the one prize laid at her feet?

*A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—  
Constitution, where ye bound for?*

*Wherever the British prizes be,  
Though it's one to two, or one to three—  
Old Ironsides means victory,  
Across the Western Ocean!*

#### THE MEN OF THE ALAMO.

To Houston at Gonzales town, ride, Ranger, for your life,  
Nor stop to say good-by to-day to home, or child, or  
wife;

But pass the word from ranch to ranch, to every Texan  
sword,

That fifty hundred Mexicans have crossed the Nueces  
ford,

With Castrillon and perjured Cos, Sesma and Almonte,  
And Santa Anna ravenous for vengeance and for prey.  
They smite the land with fire and sword; the grass shall  
never grow

Where northward sweeps that locust horde on San An-  
tonio.

Now who will bar the foeman's path, to gain a breath-  
ing space

Till Houston and his scattered men shall meet him face  
to face?

Who holds his life as less than naught when home and  
honor call,

And counts the guerdon full and fair for liberty to fall?

Oh, who but Barrett Travis, the bravest of them all.

With seven score of riflemen to play the rancher's game,  
And feed a counter-fire to halt the sweeping prairie flame;  
For Bowie of the broken blade is there to cheer them on,  
With Evans of Concepcion, who conquered Castrillon,  
And o'er their heads the Lone Star flag defiant floats on  
high,

And no man thinks of yielding, and no man fears to die.

But ere the siege is held a week, a cry is heard without,  
A clash of arms, a rifle peal, the Ranger's ringing shout,  
And two-and-thirty beardless boys have bravely hewed  
their way

To die with Travis if they must, to conquer if they may.  
Was ever bravery so cheap in Glory's mart before  
In all the days of chivalry, in all the deeds of war?

But once again the foemen gaze in wonderment and fear  
To see a stranger break their lines and hear the Texans  
cheer.

God! How they cheered to welcome him, those spent  
and starving men!

For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an army  
then.

The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying drew  
a breath

To hail the king of border men, then turned to laugh at  
death.

For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous as bold,  
And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its heart  
of gold.

His simple creed for word or deed true as the bullet sped,  
And rung the target straight: "Be sure you're right, then  
go ahead!"

And were they right who fought the fight for Texas by  
his side?

They questioned not; they faltered not; they only fought  
and died.

Who hath an enemy like these, God's mercy slay him  
straight!—

A thousand Mexicans lay dead outside the convent gate,  
And half a thousand more must die before the fortress  
falls,

And still the tide of war beats high around the leaguered  
walls.

At last the bloody breach is won; the weakened lines give  
way;

The wolves are swarming in the court; the lions stand at  
bay.

The leader meets them at the breach, and wins the sol-  
dier's prize;

A foeman's bosom sheathes his sword when gallant  
Travis dies.

Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red—

But far on San Jacinto's field the Texans toils are set,  
And Alamo's dread memory the Texan steel shall whet.  
And Fame shall tell their deeds who fell till all the years  
be run.

"Thermopylae left one alive—the Alamo left none."

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*S. Weir Mitchell*

Charles Applebee, in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, writes as follows of the author of *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, a reading from which was given in *Current Literature* for December, 1897:

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the oldest story writer in America, whose novel, *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, has reached a sale rising of 50,000, comes honestly by his unusual abilities, both medical and literary.

His grandfather, Alexander Mitchell, of Virginia, was of Scotch birth and one of the ablest physicians in the valley of Virginia. Early in life Dr. John K. Mitchell, father of the present author-physician, established himself in Philadelphia. Here both as a practitioner and as a professor in the Jefferson Medical College he earned wide reputation as a leader in his profession. He was one of the first to make scientific investigation of "animal magnetism," or hypnotism, as we now term it. His original studies of fevers were much in advance of his time, and his contributions to medical literature of the day were generally recognized. He also wrote several poems and one or two stories of merit. Two of his lyrics, *The Old Song and the New Song*, and *Prairie Lea*, once had a wide popularity. S. Weir Mitchell was one of eight children, of whom two sisters and a brother survive. Three of the brothers served in the civil war.

Dr. Mitchell's boyhood was passed amid the give and take of a large family, the members of which were constantly spurred to intellectual activity through the example of a father at all times mentally alert, who constantly encouraged his children in discussions of the literature of their own and earlier times. The boy's natural trend toward letters was also greatly fostered by his freedom of his father's large library, a freedom that was restricted in one particular only—the classics were withheld until the lad was old enough, in his father's judgment, to read with discernment. I am informed that an early number of the *Century Magazine* will contain a poem from Dr. Mitchell's pen telling how he was allowed when a boy of 15 to open a volume of *Shakespeare* for the first time. *Henry V.* was selected for the initial reading.

Dr. Mitchell entered the University of Pennsylvania at fifteen years of age, intending to take a full course, but was obliged to leave the institution without graduating, owing to a long illness which attacked his father and broke up the son's studies in his senior year. At this time he decided to study medicine.

It is well known by the friends of the Mitchell family that the doctor's father did not see promise of success in the son's abilities, and, moreover, that he predicted failure until after the young man had been studying for some time. This prediction was proved a mistaken one years before the father's death in 1858, though even then no one could have foreseen the full measure of success that was in store for the son.

It is only natural, under the circumstances, that S. Weir Mitchell should make verses when but a boy and that he should continue to write after he

had begun the practice of medicine. When a lad he attracted the notice of Oliver Wendell Holmes at the table of Dr. John K. Mitchell, and he so pleased the older poet that he gave him a copy of his *Ballad of the Constitution*, which is still said to be among the prized possessions of the author of *Hugh Wynne*. When later Dr. Mitchell, at 27, decided to print a small volume of verse, it was referred by the publishers, Ticknor & Fields, to Dr. Holmes for consideration. As is well known, from the statement made in the dedication of one of Dr. Mitchell's books, Dr. Holmes advised Dr. Mitchell to withdraw these verses and to reconsider them at forty. Dr. Holmes impressed strongly upon his younger friend the belief that a man could not actively and with equal success consider two things so substantially apart as medicine and literature.

The seven or eight years immediately preceding the civil war were years of great activity for Dr. Mitchell. He had his place to make as a practitioner, but while this is often quite enough for men of more than average ability it lacked a great deal of fully occupying all his time and energy. He launched at once into the writing of papers on medical and allied topics, the first of which was published in 1852, and before the decade between 1850 and 1860 was far advanced he had begun a series of patient researches into the nature of poisons, particularly the chemical nature of snake venoms. Early in the sixties a large and handsomely illustrated quarto volume containing the results of Dr. Mitchell's work in regard to rattlesnake poison was brought out by the Smithsonian institution. This was undoubtedly the most valuable work of original research yet published upon the subject, and while, as Dr. Mitchell says, it contained some errors since corrected by himself and others, no one has increased the store of information contained between its covers concerning the habits, anatomy and physiology of serpents. Later this subject was again taken up by Dr. Mitchell, aided by Dr. Richert, of the University of Pennsylvania, and this investigation resulted in an elegant quarto volume, with illustrations, which has materially advanced the knowledge of snake poisons, demonstrating for the first time that such poison is not simple, but complex and multiple. Other contributions to man's knowledge of reptiles appeared from time to time from Dr. Mitchell's pen, and he has over and over resumed his investigations in this direction. Quite recently he read an important paper upon *Crotalus Poison* before the National Academy of Science. This will shortly appear in print.

In 1862 Dr. Mitchell entered upon three years' work as an army surgeon, serving first in the Christian Street (Philadelphia) Hospital, and later in the Turner's Lane Hospital. He had special charge of soldiers suffering from nervous disorders and wounds of nerves. His experiences in the army hospital brought into being a volume on *Gunshot Wounds and Other Injuries of the Nerves*, written in collaboration with Professor W. W. Keen and Dr. George Morehouse. It contained much that was entirely new concerning nerve injuries and nervous disorders, and was followed in 1872 by a

much larger work on similar lines by Dr. Mitchell alone. This volume is to-day considered the great storehouse of facts concerning injuries of the nerves and their disorders, and has been liberally drawn upon by medical writers in the preparation of other books. A contribution to the remote history of these cases has been made by Dr. John K. Mitchell, Dr. Mitchell's son, in a highly original volume, the title of which is *History of Nerve Lesions*.

Dr. Mitchell's numerous papers on diseases of the nerves led to his being extensively consulted and to a change in his career which took him out of general practice and established him as an authority upon almost every form of chronic diseases, but especially upon diseases of the nervous system. About eighteen years ago he lectured in Baltimore upon what is now known in America as "the rest treatment" and in Europe as "the Weir Mitchell treatment." At first this treatment was laughed at on both sides of the Atlantic. Eminent authorities here and abroad declared it to be an absurdity almost too extravagant for serious consideration, while its reported results were considered far too brilliant for belief. It has rescued numberless victims of hysteria and neurasthenia, and long ago won recognition in the practice of the most eminent physicians.

All told, Dr. Mitchell's scientific and professional publications—papers, pamphlets and volumes, issued from 1852 to 1894, inclusive—number 152. Every one of them is the result of original personal investigation, and they are mostly brief. He has been asked more than once to compile voluminous text-books, but he has always declined on the ground that he is not willing to undertake labor in which he must depend almost altogether upon the brains and work of other persons.

Dr. Mitchell did not in any sense abandon medicine when he took up the writer's pen. He still attends to his practice with all his old-time vigor, nor has he ceased writing on scientific topics.

His literary output includes several novels, a number of short stories, four volumes of poems and a book of fairy tales. His poems have not attracted as much attention as his other literary writings, but this may be because the public has been chary of giving attention to the metrical productions of a writer known for years as a professional man only. At all events, *The Hill of Stones*, *The Masque*, *The Cup of Youth*, *The Mother*, and other of his poems are full of power, imagination and true poetic grace.

His serious literary career was seemingly not begun until 1883. Then, after having obeyed the wise decree of Dr. Holmes in devoting himself heart and soul to his profession for nearly twenty-five years, Dr. Mitchell felt that he could return to the pen he had once loved and use it again for the writing of other things than scientific disquisitions. In reality his experience in hospitals and as a general practitioner had served him most admirably as a preliminary school for the study of human nature, and there is not the slightest doubt that his power as a fiction writer is in great part derived from the wonderfully varied store of human experiences which he has been able to lay up during his professional career.

Dr. Mitchell's first contribution to the periodical

press came about by accident, and the story thereof, which has probably not been in print before, comes to me from a perfectly reliable source in this form.

Some time after the close of the war he was one day humorously discussing with friends the question as to whether loss of physical members involved loss of any portion of one's individuality. As a result of that discussion he wrote out the suppositious case of one George Dedlow, who had suffered the amputation of both arms and both legs. The paper was an exceedingly clever one, and its description and discussions were highly interesting. Dr. Mitchell lent it to the Rev. Dr. Furness, and he, thinking it would be read with interest by his friend, Edward Everett Hale, sent it to him. Dr. Hale was at that time connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*, and his trained eye at once noted the value of the paper as a contribution to his periodical. It seemed of such value, indeed, that the leading article for the number, then about to go to press, was lifted out of the forms and *The Case of George Dedlow* was hurriedly substituted. It was published anonymously, and Dr. Mitchell's first intimation of the fact was afforded by the reception of a letter from Dr. Hale inclosing, with the proof, a liberal check and complimenting the author on the freshness, unconventionality and power of his work. Some of my readers may remember the sketch. It was written in such realistic fashion as to cause subscriptions to be raised for the imaginary George Dedlow's support and comfort. An extended discussion of the case followed in the newspapers, and it was some time before it was understood that no such armless, legless Dedlow really existed.

Dr. Mitchell does his literary writing in the summer time. On June 1 he leaves Philadelphia and goes to Canada, where he fishes for salmon on some of the Canadian rivers. Then he goes to his summer home at Bar Harbor. It is there that he writes, when he feels inclined, in the mornings, until he is ready to return to Philadelphia. He does all his writings with the pen. He never dictates this work, and it is well known that he puts an unusual amount of labor on his stories. Though he writes rapidly and with ease he seems never satisfied with his work as first written. It is stated that there is not a chapter of importance in *Hugh Wynne*, for instance, that was not written at least twice before it was sent to the printer and that some chapters were thus dealt with three times. Besides, Dr. Mitchell corrects his proof almost interminably.

Dr. Mitchell belongs to the third of three generations of success. His son, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, is lecturer on diagnosis in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and represents a fourth generation of professional men, nor is he himself without literary capacity. The poetical work of his brother, Mr. Langdon E. Mitchell, is well known. Success in four generations is a rare thing in any country, but not rarer than such single careers as that of the author of *Hugh Wynne*, which may be divided into three distinct parts, investigations of a purely scientific nature, clinical and medical investigations and the production of pure literature—fiction and poetry.

Dr. Mitchell was born on the 15th of February, 1839.



*The Late James Payn*

Writing in the *Cornhill Magazine* of the late James Payn, the English novelist, Leslie Stephen says:

James Payn was a man of many friends; and the secret of his attractiveness was not far to seek. A nature of singular kindliness and of absolute transparency endeared him to many who knew him only upon paper, as well as to personal intimates. Even an old friend can say little which has not been divined by his readers. I, who knew him for some forty-five years, can do little more than confirm impressions already formed by less intimate acquaintances; nor can I boast of the talent which is required for good "reminiscences." Old incidents have become blended in my mind, and though they have left an indelible impression, can no longer be separated into distinct anecdotes. It happens, however, that I remember my first sight of Payn. In 1851-52, I was at the meeting of a little debating society of Cambridge under-graduates. We were discussing the ancient problem of the credibility of ghost stories. "It is all very well," said Payn, "but see if any one of you, waking at dead of night in the solitude of his room, will dare to summon himself by name three times in a loud voice." I have never dared to take up the challenge, though I do not know what was the inference which Payn took to be implied by such cowardice. That one little fragment of the old talk remains in my mind, and brings back a vivid picture of Payne as he then was. He had a unique position among his companions. He was no scholar in the Cambridge sense, and used language about Æschylus calculated to curdle the blood of a Greek professor. He was not a mathematician, though his remarkable talent for whist showed, I suppose, some power of calculation; nor could he challenge the respect even then conceded to athletes. He preferred humorously to exaggerate his own muscular defects. He brought back from a reading party in the Lakes a pun which charmed him: "The labor we delight in physics Payn," said his mountaineering friends, and he accepted the phrase as a motto. Yet Payn was one of the most popular men of his day—with athletes, with scholars and, indeed, with all sorts and conditions of men. There was, if my memory is not misled by a natural illusion, a brilliant circle of youths in the Cambridge of those days. Some gained distinction in later life; others, of fully equal ability, I think, failed from ill health or accident or other causes to become known to the world, and are now represented by fast fading memories in the minds of a few elderly gentlemen. It was characteristic of Payn that, though he was not a competitor for academical distinction, he made warm and enduring friendships with those who were most successful in that direction. He was already an author, which was a rare distinction among under-graduates. He had the most genuine delight in such literature as was really congenial to him; and his delight was as infectious as it was genuine.

It was a little later that Calverley set his famous examination paper in *Pickwick*, but the Dickens worship which it indicated was already at its height. Payn could have won a high place in the Senate House if *Pickwick* had been studied in the place of the *Seven* against *Thebes*. And, then, if Payn's ap-

preciation of literary excellence had its limits, he was the last man to object to the tastes of others. He was perhaps a little hurt when trained scholars waxed eloquent over the Greek dramatists; but, on the whole, he gave them credit for sincerity and even for superior insight. The one kind of person with whom he was altogether out of harmony was the prig; the man who admires, not what he really appreciates, but what he knows that he ought to appreciate. His literary hero-worship might verge too closely upon idolatry; but at least he never complicated idolatry by bigotry. He reminds me of what Thackeray says (very truly, I think) of Gay. . . . He laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee—an artless, sweet humor. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk . . . that Giants loved him." The "Giants" in the Cambridge days meant senior wranglers and mighty dons of Trinity. But in later days, they included the first men of letters of his time. Of Dickens, as all his readers know, he could never speak without reverent enthusiasm. There was an affinity between their ways of looking at life of which I need not here speak; and Dickens' cordial and generous ways had specially attracted Payn in their personal relations. No one was ever more grateful for kindness than Payn, and, if I could not quite share his estimate of Dickens' writings, it was always charming to note the glow of generous appreciation with which he spoke of the great object of his literary worship.

Payn often visited Cambridge after the close of his academical course, and kept up the old friendships. To us, the dons of that time, he came invested no doubt with some halo derived from his association with the great world of letters, which we revered in our hearts, though we professed to despise its want of scholarly refinement. I could mention more than one of those college chums to whom Payn's friendship was of real and lasting service; but I should have to speak of matters of too private an interest. When I myself came, some years later, to live in London, I found Payn settled as the father of a family, and devoting himself most energetically to the profession, of which he was as proud as it was thoroughly congenial to him. Circumstances brought us into closer connection as the years went by. I was a pert young reviewer in the earlier time, and I agreed with Payn that I should review his novels as they came out, on condition of saying (more or less) what I thought of them. I am afraid that I allowed a rather full play to my conscience; but Payn took all that I said with the most admirable good humor. Once only I hurt him by suggesting overhaste as an apology for some shortcoming. Whatever else might be his faults, he said, he always did his best to turn out good work. I fully believe it. The work, too, was admirable of its kind; it was, of course, simple-minded; he neither knew nor cared for some modern canons of taste; he always wrote (which we now know to be wrong) with a strict regard to decency and morality; and his wicked heroes had a curious aptitude for getting wedged in hollow trees or starved at the bottom of Cornish mines. But, at any rate, there was always the simple, bright, shrewd, gen-

erous Payn of real life; the same man whom every one loved, and who has perhaps shown himself still more distinctly and agreeably in his recent contributions to the *Illustrated London News*. The many readers who have been charmed by those papers, can infer what Payn's conversation was like. He was superlative as an anecdotist. Good stories seemed to have a natural instinct for resorting to him. Often as I used to see him, I always thought myself defrauded if I did not come away with some fresh and amusing narrative. On such occasions my family found me out and used to reproach me if I did not bring back some telling anecdote. It must clearly be my own fault. I was certainly not the rose, but I had been near the rose. Payn's fertility in this respect no doubt implied more study than might be obvious to his readers; he was fond of the literature in which such harvests are to be reaped and "crammed" (if I may say so) for his work conscientiously, though more, it seemed, from spontaneous delight in it than from deliberate purpose. And, then, the charm of his talk and his hearty sociability made it a duty for every one to help him and to repay him, as far as possible, in kind. The man bursting with a good story found a special pleasure in pouring it into so responsive an ear, and Payn became a perpetually flowing fountain of delightful talk.

Shrewd sense as well as hearty enjoyment of the humorous was implied in this talent; but I must speak of other qualities more lovable and admirable. Payn had never been a strong man; and cruel disease gradually crippled him and finally confined him to his chair. He was for the last few years unable to walk, and, I fear, suffered much pain. A highly nervous temperament probably caused occasional fits of depression; and yet he was always so elastic that, after the necessary word or two upon his health, he invariably recovered his animation and seemed to be as lively as ever. Indeed, his vivacity was so indomitable as occasionally to lead his friends to doubt for the moment whether his illness could be as serious as it really was. He was so far from becoming querulous or ill-tempered that one went to his house, not as one goes to cheer an invalid, but with the hope, rarely falsified, of receiving cheer from him. He used often to thank me for a visit, and I never felt thanks to be less merited. Our talks were almost always cheerful, but the cheerfulness was most unmistakably due to the sick and suffering man. The most that I could claim for myself was to have given him an occasion for forgetting his pains in conversation. In such talks it was not simply the playfulness and humor, but the hearty kindness of the man which impressed me. Often as we met and freely as he talked, I never, I can most conscientiously say, heard him say an unkind thing. It was not that he was without prejudices; he had pretty strong ones, and some of them were of a kind which I took to imply want of appreciation. But he had not the slightest spice of malice or ill feeling. He disliked what he honestly, though it might be mistakenly, thought to imply harshness or injustice in others. Yet even in his prejudices so much good-nature was implied that he could hardly have claimed to be a "good hater." He hated only so far as was necessary to resent unkindness, but

was always glad to lapse into the more congenial frame of cordial good-will.

His last act of friendship to me was characteristic. He had slightly improved after the first attack of the illness under which he sank a month later. He roused himself to send me a note—written with obvious difficulty—telling me of a remedy which had done him good, and which he fancied might be of some use to me in a trifling trouble. The poor little scrawl is to me a most pathetic memorial of one of Payn's charms of character. All through his long period of suffering he seemed to be overflowing with the desire of showing his gratitude to all who had been able to do him the slightest service. No one, indeed, at any time could be more generous to the core. He was absolutely incapable of any petty jealousy—of the spirit which makes a man regard kindness as merely a proper tribute to his own merits, or refuses to admit merits which obscure his own. In that respect, at least, he was a model editor. He could, like other editors, make mistakes now and then; and was unique only in the frankness with which he admitted them. But no one could be more eager to recognize the merit of young and unknown authors, or more anxious to give them every possible advice and encouragement. Whatever Payn's own merits as an author, this at least may be said—that no one could more thoroughly embody the spirit of good feeling and cordial desire for helping each other which ought to be characteristic of what he always regarded as the most honorable of professions.

Many will remember him with kindness, and no one can have a word to say against him. To me the loss is irreparable; and I know not whether to feel humbled or gratified by the memory of the long years of intimate comradeship bestowed upon me by one so tender and so true.

W. Heimbürg

The following sketch of one of Germany's most popular writers of fiction comes to us as a contribution from the pen of Mary Stuart Smith. Mrs. Smith says:

Few cultivated people are altogether unacquainted with the charming stories coming out rather regularly during the last twenty years under the above signature. But, at the same time, few have any knowledge of the author's personality, and yet fewer can remain uninterested in her life-story who have the gratification of looking upon her sweet intellectual countenance.

Shrinking modesty seems to have been the motive that led Bertha Behrens, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a German army surgeon to conceal her identity under the assumed name of Wilhelmine Heimbürg when she came before the public as a writer, in the columns of a German woman's paper, viz, *Victoria*.

The publication of her first story, entitled *Melanie*, was involuntary upon her own part, and the result of her father's perception of its literary merit.

Her mother suffering from a long and trying illness, Bertha was her patient and devoted nurse, but while the invalid slept, and during the long hours of silent watching by her bedside, were

woven the threads of many a story afterward to charm and enliven an ever-widening circle.

Her second story attained a wide celebrity in Germany, but the third one and the first published by the famous editor, Ernst Keil, of Leipzig, was *Lieschen*, a tale of an old castle, which showed an originality and power to weave a thrilling plot out of simple materials, which were remarkable indeed in so young a girl-author. This novel introduced W. Heimbürg to American readers through the columns of the *New York Tribune*, when Mr. George Ripley was the accomplished literary critic of that journal, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid its editor, the story being translated to their order by the present writer. Since then various publishers have discerned the saleable qualities of Heimbürg's books, and at least half a dozen have seen the light in an English dress. Noticeable among them are *Miss Mischief*, and *The Insignificant Woman*, *A Story of Artist Life*, published by Robert Bonner's Sons, in their series of select novels, and *Bertzen Manor* in the Authors' Library of the International News Company. Others are *Gertrude's Marriage*, *Two Daughters of One Race*, etc., etc.

The skill and fine feeling with which W. Heimbürg brought to a successful conclusion E. Marlitt's unfinished work, *The Owl House*, placed her at once upon a level with that favorite novelist, and drew to her the admiring attention of E. Marlitt's hosts of readers.

At present she stands in the front rank of Germany's best writers, and occupies an enviable position in social circles. Until within the last few years she continued to live with her parents, her father now being a retired officer; but her literary engagements seeming to require it, she has now set up a handsome establishment of her own in genial Dresden, having for a companion a beloved niece, to whom she has given every advantage of education, and who shares in large measure her genius and her tastes. The sad feature of Fraulein Behrens' life is a delicacy of health that often renders burdensome an avocation that would otherwise afford her unmitigated delight. Her summers are spent in traveling to health resorts; in short, whatever retreat is recommended by her physician, and in the interest of the world of letters it is devoutly to be hoped that these remedial agents may prove effective, for the pen of this rarely endowed author never moves but to the dictates of a pure and lofty morality, guided by the keen intuitions of a bright and philosophical mind; but the most pervasive quality that characterizes her writing is a glowing love of humanity and intense sympathy with whatever can exalt it and render existence a blessing and not a curse.

The popularity of the Heimbürg novels is increasing year by year to such an extent that a complete edition of them has been called for in her native land, which has just been brought out in a series of ten volumes, illustrated by the most famous of artists.

No family need hesitate to introduce these stories freely into their midst, for full of the brightest entertainment as they are their influence is ever wholesome and calculated to aid in the development of noble and well-balanced character.

Eli Perkins, in his *Kings of Platform and Pulpit*, gives the following reminiscence of the American humorist, Josh Billings:

Josh Billings—what a wonderful character!

I can see the old man now, with his long hair, and tall, lank form leaning over the book counters at Carleton's. There you would meet Bill Arp, Artemus Ward, Nasby, Burdette, and Mark Twain.

Josh Billings used to spend hours on his dry epigrams. One morning when I met him he seemed greatly absorbed. He was too busy with his thoughts to say good morning. He simply raised one hand and said, with all the fervor of Pythagoras, when he shouted Eureka! at the discovery of the 32d of Euclid:

"I've got it, Eli."

"Got what?"

"Got the best epigram I ever wrote," and then he handed me an old cramped envelope, on which was written these sentiments, which your printer has set up and punctuated just as Josh wrote them:

"Thare iz only one thing that kan be sed in favour ov tite Boots—they make a man forgit all his other sorrows.—Josh Billings.

"Mules are like some men, very corrupt at harte—I have known them to be good mules for 6 months, just to git a good chance to kik sumbody.—Josh Billings."

The day after Josh gave me the above epigrams, he came and dined with me, and together we smoked and laughed and fixed the following interview:

"Mr. Billings, how old are you?" I commenced.

"I was born 150 years old—and have been growing young ever since."

"Where were you educated?"

"Pordunk, Henssylvania," said Josh, mechanically.

"Are you married?"

"Once."

"How many children have you?"

"Doublets."

"What other vices have you?"

"None."

"Do you gamble?"

"When I feel good."

"What is your worst habit?"

"The coat I got last in Poughkeepsie."

"What are your favorite books?"

"My alminack and Vanderbilt's pocketbook."

"What is your favorite piece of sculpture?"

"The mile stone nearest home."

"What is your favorite animal?"

"The mule."

"Why?"

"Because he never blunders with his heels."

"Do you believe in the final salvation of all men?"

"I do—let me pick the men!"

In the evening Josh and I reviewed the interview, and I asked him if it was truthfully rendered?

"Yes," he replied, "I said all that and a good deal more; why didn't you put it all in?"

Dear old Josh Billings is buried in Poughkeepsie, where he will one day have a bronze statue, but the "immortelles" that will keep his memory green for a thousand years are his witty and wise sayings.



## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo. \$1.50.

*Mrs. Atherton's New Novel*

"Mrs. Atherton is hampered by a theory," says The Critic; "or, rather, she is hampered by the desire to theorize about a condition that confronts us. Now, to deduce a theory from facts is as risky as to forecast facts from theories—when we begin by assuming that the facts at hand are right. The individuality of the American woman is one of her greatest charms—when she has been well educated. Mrs. Atherton considers it her mission to explain to us that an American woman has a right to her individuality even when she has not been educated at all. Untrained individuality is simply license, an unquestioning obedience to every mood and whim of the moment. It means disregard for the rights and feelings of others and the repudiation of self-assumed duties when they become irksome; in the end, it means ruin.

"There are such women in America and elsewhere and we do not quarrel with Mrs. Atherton for writing about them. What we object to is her evidently sincere belief that such women are living their lives as they should and could. They do not even succeed in making themselves happy. Patience Sparhawk was a woman who, like Topsy, has 'jes growed.' Her antecedents were of the worst, and when she found that she had married the wrong man, she refused to take her share of the responsibility. He was a very disagreeable man, no doubt, but she was a very disagreeable woman. Only, Mrs. Atherton did not realize this. In her eyes Patience merely had a strong individuality, and so she wanted her husband to support her in Europe, and when he, not being a fool, refused, she went philandering with a New York newspaper man in the woods on the banks of the Hudson. But after her husband's death she married an Irishman—which was very appropriate, for Irishmen have a genius for love-making. He undoubtedly subdued her exuberant individuality in time, and prevented her with Celtic amiability from making life a hell for him.

"Closely connected with this theory of the individuality of the American woman, is Mrs. Atherton's second theory that such an individuality needs a master and learns to obey him. This is rightly seen, but what becomes of the first theory in that case, we should like to know? Mrs. Atherton's theory is a paradox. Advocating license for her women, she instinctively turns to Europe for the men to curb it. The European man assumes that he is master of his house with such unconsciousness of a possible doubt on the subject, that, in this story, at least, even Mrs. Atherton's untamable daughter of California meekly acquiesces. The well-educated woman needs no master. She is mistress of her own individuality and her husband's partner in life. And, strange as it may seem to English readers of Mrs. Atherton's books, American women enjoy so much liberty because, with the cleverness that is so essentially their own, they know how to adapt their individualities to those of their husbands, and to insist upon a like treatment in return. The Ameri-

can husband's tractableness undoubtedly makes easier the task, but that consideration does not affect our proposition.

"English critics, who are notoriously well-informed regarding our social conditions, all acclaim Mrs. Atherton as an able exponent thereof. We wish to disabuse them on this point. The women of American society are well brought up, and, as a rule, do not possess the remarkable antecedents of Mrs. Atherton's characters. They have the unflinching courage to bear the burden of their duties that characterizes the gentleman the world over. The gentlewoman's sense of honor is as strong as the man's with us as elsewhere, and makes her always ready for the sacrifices that circumstances may demand. Patience Sparhawk was a 'bounder.'

"The heroine of the present story is of a better kind, but we have to hark back for her good qualities to her father's people; her mother was essentially vulgar, notwithstanding her prating of her aristocratic lineage. An education such as she gave her daughter during the few years she dwelt with her, would have spoiled any child. Happily the girl came under other influences, and finally married a big, strong Englishman, who quietly assumed that he was the master, and made of her an admirable woman.

"The part of this story dealing with English life is excellently done, and makes us almost willing to forgive Mrs. Atherton for the impossible extravagances of her earlier chapters. The man's character is finely drawn, and his growing influence over his wife, to her own final good, is worked out admirably. It makes the story readable. The author needs an editor—a firm, unflinching literary master. If she will submit to him, promise to revise her theories, and confess that her sketches of American society are utterly inaccurate, she may yet succeed, for she has undoubtedly certain gifts that make a successful writer. At present she is harming herself and her career, and she is doing a greater injustice to American women than has ever been done to them by the most prejudiced of our cousins across the sea."

Poems. By William Ernest Henley. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

*Mr. Henley's Poems*

"In this volume we have Mr. Henley's poems as Mr. Henley wishes us to read them," says a writer in The Bookman. "He has revised a little, cast out a few, reprinted two or three from scattered journals. It is timely, then, to consider what his verse is worth to us. Time will rank it in the great lists, or blot it. Time cannot rank it for us; our gratitude is overdue for the kindling of his robust, romantic, most friendly muse. His robustness is not very accurately suggested by the Song of the Sword and its brothers, poems sincerely inspired, I do not doubt, but more artificial than the others in utterance, manifest rather in the stalwart value he puts on life and his proud resignation before the evil day.

"The ways of fame are inscrutable, and Mr. Henley has not come to his kingdom. But, at least, his friends are triumphantly out of proportion to his

mere admirers, and it should not be difficult to snatch from the indifferent such as will join the warmer band. He has written little to alarm or to perplex. Of those strong living etchings, the pictures of life in hospital, the case of two or three may be poetically disputable. But there is no sense in either claiming or branding Mr. Henley as a pioneer. He is a revivifier of the poetical stuff alike accepted by artist and bourgeois, a romantic poet, concerned most with the joy of life 'common and divine,' a poet of the North, haunted by the mystery of the deep waters lapping the human margin, a man of exuberant sentiment. In his erring moments he is even sentimental, and his emotional use of the Almighty's name for emphasis is a strange feminine weakness; one recalls how the charming lines, *Oh, Time and Change*, are marred by the unforgivable Ingelowsism, 'God's own chosen weather.' Poetry is with him much more a matter of the heart than of the head. It is for men of to-day he writes, but 'modernity' has not affected the fibres of him, passages in *London Voluntaries* and *In Hospital* notwithstanding. When he is reminiscent to us of other poets, it is now of some moments of Heine sans acidity, now of Arnold with the chill off, one might dare to say of Whitman, were Whitman conceivable as a lyricist of style. Of the new world are these, but singers of the universal, who would outrage the conventions of any literary coterie. Of all the poets of to-day worth considering he is the least exotic. Life is justified to him of its fullness and its strong color, and this is as much a banishment of the morbid as of the prudish.

"In the light of these obvious commonplaces about Mr. Henley's verse, it is puzzling that so many of his contemporaries have still to discover even his noble hymn of the conquering sufferer:

"I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul,"

even his 'reveil' to all romance, 'Over the hills and far away,' and his rich reflection of the glorious East, the *Arabian Nights'* Entertainments. Everywhere human, the light and shade of his fine landscapes are reflections from an inner vision:

"The wistful stars  
Shine like good memories. The young morning wind  
Blows full of forgotten hours  
As over a region of roses. Life and Death  
Sound on—sound on. . . . And the night magical,  
Troubled yet comforting, thrills  
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart  
Of the wood's dark wonderment  
Swung wide his valves, and filled the dim sea-banks  
With exquisite visitants."

"There can be no general reproach hurled at him for his human reading of Nature. His matter is for all of us, because chiefly it is of the lust of active living and loving. 'Life—give me life until the end' is his constant theme, and the complement is the glad acceptance of Death the Friend. There is no touch of the charnel-house in Mr. Henley's mind:

"So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing;  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death."

*The Open Boat.* By Stephen Crane. New York Doubleday and McClure Co.

*Stephen Crane's Latest Book*

"For the reader's information," says Literature, "we may say at once that this is a book to read, that is, if the reader does not expect too much from a writer who has been so unanimously praised as Mr. Crane. Nor do we dissent from the praise that has been bestowed upon him, although his admirers have been a little extravagant in their laudation. As far as we can judge—and Mr. Crane has not as yet written a great deal—his position in literature is in some ways peculiar. He has in a very unusual degree the power of bringing a scene, no matter what, before our eyes by a few graphic phrases. His subjects are not always interesting; it is his way of presenting them that is everything. In this respect he resembles those painters who care little for the subject but more for the method of their art, and are called, for want of a better term, Impressionists. To this extent, with his carefully-chosen details, his insistence on the main theme, and his avoidance of irrelevance, Mr. Crane is an Impressionist, and not a mere descriptive writer. His book must not be regarded as a collection of short stories. They are incidents rather than stories, and are selected, not for their dramatic interest, which the author apparently wishes to exclude, but as a vehicle for the telling touches in which he paints aspects of nature, or analyzes human emotions. When a writer works in this manner, generally, it must be admitted, with less success than Mr. Crane, his friends, as a rule, urge him to sustained efforts of which he is not capable, and lament that he does not write a 'regular novel.' For ourselves, we see no evidence in these sketches that Mr. Crane is equal to any such undertaking. The sketches are complete in themselves, and owe their effectiveness to that fact, and by no means to their intrinsic interest; nor do they seem to contain raw material that might be further developed. This is their peculiarity, that they all have the one same merit, without which, to say the truth, they would be somewhat poor reading. Some of them are so extremely slight that one is tempted to think that almost any other ordinary incident would have served Mr. Crane's purpose equally well. We can assure him that the value of his work, and the reader's pleasure would be much increased if he chose his subjects as carefully as the words in which he describes them. In *The Red Badge of Courage* he had an excellent subject, certain aspects of which are repeated in one of these sketches; the rest, however, appeal too exclusively to our appreciation of his power of vivid presentment, and that, in our opinion, is their chief defect."

*The Century Atlas of the World.* Prepared under the superintendence of Benjamin E. Smith, A.M. New York: The Century Co. Price \$12.50.

*The Century Atlas of the World*

No more opportune time for the publication in the United States of a good atlas could have been found than at the opening of a war, which brings with it the possibility of the acquisition or control of islands situated at almost opposite sides of the globe. But further than the timeliness of the Century's addition to its series of monumental reference books the



atlas which they present is a publication of even greater value than those which have preceded it in the same series, since there is little in the market over which the present volume is not a distinct advance. With the rapid progress of the world an atlas is nowadays a book that needs pretty constant revision to keep it up to date. New acquisitions, changes of boundary, the rapid development of regions wholly unknown before, the opening of commercial intercourse with countries but little known before in the world at large, are all the causes of changes which make the newest maps soon to become old and useless to the modern student. In explanation of the particular merits of the Century atlas, its logical arrangement for ready reference is most conspicuous. All the maps are divided into squares, formed by the intersections of the lines of latitude and longitude, and every square so made is numbered or lettered in such a way that the location of any place can be immediately made by reference to the copious index. There are 117 full double-page maps and 138 smaller marginal or inserted ones. There is also a very valuable index chart at the beginning of the volume in which the boundaries of every map in the book are marked and numbered upon a single page so that at a glance one can turn to any particular portion of the globe. The earlier pages are, furthermore, devoted to maps of historical or astronomical value. The geographical maps are printed in plain and easily read type, while in addition to the usual facts deep-sea soundings are given and noted voyages of exploration are distinctly indicated. The coloring of the maps is distinct enough to mark every possible demand, yet sufficiently delicate not to interfere with the distinctness of the types, a most valuable feature and one that is only too commonly lost sight of.

A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Ph.D., D.D., Washburn Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary. International Theological Library. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, \$2.50.

Dr. McGiffert's *History of Christianity* "In this masterly work the author has won for himself a name and place among scholars in the field of historical criticism," writes John Grier Hibben in *The Book Buyer*. "While many have welcomed this book as a permanent contribution to the literature of New Testament interpretation, there are others, however, to whom its appearance has been a signal to sound a note of nervous alarm. Heretical tendencies have been keenly scented which, it is stoutly urged, may prove subversive of the truth. A person who is suspected of a taint of heresy, however slight the suspicion may be, arouses an extraordinary interest in himself and in his writings. Therefore it is not surprising that Professor McGiffert's book has caused a sensation in theological circles which its rare scholarship alone would hardly provoke. Before condemning any one's teaching as hazardous in its general drift, we should inquire carefully and with all fairness concerning the three essential aspects of historical criticism, namely, one's general attitude to the subject under investigation, one's method, and the results attained. No unbiased reader can fail to be impressed with the

reverential and sympathetic spirit which characterizes Professor McGiffert's conscientious and earnest study of the history of the Apostolic Church. He is no iconoclast; but rather a seeker after truth, and with a profound desire to discover light rather than darkness.

"As to his method, it is needless to state that there is throughout this painstaking inquiry a fine appreciation of the rigor of scholarship. He undertakes a critical scrutiny of each New Testament book, considered as an historical document, and there is a searching examination of the internal and external evidence concerning questions both of authorship and of trustworthiness. If his method is criticised adversely, then the methods of scholarship in general must be brought to the bar for trial and condemnation. The Bible, however, is an open book, not only in the sense that he who will may read, but also in the sense that he who will may investigate. It challenges inspection, nor shrinks from the white light of criticism, however intense and searching that light may prove to be. The verdict, therefore, concerning Professor McGiffert's work should be determined wholly by an estimate of his results; and from this point of view there is really no occasion for alarm. The results of his criticism are uniformly constructive and not destructive. This general characterization may be indicated by a reference to some of the prominent features of his teaching. He emphasizes the gradual and continuous development of the Apostolic Church both as regards the widening sphere of its influence and the deepening significance in the minds of the Apostles as to the teachings of Christ, and their interpretation of His life and death. In this development of doctrine Professor McGiffert recognizes throughout a divine guidance. A divine leading is also recognized in the unfolding events of the early church. Moreover, he acknowledges a special power in the preaching of the Apostles which was due to the reality of Christ's resurrection, one of the foundation truths of Christianity. Again, concerning the authorship of the several books of the New Testament, it is true that he denies the traditional view which refers the third Gospel and the Acts to Luke, and that he is uncertain as to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel; nevertheless he is stoutly insistent upon two important points. The one is that these controverted books are all genuine compositions of the first century, and therefore within range of the events themselves which they record and to which they refer. The second salient point is that, although the author of the third Gospel and the Acts, as well as the author of the Fourth Gospel, may not have been eyewitnesses of the scenes which they narrate, nevertheless the internal evidence of these books makes unquestionably for the trustworthiness of the documentary sources which were available for their purposes as historians, and that therefore these authors are to receive the credence which is due to accurate and conscientious historians in possession of accredited facts. These are some of the indications that this work is constructive. This is not only true of its general tendencies, but it may be further illustrated in reference to a specific point concerning which it has been subjected to very harsh criticism. It has been

urged that Professor McGiffert's teaching in reference to the Lord's Supper detracts from the sacred character of this Sacrament, and tends to minimize its significance to the life of the Church. In this he has been misunderstood, perhaps misrepresented. In a footnote on page 68, where his views upon this subject are expressed at length, it is to be noted that he is here attacking the views of Professor Percy Gardner, who attributes the institution of this Sacrament to Paul. Professor McGiffert is therefore defending the traditional view. He thinks, however, that in the original purpose of the founder of the feast it was not necessarily designed as a memorial, but that Christ broke the bread and poured out the wine 'with a reference to his approaching death.' This emphasizes the sacrificial significance of Christ's death, and certainly in this respect the view is constructive and conservative. Professor McGiffert also acknowledges that the supper was celebrated as a memorial feast in the Apostolic Church; his only contention is that this observance was not the result of a command, but that it became a customary procedure through the logic of events, dictated by love of loyal disciples.

"Having emphasized the scholarly spirit and method of this work, with its constructive rather than destructive tendencies, a word of criticism will not be misunderstood. In the author's view of Paul's doctrine concerning the individual's relation to Christ, there seems to be an undue stress placed upon the mystical aspect of such a relation, namely, the indwelling divine life in the human. A simpler relation, such as a child sustains to a father where forgiveness of the child's disobedience is the natural antecedent of renewed communion, is not fully appreciated by Prof. McGiffert as the necessary condition of a mystical union between God and man.

"Another idea, growing out of this, creates a certain confusion in the reader's mind, namely, that this union with the Christ-life frees the believer from the law. Here Professor McGiffert uses the phrase freedom from law, now in the sense of freedom from the moral law, and again as freedom from the ceremonial law of the Jews. In the former sense it is not a freedom from the requirements of the law, but freedom from the feeling of constraint in obeying the moral law. In this sense love is the fulfilling of the law, not its abrogation. Freedom from the ceremonial law is freedom from its requirements. Professor McGiffert, of course, recognizes this distinction, but an ambiguous phrase may often prove misleading to the reader, and especially a phrase which is employed so frequently, and is so central to his fundamental doctrine.

"Though one may differ in these, and perhaps in other particulars, and not accept all of the author's conclusions, one may hold, nevertheless, a hearty appreciation of the scholarly work as a whole."

—"In *The Girl at Cobhurst*" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 12mo, \$1.50), "Mr. Frank R. Stockton has struck a vein of true humor," says a writer in the *New York Evening Sun*. "There is little trace of the forced fun that mars a certain part of his work, in fact, some of his books which are most popular. In this story the writer is at his ease. He gets his results without effort or fuss. And at the same time

there is nothing slipshod in the work. The effect of the whole is to lead one to suspect that when Mr. Stockton's accounts are finally made up, and it becomes the duty of somebody or other to place him in his appropriate and proper place, the present tale will have a good deal to do with the matter. There is just enough irony about *The Girl at Cobhurst* to give it a salt and savor. In the matter of plot the story teller has exercised his prerogative of surprising the reader. Miss Panney is a charming person, and it would be well worth reading the book if only to make her acquaintance."

—"In *The Duenna of a Genius* (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 12mo, \$1.50), her story of two young sisters, one of whom is the 'duenna' and the other the 'genius,' Mrs. M. E. Francis (or Mrs. Blundell, to give her her real name) has exhibited an unusual capacity for weaving about musicians fiction which is not sentimentally absurd. It is," says the *New York Tribune*, "a task in which few novelists, especially of the feminine gender, have succeeded. Charles Auchester, we regret to say, is a type of the foolish book in which the musical genius plays a leading part. The novel before us furnishes a refreshing instance of healthy romance, common-sense and shrewd humor playing round a subject which too easily invites gush. Valerie is shown forth as a genius indeed—her rare gifts are made apparent with a great deal of skill—but all the unreasoning and fantastic qualities that belong to such a nature are portrayed with equal skill. Her courtship is thoroughly unconventional, and here the author's sense of humor comes to the help of her feminine sensibility, and she gives us a most amusing picture of the two musicians, dreamy, selfish and lovable as they are. Valerie's elder sister, the 'duenna,' is a charming creature, charmingly drawn. The book is more than a commonly entertaining one."

—"What Mr. Henry M. Stanley has to say about South Africa," says *The Outlook*, "is of decided and world-wide interest. Through *South Africa* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 12mo, \$1.00), is made up of letters to the London journal *South Africa*. These letters give an account of Mr. Stanley's recent visit to the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Natal, and Cape Colony. They give mainly impressions and opinions rather than history, scientific data, or industrial statistics. Perhaps most interesting of all is his impression of President Kruger, whom Mr. Stanley found 'dense, ignorant, and impenetrable,' 'knowing nothing outside of burgherdom,' 'in appearance a sullen, brutal-looking concierge,' 'his disposition, morose from birth, breeding, and isolation, is unyielding and selfish.' This is plain speaking with a vengeance, and there is much more hardly less severe. Mr. Stanley advises the Uitlanders in the Transvaal to inaugurate a silent revolution by refusing to pay unjust taxes and impositions. He does not, however, think that direct interference by England in the affairs of the Transvaal ought to be expected; the Englishmen in the country should, he says, first help themselves, and show their strength of purpose. Of Rhodesia's possible future he writes enthusiastically. Naturally, the book, as a whole, is scrappy and desultory, but it contains much valuable information."



## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

*Dewey, the Hero of Manila.....Leslie's Weekly*

While the entire world is paying tribute to Rear-Admiral Dewey, the hero of the great sea-fight at Manila, he who remembered the Maine "in the good, old-fashioned way," his birthplace, the little town of Montpelier, Vermont, has not permitted herself to be outdone by the larger cities in doing honor to her native son. Pictures of the American commander at Manila, placards of "What Did Dewey Do to Them?" and bunting are everywhere displayed with a lavish hand.

The Deweys are the leading men of the town, and few public movements affecting the village are undertaken without first consulting them. More than forty years ago George Dewey, then a lad of seventeen, received his appointment to Annapolis. Since then the hero of Manila has been a comparative stranger to the town, but he has always kept up a correspondence with his relatives and friends.

A month ago, writing from Hong-Kong to one of his brothers at Montpelier, Commodore Dewey laconically observed: "I expect to have some hard fighting;" this was his only reference to hostilities. By the older people of Montpelier George Dewey is remembered as a harum-scarum lad. There was nothing too hazardous for him to undertake.

Before entering Annapolis, Dewey went to the public school in the village, and also attended a military school at Norwich, where he formed a determination to enter the navy. Dewey's father did not think much of sailors, and told his son so, but this made no difference to George. He kept at his father until he procured him his appointment to Annapolis. While a pupil at the district school at Montpelier young Dewey received a severe thrashing, which he probably remembers to this day. The flogging was administered by Major Pangborn, the schoolmaster, now editor of the Jersey City Journal. Prior to the coming of Major Pangborn as master of the school, the boys had whipped several masters. Soon after Pangborn had been installed it was decided that his mettle should be tried. George Dewey was selected by the other boys to make the test. Major Pangborn heard of the plot. Dewey was called from his seat in the midst of a session of the school. Dewey refused to respond. The other boys chuckled. Master Pangborn walked down to where young Dewey was seated, and, with the grasp of Hercules, took the lad by the collar and yanked him from his seat and walked him up to the master's desk. He was accused of the plot, but refused to acknowledge it. When Master Pangborn had finished with young Dewey he was escorted home, where he had to lie abed for several days as the result of his thrashing. Dewey was too big-hearted to harbor up a feeling against the schoolmaster, and afterwards there grew up between pupil and pedagogue the most friendly feeling.

Rear-Admiral Dewey's war record dates from the firing on Fort Sumter, in 1861. He did splendid service with the West Gulf squadron, and was on the Mississippi when that vessel took part with Farragut's fleet in forcing an entrance to the Mississippi River. He received his first real "baptism of fire" in April, 1862, when Farragut ran the gauntlet from

the forts below New Orleans and forced the surrender of that Confederate stronghold.

*Archbishop Corrigan.....Richmond Times*

Archbishop Corrigan, whose silver jubilee was celebrated in May, is one of the most distinguished prelates of the Church. He was made a Bishop May 4, 1873, in the Cathedral at Newark. Bishop Corrigan was then the youngest man who had ever received Episcopal honors in this country, being then not quite thirty-four years old. He administered the diocese so successfully that in 1880 Cardinal McCloskey asked for his appointment as his co-adjutor, and he was named Archbishop of Petra, of New York, with the rights of succession. Five years later, when Cardinal McCloskey died, young Bishop Corrigan was made the head of the largest diocese in the United States, if not in the world, with the title of Archbishop. This position Archbishop Corrigan has held to the present day.

Born in Newark and living in America, he has become very distinctively American. In the present Cuban trouble he has favored the Cubans because he saw that the interests of Cuba and the United States were one. During the recent campaign, when the body of Catholic priests were accused of non-patriotism he made this statement: "The blood of Catholics reddened every battlefield in the struggle for American independence, as it flowed freely in every subsequent national conflict. Should another war break out (which may God avert!) Catholics will be found rallying to their country's defense at the first blast of the bugle. It is at least a century too late to question our patriotism or civil allegiance."

Michael Augustine Corrigan was born August 13, 1839, in New Jersey. His father was a grocer and Michael worked as a grocer boy in his early youth. One day the parochial priest said: "Michael was cut out for something not worldly. He is going to make a priest, and a good one, too." His appetite for study was such that his father sent him to St. Mary's school at Wilmington, Del., and after graduation he went to Emmetsburg. At Emmetsburg he distinguished himself in the field of knowledge. He carried away all the Greek and Latin prizes. For a year after his graduation he traveled in Italy and Switzerland, and then went to Rome and entered the American college there. In Rome the highest degrees that the class could offer were bestowed upon him, and he was ordained a priest for the diocese of New York in 1863. After his ordination he returned to duty in Newark and became the head of Seton Hall College. In 1868 he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese. As Vicar-General he displayed such brilliant ability that he was appointed to succeed Vicar-General Bailey, of the diocese of Newark. From that time he has gone from honor to honor until he succeeded Archbishop McCloskey, of the diocese of New York.

The monuments that stand for the work of Archbishop Corrigan are many. In 1891 he built as a memorial of his episcopacy the great seminary at Dunwoodie. It is the most celebrated institu-

tion of its kind in this country. A year later he rehabilitated the parochial school system of the Catholic Church until it is one of the finest to be found anywhere. The buildings are most modern, and the priests in charge are most highly educated men. Archbishop Corrigan believes in the public schools, but thinks that many Catholics prefer to patronize the parochial schools where religion is taught with education. A few years ago he inherited \$10,000 from a near relative. This he donated outright to the construction of a chapel for the education of young priests.

In each election he has worked indefatigably for the right, and has been led in his political preferences only by the Holy See. He was the first Archbishop to be always accessible to the public. He was the first Archbishop to pose as an orator. He was the first Archbishop of modern times to write advanced ideas of theosophy that are wholly orthodox. He is the most popular prelate of the Roman Catholic Church.

*Baroness Burdett-Coutts—Second Lady in Great Britain.....London Tit-Bits*

The Baroness is the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, one of the most famous Liberal politicians of his day, and her fortune descended to her through her grandmother, the wife of Mr. Coutts, the banker, who, though she died Duchess of St. Albans, bequeathed the whole of her vast wealth—thirteen tons of English sovereigns—to her favorite grandchild, the subject of our sketch.

Most of us, confronted with the problem, "What to do with £1,800,000?" would be bewildered, and it is natural to assume that the Baroness was startled by the position she had suddenly attained. Her way was not made clearer by the multitude of well-intentioned people who suddenly began to take an interest in her and felt themselves called upon to advise her. Kind men in all parts of the English-speaking world sent their good wishes, accompanied with incidental offers of marriage, by post and telegraph; and half the world seemed to be writing begging letters.

But the Baroness was wiser than her correspondents. She had other ways of disposing of her fortune. Charles Dickens had interested her in the poor. She had accompanied the great author into the haunts of the poor when "slumming" was not fashionable, and had been with him into the vilest dens of the dark metropolis. It was an inestimable privilege, and one does not wonder that the Baroness has given her life and fortune to the poor. For this she has practically done. One of her first good works was to sweep away a nest of thieves and murderers in Bethnal Green, and build in its place three hundred model homes.

Those who have ever been to Columbia Square, close by Columbia Market—another of her gifts—will perhaps be amazed to know that during the Victorian Era this place was a nest of the most frightful disease and the home of the foulest criminals known in London. Police and government were set at defiance, and no attempt was made to apply the rigor of the law to "Nova Scotia Gardens" until Baroness Coutts bought up the freehold and swept the place away forever.

From that time to this the claims of the poor have

been the first claims on her ever-open purse, and it is no mere metaphor to say that the biggest fortune in the land has been at the disposal of the very poorest. Forty years have gone since the hand-weavers of London were starving from want of work, but it is not yet forgotten how the Baroness came forward and helped many to emigrate. They went to Australia, the Baroness lending them each money to keep themselves in comfort, and it is worth placing on record that her trust has not been abused, the whole of the money having come back from the colonists. Subsequently, she helped the tanners in similar distress.

The cholera epidemic in the East End thirty years ago provided another outlet for her generosity. The fearful disease raged among the poor for many weeks, and the part the Baroness played in relieving the sufferings of the victims is shown clearly in the records of the relief committee which she founded. In addition to paying the salaries of a qualified medical man, eight trained nurses, two sanitary inspectors, and four men to distribute disinfectants, as long as the epidemic lasted, her gifts of food and clothing were on a most generous scale.

It is to the infinite credit of the Baroness that, though a staunch Churchwoman herself, she has never allowed sectarian bias to come between her purse and the poor. She has helped the costermongers to buy their barrows as cheerfully as she has founded bishoprics and built churches.

Ireland has benefited greatly by her generosity. She has distributed immense sums of money among the destitute of that country; has lent the fishermen £10,000 to purchase fishing boats; and has founded a fishing school, where poor Irish boys may become adepts in the art of fishing and all that concerns this method of obtaining a livelihood. She was the pioneer of reformatories for women in Great Britain. She has founded three colonial bishoprics and built two churches at home—one at Carlisle and another at Westminster. One bishopric cost her £50,000, and one of the churches cost double that sum.

The Baroness is five years older than the Queen and five years younger than was Mr. Gladstone. She has lived in four reigns, and was one of the most notable figures at the coronation of the Queen. The Duke of Wellington was her intimate friend and adviser; Dickens—as already stated—was her esteemed companion; and Gordon's death deprived her of one of the most faithful friends of her later years. It was through the Baroness that Gordon received at Khartoum the last letters and papers which reached him from home. Her house in Piccadilly, at the corner of Stratton street, has probably been visited by more distinguished personages than any other house in London.

It is not surprising that honors have fallen thickly on this noble woman. She holds the freedom of London, being the first woman on whom such an honor has been conferred, and is also a "free-woman" of Edinburgh. She is also the only woman who wears the Sultan's Order of the Medjidieh.

Sixteen years ago the Queen elevated Miss Coutts to the peerage, a royal honor which, if ever royal honor did, gave universal satisfaction. It was the first time the royal prerogative had been thus wielded in recognition of a woman's merits since

the Queen came to the throne. Other women have been raised to the peerage as a compliment to their husbands, but it was for Miss Coutts, gentlest, kindest, and richest of women, to win this brilliant laurel by her own life-work. She has used the greatest fortune for the good of the greatest number, and none will dispute the judgment of the Prince of Wales when he spoke of this noble woman as "the second lady in the land."

*A Maoriland Premier.....T. L. Mills, for Current Literature*

Readers may remember the passing through this Continent last year of Premier R. J. Seddon, of New Zealand, en route for England to take a prominent part in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Seddon, who is in the prime of life, has attained the greatest political success and honors of any of Britain's colonial Premiers, yet he is entirely a self-made man, without more than a common education, but with the heart of a lion, a large stock of common (or is it uncommon?) sense, and the faith in his own opinion which moves mountainous opposition.

The son of a poor Lancashire schoolmaster, "Dick" Seddon emigrated to Australia in his twentieth year, and shortly afterward found himself joining in the rush to the newly-discovered gold-fields on the West Coast of New Zealand. He was a fine, sturdy, well-set-up fellow, and as "fresh" as any "tenderfoot" in Arizona.

For some time prior to Seddon's arrival on the Kumara field there had flourished a big Irish pugilist who had "knocked out" every Britisher who had the courage to shout "English!" in answer to O'Doolan's "Oirish!" This had galled many Englishmen on the Coast, whose purses were larger than their hearts, and when Dick Seddon arrived the fresh bloom on his face and the grand physique of him stirred within his compatriots some hope of a recovery.

So the Lancashire lad was diplomatically approached.

"Can you fight?" was the eager question.

Several open mouths hung on the reply, and fell as the answer came:

"No!"

"But," queried Bill the Barracker, "do you think you could beat the man who said he could knock seven devils out of you?"

"I'd like to see that man," was Seddon's reply.

"Oh, that's the talk; we'll soon show you the man," was the eager reply. "Come over to the Hope of the Coast, and let's introduce you to the O'Doolan."

"O'Doolan, here's a lad as can knock spots off your profile."

"Where is he?" cried the Irish champion. "Oh, him! He can't fight."

"Who said I wanted to fight?" asked Seddon, gazing round on those who had led him into the trap.

"Of course not, me bhoy; nobody wants to fight—me; worse luck!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you, though I've never yet been in a ring."

"What?" shrieked O'Doolan, "will yez fight me? Faugh! You're afraid!"

High words followed, the upshot being that

strong supporters of both sides took the matter in hand, and arranged for a battle within a fortnight. Willing tutors came to young Seddon, who was kept in quarters during the interval and taught tricks, guards, blows, and trained in wind and muscle as well as it was possible within the short time allowed.

News traveled fast, and soon the whole Gold Coast was aware that the English party had placed yet another champion in the field against the all-conquering O'Doolan. In the ignorance of inexperience Seddon himself was the only man who knew not what the battle would be like.

On the day set apart for the fight general holiday was observed. There were no restrictions in those days, so that the police constables themselves saw that fair play was given each man, and so secured inside views for themselves. Even the thirst for gold was overcome by the love for a fight inherent in man.

O'Doolan stepped into the ring with all the confidence of many victories, experience and science. The Lancashire lad stripped a thing of beauty and a joy to his friends, and toed the mark without hesitancy. "Time" was called, and Dick thought he would try the waiting game, under the impression that all things came to him who waited. The impression came very quickly—it was double-printed on Dick's ribs. His guard was nowhere, and when he got another blow on the left cheek he did not turn the other one, but forsook all the written attitudes, and went in "on his own." Then it was that the impetuosity of youth rushed into Doolan's guard where former opponents had feared to tread. Round after round O'Doolan came up with his science and experience, but neither availed against the terrific onslaught of the English champion, and eventually amidst the wildest enthusiasm the Irish champion was fairly knocked out. The first to help the beaten man up was Seddon himself, who had also been terribly punished during the combat.

That fight put a stop to the factions which had previously prevailed, and it became incorporated with the history of the Golden West Coast. The young English adventurer was taken in hand by many friends then made, and who have stuck to him till this day. Young Seddon was taught at night by gentlemen of education, who had drifted on to the gold fields, he was instructed by experienced miners, he was put within reach of "good things," and later, when a Road Board was formed he was sent to take a seat upon it; when Kumara became a town Richard Seddon became its Mayor; he was made a County Councillor, he was sent to Parliament as the member for Kumara, and it was as the member for Kumara that he was sent for by His Excellency the Governor to form a government of which he has been a member for eight years and Premier for some six years. Mr. Seddon is the record holder of a continuous seat in the New Zealand Parliament, and his constituents return him nearly always unopposed. There was great rejoicing along the West Coast last year when Her Majesty Queen Victoria made Mr. Seddon a Privy Councillor, and yet again when Cambridge University made him a Doctor of Law.



# THE DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO \*

BY EDWARD McQUEEN GRAY

[Santa Anna's messengers, who have been sent to the besieged garrison to dictate the terms of the seemingly inevitable surrender, returning, hear the reply of the cannon's roar.]

Such was the answer stern  
That gallant Travis gave;  
May still as brightly burn  
The fire of liberty  
Within us, and the grave  
Seem but a mockery  
Of words, a thing of naught,  
And Freedom cheaply bought  
By life laid down in honor's cause,  
When to defend her soil and laws  
Our country bids us to the jaws  
Of death and hell advance;  
Then, freemen, at your nation's call,  
Lay on like men, and if ye fall,  
Your country's banner be your pall,  
And count it happy chance  
To die a hero's death;  
'Tis sanctified of God.  
Short is our mortal breath,  
But an immortal life  
Is theirs who, on the sod  
A consecrated strife  
Has hallowed, for their land  
Fall by a tyrant's hand.  
To us the name of Travis still  
Stands for indomitable will  
And purpose undisturbed by chill  
Disaster or defeat;  
Immovable as some sea wall  
On which in vain the billows fall,  
He calmly wrote: "I never shall  
Surrender or retreat."

Nearer and nearer yet  
The day of trial draws;  
On tottering parapet  
And crumbling Mission wall  
The shells with never pause  
From two score cannon fall,  
Till gaping breaches made  
By bomb and carronade  
Reveal the Texan volunteers  
To Santa Anna's cannoneers  
Replying with derisive cheers,  
Defiant to a fault.  
"What, none but these?" the Mexican  
Exclaimed, "and shall that rebel clan  
Defy me thus? Let every man  
Advance to the assault!"

All night the measured tramp  
Of marching men, the shout  
Of orders from the camp  
Was heard, and with the light  
Behind each grim redoubt  
Stood clustered troops; to right  
And left, in front and rear,  
Their serried ranks appear.  
Three thousand men before that frail  
And falling bulwark, to assail  
A scant two hundred—did they quail,  
Those Texan volunteers?

We are not toll, but surely feel  
That men like those, with nerves of steel,  
In war's stern shock will never reel,  
Can never taste of fears.

Short was the breathing space;  
The trumpet sounds the charge;  
Across the deadly place  
A thousand soldiers dash.  
Like some unwieldy barge  
That drives with rending crash  
Upon a jagged rock  
And quivers at the shock  
From stem to stern, then toppling back  
With starting seams and yawning crack  
Drifts helplessly to utter wreck  
Upon the ruthless beach,  
In swift discomfiture, pell mell,  
The scared battalions backward fell;  
As welcome as the mouth of hell  
To them was that torn breach  
Where stood their dauntless foes.  
Twice they essayed to scale  
The parapet and close  
The struggle, but in vain.  
What though a flimsy rail  
But parted them? A rain  
Of bullets and the thrust  
Of bowie in the dust  
Laid many a soldier low; the rest,  
Like children from a hornet's nest,  
Fled shrieking, and their bastard zest  
For battle passed away;  
No stomach they for such a draught,  
Of valor's cup they had not quaffed,  
They staggered; loud the Texans laughed  
To note their disarray.

"Will not those rebels die?"  
Cried Santa Anna, pale  
With fury as his eye  
Saw naught but broken lines  
And marked his soldiers quail.  
Shall convicts from the mines  
With freemen ever cope?  
Keep rather for the rope  
Such slaves as these, nor dare to mar  
With felon gangs the ranks of war.  
Most lovely is the honored scar  
That tells of bravery;  
But loathliest the festered mark  
That shows the chain's corroding cark  
Has seared the spirit with the dark  
Disgrace of slavery.

At that low wall askance  
The swart mestizos gazed,  
Nor dared again advance  
Their columns to the fight.  
Their leader, less amazed  
Than maddened at the sight  
Of arrant cowardice  
That fears to jeopardize  
Its worthless life, in fury cried,  
"My orders none has yet defied  
And lived—the issue now abide,  
You mongrel soldiery!  
Let Sesma bid his squadrons wheel  
Behind the lines and draw the steel  
Upon these dogs, to make them feel  
No choice but fight or die."

\*A selection from Alamo, the long poem in Alamo and Other Verses. Published by the author, Edward McQueen Gray, Crofton Hill Road, Florence, New Mexico: 12mo.; cloth, 75 cts.

Again the trumpet sounds;  
 Again the fated few,  
 Like stags beset by hounds,  
 Or lion in a snare,  
 Unequal fight renew.  
 Bravest of brave were they;  
 Yet impotent to stay  
 With wearied arm and shattered sword  
 The course of that o'erwhelming horde  
 That through the breach tumultuous poured  
   Like ocean's swelling tide;  
 The foremost fall, yet wave on wave  
 Rolls in upon the vainly brave  
 And sweeps them backward where the grave  
   Impartial opens wide  
   Its soft maternal arms  
   To children of the earth,  
   Who sick of wanton harms  
   And unrelenting woe  
   That ever from their birth  
   Hath harassed them, below  
   The surge of tossing life  
   Sink from th: bitter strife  
 To slumber deep and quiet rest,  
 As babes upon a mother's breast  
 Asleep, and lovingly caressed  
   By tender father's hand;  
 At home at last, their wandering o'er,  
 They find the peace on sea and shore  
 Long sought in vain, and leave no more  
   The best beloved land.

The butchery begins;  
 "Deguello!" is the cry;  
 And Santa Anna wins  
 The devil's victory.  
 Ah, what availeth high  
 Emprise or gallantry?  
 Yet fearless to the close  
 The Texans faced their foes.  
 From head to foot with gore imbrued,  
 Wounded to death, yet unsubdued,  
 Stern Travis, by a mob pursued,  
   Defiant to the last,  
 Turned fiercely with unbated will  
 Upon them, swung his arm to kill,  
 And shouting, "God and Texas still!"  
   That dauntless spirit passed.

His back against the wall,  
 Toward the foe his face,  
 Each Texan stood, the call  
 Of freedom answering.  
 To men thus dying, grace  
 Divine doth surely bring  
 Remission of offence  
 And purge sin's consequence  
 Away—earth knows no nobler end  
 Of life than his who for a friend  
 In need his blood will freely spend,  
   'Tis sum of human love;  
 And those who feed the sacred flame  
 Of freedom with their blood may claim  
 As surely in their country's name  
   Forgiveness from above  
   For all their errors past.  
 Grant that their lives had been  
 Ignoble or unchaste:  
 May not the valor shown  
 In that concluding scene  
 For trespasses atone  
 And make their martyr blood  
 Acceptable to God?

What though the butcher tyrant's ire  
 Condemned their corpses to the pyre?  
 The smoke that rose from that fierce fire  
   To glut the victor's spite  
 Bore heavenward an incense sweet  
   That floated to the judgment seat  
 Of God above, and made complete  
   The sacrificial rite.

Ah, had the struggle been  
 More equal, less unfair,  
 That day had surely seen  
 An issue different,  
 Had Texas heard their prayer  
 And timely succor sent.  
 But one against a score!  
 Could gods themselves do more  
 Than those foredoomed to sacrifice,  
 Fast bound like falchion in a vise,  
 Or ship within the polar ice  
   Gripped to the bitter end?  
 What serves against the grinding floe  
 The strength of timbers but to show  
 That heart of oak in final throe  
   May break, but never bend?

Yet hold, nor idly waste  
 In profitless regret  
 A sigh for those who taste  
 The cup of martyrdom.  
 Mourn not for them, nor let  
 One note of sorrow come  
 From trembling lips and pale,  
 But rather proudly hail  
 Those scions of heroic breed,  
 Begotten of the self-same seed  
 As those who from a prince's greed  
   America set free;  
 For them no tear shall ever fall,  
 Be sung no dirge funereal,  
 But freedom's joyous festival  
   Their requiem shall be.  
 State of the Lonely Star!  
 These heroes died for thee;  
 They came from lands afar  
 Thy children sore bestead  
 To succor and set free  
 From tyranny and dread.  
 They came and freely gave  
 Their blood thy land to save.  
 For thee they died—yet not in vain;  
 For in that bitter hour the chain  
 That kept thee servile broke in twain  
   Forever, and we know  
 How fiercely Texas rose in wrath  
 And swept the tyrant from her path  
 When San Jacinto's bloody swath  
   Avenged the Alamo.

O, liberty sublime!  
 Divinest gift of God!  
 Defend throughout all time  
 Thy humblest proselyte.  
 And be the hallowed sod  
 That witnessed freedom's fight  
 A consecrated place  
 Where men may see thy face.  
 Hear thou the captive nation's prayer;  
 Arise, thy majesty declare,  
 Uphold the patriots who dare  
   A despot disobey;  
 Unsheathe for them thy falchion bright,  
 Stand thou beside them in the fight,  
 And bring them safely to the light  
   Of freedom's glorious day.

## A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. WM. D. CABELL.

*French Pessimism*

Among the characteristics of the people of modern France not one, perhaps, is more striking or more interesting than their growing pessimism. Gloom and discouragement seem to permeate all classes of society. Suicide is increasing in frightful proportions in the lower social strata of the great cities. Marriages are less frequent, less fruitful, and are entered into later in life. Jules Lamaitre charges the young men of France with a lack of the ardent patriotism that once underlay "la vieille furie française." André Beaunier repels this charge, but admits, by implication at least, that the outlook for his country is not cheering to those who love her. No question appeals with greater force to the inquiring mind than this: What is the benumbing influence to which youth and age, wealth and poverty alike succumb, in a great, free, rich, powerful, enlightened country like France—a country that claims to be the "sower of fruitful and generous ideas," the "vanguard of nations," the "cradle of modern civilization"? Without attempting to offer any solution of so profound a problem, as an illustration of the existent fact we cite a recent article from the pen of one of the most refined, graceful and beloved of modern French writers, one whose love of nature is pure and wholesome and should serve as an antidote to the deep disenchantment here expressed.—M. V. E. C.

*The Evening of Life*.....André Theuriet

In all times artists and writers have been misled by the tricky resemblances of words and of colors. The analogy between the old age of man and the decline of a summer day, blossomed therefore naturally in the brain of painter and of poet. I remember a picture by Besnard, entitled *The Evening of Life*. It represented an old couple seated tranquilly on the steps of their dwelling; around them, in the landscape, empurpled by sunset gleams, the herds were coming from pasture, and men were returning from work, their implements of toil upon their shoulders. The whole of this idyllic picture conveyed an impression of happy serenity, after the labors of a warm day and the struggles of a long life.

This reposeful conception of tranquil old age, untroubled by the approach of death, had been already expressed by La Fontaine in one charming line:

"Nothing troubles his end; 'tis the eve of a beautiful day."

In the same line of thought, a refined and ingenious thinker, Joubert, has said: "The evening of life brings with it its lamp." Joubert had become the friend of Chateaubriand, no doubt by the law of attraction of opposites, for while the author of *René* gave himself forth in phrases ample and harmonious as the waters of a great stream, his companion distilled his thought, and allowed it to issue only in colored and perfumed drops like some rare essence. He would have liked, he said, to put a whole page into a phrase, and a whole phrase into a word, provided that word were beautiful, complete

and scintillating. Only, in his desire for artistic and refined condensation, he adopted by preference images precious rather than just, and this is precisely the case with his lamp brought by the evening of life.

The other day, particularly, doubts arose in my mind as to the exactness of this thought, in observing an old beggar on the road to Villefranche. Deformed, dejected, twisted like a dry branch, with bleared eyes and toothless mouth, this wretch sat on the roadside slope and, with plaintive cluckings, held out a squalid hat to passers-by. While giving him alms, I said to myself, with what a miserable light the famous "lamp of the evening of life" illuminated this crumbling old age, and I felt that for many others, despite the fancy of Joubert, this lamp is only a smoking and nauseating candle end.

The very truth is that all twilights are impregnated with sadness. The close of the day brings back to the dwelling men weary with the daily struggle, their brain still oppressed by the turmoil just past and already engrossed by care for the morrow. Thus, in the uncertain gleams of declining life, old age, even the most fortunate, gloomily files the schedule of years gone by, of opportunities missed, of pitiful miscarriages, of shattered ambitions. At sunset the shadows grow, the unwholesome fogs rise from the depths of the valleys; similar phenomena produce themselves when we have passed the sixties, regrets for vanished joys, remorse for actions done, suddenly assume unbounded proportions and the rest of the journey is made through the deepening gloom of sorrowful memories.

Seek as I may along the scale of social conditions, I see almost nowhere the serene clearness of the lamp extolled by Joubert. Take a great statesman in his last years and ask yourself what beneficent light illumines the twilight of his life. The rulers whose armies he has caused to triumph and whose throne he has consolidated, recompense him with ingratitude, and surround themselves with new men. He most frequently ends his glorious career in solitude and oblivion. Think also of the great artist who sees the taste of the public change, attention withdrawn from him, younger men taking his place in the sunshine of celebrity and treating him irreverently as an old blockhead. Without alluding to contemporaries, recall the melancholy old age of Corneille, and tell me if the evening of life brought him a lamp with a very soft and consoling radiance? Look elsewhere, among more modest existences—superseded functionaries, retired merchants, out-of-date comedians, peasants who have surrendered to their children the soil they can no longer till—and you will see that in all these conditions the last lights of declining years are neither radiant nor restful.

As for me, each time that I pass along the road to Villefranche and see my old lame beggar dragging himself along, and holding out his hat to the beautiful ladies and gay butterflies that the rapid carriages are bearing to Monte Carlo, I think of a



bitter poem by Leopardi which closes with these disenchanting lines:

"Ye hills, when the lunar light which shone in the west has disappeared, you will soon see in the opposite quarter of the horizon, the heavens whiten and the dawn awake. But human life, when fair youth has once departed, never arrays itself again with another light or with a second dawn; it is widowed to the end, and to the darkness that obscures all its remaining years, God gives no other limit than the grave."

This is less consoling than the subtle fancy of Joubert, but it is more true.

*Suicides From Destitution in Paris... Louis Proal, Revue des Deux Mondes*

[The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1 contains a graphic and harrowing article setting forth in detail a great number of the cases of suicide of 1897 among the poor of Paris. The record is truly startling. The writer, M. Louis Proal, hesitates to make public the results of his investigations for fear of fostering the socialistic tendencies of the day, and the unjust attacks upon "society, which is not wholly responsible" for the deplorable situation he depicts. But he concludes that truth is always useful; that certain social defects promoting the trouble should be reformed, and, moreover, that "it is a duty to show to the fortunate of the earth how many there are in brilliant Paris who suffer; what misery underlies the great city; how undeserved are the sufferings that often lead to self-destruction."

M. Proal writes that, as a provincial magistrate, he had known some cases of destitution resulting in suicide, and some cases of death produced by insufficient nourishment; and he quotes a phrase which he has frequently heard used by the women of Provence, dreadfully suggestive of the sufferings of the poor. When these women wish to say that they have lost a child they say: "*The good God has succored me.*" "But, in Paris, where in 1836 seven or eight suicides were recorded per year, the number now reaches from three hundred to three hundred and fifty—about one daily."]

The unfortunates who kill themselves in order to escape from destitution are neither beggars nor vagabonds, who, as a class, do not commit suicide. Those who take this desperate measure are poor, diffident, proud, and timid beings who seek only work and rarely ask for aid. Among several hundred reports of suicides from destitution I have found hardly any requests for relief. The cry of grief that comes from them is almost always on account of want of work or insufficiency of wages.

Paris is so crowded with people from all quarters that there is not work for everybody, even in normal times. In 1897 work was in greater demand than usual, with a corresponding increase in the number of suicides, reaching in the months of June and July three and four daily.

It is among the petty employees, the commercial and soliciting agents of Paris that I have ascertained the largest number of suicides from destitution. In consequence of the unenlightened education given them, the sons of mechanics have grown averse to manual labor; they wish to be clerks, or to have some office. A few days since, I learned that young sacristans suffer themselves to be discharged because they object to the duty of dusting the altars. The sons of peasants are no longer willing to cultivate the ground. They find it too fatiguing to handle the pick to hold the plow, to endure the heat of the sun in the open fields.

Parents are often responsible for the aversion of their children for manual labor. Many artisans and peasants, unwilling because of this silly vanity to see their children artisans and peasants, encourage and sometimes even force them to become employees, petty officials, clerks, etc.

We view with alarm the diminution in the birth rate of France, the increasing postponement of marriages; but, truly, marriage and paternity have become heavy burdens to carry in the large cities, and particularly in Paris. It has become difficult for married workingmen with children to get employment, for the reason that in case of an accident in the performance of his duty the married workman, father of a family, is entitled to an indemnity. Hence the growing tendency on the part of employers to prefer unmarried employees, and it is in the letters written by married workingmen, the fathers of families, who kill themselves because no longer able to sustain wife and children, that I find the most heartrending expressions of despair. A locksmith, without work and owing two months' rent, kills himself after writing the following letter:

"DEAR WIFE—Do not reproach me for leaving you so suddenly, and in such a situation, because, with all my eagerness to work, I have been unable for five weeks to get anything to do, and as you dare no longer borrow, I have decided reluctantly to go into another world. I beg you, my dear wife, not to follow my example. Do not abandon your children, or teach them to despise me. My last thought is for you and for our son, who will never know his father. I embrace you all."

The most frequent cause of suicide in Paris is inability to pay the rent. It is easier for a working man to earn the daily food of his family than to save the larger sum necessary to meet the rent, consequently, the close of each quarter sees a great increase in the number of suicides of this class.

One marked feature of these cases is the absence of expressions of hatred toward the proprietor. What is expressed is grief and mortification at being unable to pay. Very frequently, before killing themselves, men deprive themselves of everything in order to pay their little debts. "Being without resources, abandoned by every one, and tired of life, I take my life," writes one poor workman; "but I cause no one any loss. In my pocketbook will be found a little sum that I have saved to return to X—, who was so kind as to lend it to me. I have stinted myself hard for this."

Must this terrible state of things be attributed wholly to the increase of penury? I think not. Certainly, for several years past the commercial and industrial situation of Paris is not brilliant and much suffering has been introduced into the households of working people, of little shopkeepers and modest functionaries by the reduction or loss of wages and pensions. But actual penury—that is to say, lack of necessary food, clothing and shelter—does not seem to me greater than in other periods when suicide was less common. There appears to be less ability to endure suffering, less resignation to deprivations. Many cases of suicide are brought about by the fear of destitution and degradation. There is a marked weakening in the religious sentiment of the people of Paris. In the eighteenth, and the first

part of the nineteenth century, religious sentiment continued among the people, while it lost strength in the upper classes of society, now the reverse is true; while the upper classes realize more and more strongly the social necessity of religion, the people of Paris withdraw from it more and more. Indifference and even hostility to religion are on the increase; suicides leave their bodies to the doctors and request that no religious ceremony may be held over their remains. . . .

Note—Much charity is dispensed in Paris and there are many philanthropic associations for the benefit of the poor. There are no questions, however, more complex and difficult of solution than those relating to destitution and relief.

*A Breakfast with Balzac.....Théophile Gautier*

When we first saw him, Balzac, older by a year than the century, was about thirty-six years of age, and his countenance was of the order that once seen can never be forgotten. In his presence the words of Shakespeare concerning Brutus come to mind: "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

We came with a beating heart, having never been able to approach unmoved one of the masters of thought, and the observations we had prepared on the way stuck fast in our throat, allowing us to utter only a stupid equivalent to, "It is a very fine day!" Henri Heine, when he went to visit Goethe, found nothing to say, except that the plums which had fallen from the trees along the road from Jena to Weimar were grateful to the thirsty—an observation which brought a smile from the Jupiter of German poetry. Balzac, who saw our embarrassment, soon put us at ease, and during breakfast our composure returned sufficiently to permit us to observe him closely.

He wore, as a sort of robe-de-chambre, the friar's frock of cashmere or white flannel, fastened at the waist by a girdle, in which some time later he had himself painted by Louis Boulanger. What whim had led him to select this costume, which he never abandoned? This we do not know. Perhaps it symbolized in his eyes the cloistral life to which his labors condemned him, and as a Benedictine of letters he adopted the Benedictine dress. Certain it is, that this white frock became him wonderfully. He boasted, showing us his spotless sleeves, of having never marred its purity by the smallest ink spot, for he said that the true man of letters should be neat in his work.

His frock thrown open exposed his neck, powerful as an athlete's or a bull's, round as a column section, with no appearance of muscles and of a satiny whiteness that contrasted with the warmer color of his face. At this period, Balzac, in the full flower of his age, exhibited a robust health little in keeping with the romantic pallor and languor in fashion. His pure Touraine blood invested his cheeks with a lively crimson and warmed his handsome, thick and sinuous lips, facile for laughter. Light mustaches and an imperial accentuated without concealing these contours. His nose, square at the end, divided into two lobes, with well-opened nostrils, had an absolutely original and individual character. When Balzac was sitting for his bust,

he said to David of Angiers: "Take care of my nose! My nose is a world in itself!"

His brow was fine, broad, noble, much whiter than the face, without a wrinkle except one perpendicular furrow at the root of the nose; the organs of locality formed very pronounced protuberances above the arches of the eyebrows; the hair, long, harsh and black, fell like a lion's mane. As for his eyes, there never were any others like them; they possessed a life, a light, an inconceivable magnetism. Despite these nightly watches, their whites were pure, limpid, bluish like those of a child and enshrined two black diamonds lighted up at moments by rich golden gleams; they were eyes to make eagles lower their orbs, to pierce through walls and through breasts, to overcome wild beasts; the eyes of a sovereign, a seer, a conqueror. These extraordinary eyes, their glance once met, prevented observation of what might be trivial or irregular in the other features.

The habitual expression of his face was a sort of potent hilarity, of rabelaisian and monkish humor—the frock contributing doubtless to this idea—but heightened and relieved by a mind of the first order.

In accordance with his custom, Balzac had risen at midnight and worked until our arrival. His features, however, betrayed no fatigue beyond a slight dusky shadow beneath the eyelids, and during the breakfast he was wildly gay. Gradually the conversation drifted toward literature and he complained of the enormous difficulty of the French language. Style greatly absorbed him, and he sincerely believed that he lacked this quality which, in fact, he was generally thought not to possess. The school of Hugo, enamored of the sixteenth century and the Middle Ages, learned in rhythms, in structures, in periods, rich in words, trained for prose by the gymnastics of verse; following, moreover, a master with established methods, valued only what was well written, that is to say, elaborated and cadenced beyond measure, and thought the representation of modern manners useless, commonplace and lacking distinction. Balzac, despite his growing reputation, was not yet admitted among the deities of romanticism, and he knew it. While devouring his books, the public did not dwell upon their earnest side, and even to his admirers he long continued the most prolific of our romance writers—and nothing more. This seems surprising to-day, but we can answer for the truth of our assertion. He gave himself, therefore, horrible trouble in order to acquire style, and in his zeal for correctness consulted persons a hundred times inferior to himself. He had, before signing anything, he said, written under different pseudonyms (as Horace de Saint Aubin, L. de Vielerglé, etc.), a hundred volumes, in order to acquire facility. And yet he already possessed his style without being conscious of it.

But to return to our breakfast. While talking Balzac played with his knife and fork, and we remarked his hands, which were of rare beauty—the hands of a prelate—white, with slender, dimpled fingers and pink, shining nails; he was vain of them and smiled with pleasure when they were noticed. He attached to this an idea of race and aristocracy, and a compliment to his hands would have flattered him more than praise of one of his books. Balzac



even felt a sort of repulsion toward those whose extremities lacked delicacy. The meal was very dainty, with a "pâté de foie gras" as a feature, but this was contrary to his accustomed frugality, as he laughingly mentioned to us, and for this "solemn" occasion he had borrowed silver dishes from his bookseller.

*A Few Words About Balzac, by His Sister, Madame Laure Surville*

"Just as mothers devote themselves to their unfortunate children, so my brother had a weakness for his least successful works. He was jealous on their account of the triumph of the others. 'Nonsense!' he would say, 'those who call me the father of Eugénie Grandet wish to detract from me; it is certainly a "chef d'œuvre," but a little "chef d'œuvre," they are careful not to mention the great ones!'"

"During the last twenty years of his life—from 1827 to 1848—my brother published ninety-seven monumental works, all written without secretary or proof-reader."

The business difficulties of Balzac were almost overwhelming. His sister writes that from 1827 to 1836 he could only live by making and renewing notes based upon the anticipated proceeds from his works, a difficult process, involving great expenditure of time and "personal fascination." "With what joy," says Madame Surville, "he would cancel some figures of this terrible floating debt, as he called it, which he kept always before him in order to stimulate his almost superhuman efforts."

"After so much work, when shall I have one sou of my own?" he would say to his sister. "I shall certainly have it framed, for it will contain the history of my life!"

*The Curé and the Mignonette.....Anatole France\**

I recall the story of a holy curé whom I once knew in a village of Bocage, and who, renouncing all sensual pleasures, rejoiced in self-denial and knew no other happiness than that of sacrifice. He cultivated in his garden fruit trees, vegetables and medicinal plants, but, fearful of beauty, even in flowers, he would have neither roses nor jessamine. He allowed himself only the innocent foible of a few roots of mignonette, whose twisting stems with their humble flowers, did not attract his attention when he read his breviary amid his cabbage beds, beneath the sky of the good Lord. The holy man had so little fear of the mignonette that very often in passing he would gather a spray and inhale its fragrance. This plant asked only to grow. A branch when cut produced four, and thus by the devil's aid, the curé's mignonette came to cover a great bed in his garden. It ran out into the walk and would catch the cassock of the good priest who, in order to gather it, would interrupt his reading or prayers at least ten times an hour. From spring until fall the rectory was fragrant with mignonette.

See what is in us and how frail we are! It can be said with truth that we are all poor sinners. The man of God had been able to guard his eyes, but he had left his nostrils without protection, and so the devil held him by the nose. This saint now inhaled the odor of the mignonette with lust and desire.

\* *Annales Politiques et Littéraires.*

that is to say, with that innate tendency which causes us to long for the gratification of our senses and subjects us to all sorts of temptation. From that time forth he less ardently enjoyed the odors of heaven, and the incense to the blessed Mary; his sanctity declined, and he might, perhaps, have fallen from grace; his soul might have come to resemble those lukewarm souls which heaven rejects, but for the timely succor that came to him. Formerly, according to the Thébaidé, an angel stole from a hermit the golden cup which still attached him to the vanities of this world. A similar grace was vouchsafed to the good curé of Bocage. A white hen so frequently and thoroughly scratched the ground from the roots of the mignonette that the plant was exterminated. No one knows whence came this bird. For my part, I incline to the belief that the angel who stole the golden cup from the hermit of the desert, took the form of a white hen in order to destroy the obstacle that debarred the good priest from the road to perfection.

*News of Michael Munkacsy.....Revue Hebdomadaire*

For many months the painter of Christ Before Pilate has been confined to the hospital at Enderich near Bonn where Robert Schumann died. The physicians have informed Madame Munkacsy that her husband's malady is incurable. He drives with his wife, who visits him often, and he seems calm and satisfied, but it is impossible to rouse in him any expression of interest in his art. He does not answer when his works are enthusiastically praised. When she proposed to him to have his working materials brought from Paris for his use he replied only: "I could not!" Very recently she received a letter from him, written in Hungarian—a language she does not understand. On being translated the document proved to be a letter to Madame Munkacsy only in form; in reality, it was a prayer to heaven to put an end to his sufferings.

*A Literary Note.....Revue Bleue*

M. Victorien Sardou has written the preface to a very curious book on the Bastille, by M. Frantz Funck-Brentano.

This preface is charming and gives us, moreover, the political sentiments of the author of Rabagas.

The pamphlet is still in press, but here is what M. Victorien Sardou thinks of the old régime:

"It had, assuredly, its vices and abuses, which the Revolution has obliterated by substituting others more tolerable, to be sure; but this is no reason for calumniating the past and painting it blacker than it was. The fanatics of the Revolution have established in its honor a sort of worship whose intolerance is often exasperating. According to them, there existed before it only darkness, ignorance, iniquity and suffering! It must be admired without reserve; its errors and crimes must be palliated—even so far, said Châteaubriand, as to 'gild the steel of its guillotine'! These idolaters of the Revolution are very injudicious. In seeking to compel admiration for all its deeds, good and evil alike, they provoke the very unjust desire to detest it absolutely. The Revolution could well dispense with so much zeal, for it is of stature to endure the truth, and its work, as a whole, is great enough to have no need of justification and glorification by fables."



## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, 'TENDERNESS

*The Singer.....Lloyd Miffin.....The Slopes of Helicon (Estes & Lauriat)*

Sorrow had marred her face—how much!  
And dimmed her wondrous eyes;  
But, oh, her Voice!—her voice it could not touch—  
That was of Paradise.

*Love in the Heart Makes Home.....Julia M. Klinck.....New York Dispatch*

Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,  
"A wonder," we say, and the wonder grows  
Pressed round by a soft, plump breast,  
With a leaf looped low 'gainst a rainy day—  
So the bird has fashioned her nest.  
As we study the curious thing.  
'Twas love in the heart,  
That prompted the art,  
And sped the untiring wing.

Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay.  
But the future looks rosy and bright;  
With a bit put by for a rainy day,  
Love makes every burden light.  
"A wonder," we say, and the wonder grows,  
Or sunshine or storms may come,  
Though but twigs and moss  
Are latticed across,  
The love in the heart makes home.

*A Memory of Autumn.....Will T. Hale.....Cincinnati Enquirer*

The farthest hills that vaguely are outlined  
Loom loveliest to the backward-turning view:  
The dearest days are those that lie behind,  
Resting afar in recollection's blue.  
The tenderness for earlier scenes and days  
Was born of our foreparents' exile pain;  
Since when their wandering thoughts sought Eden's ways,  
Who has not yearned for home's delights again?  
The hollyhocks beside the farmhouse door,  
The pinks that sweeten all the village yard,  
The roses thriving in the city's roar—  
These burgeon fadeless through life's Afterward.

And I, a wanderer from the roof-tree, spend  
A little while among the hills of home,  
Where catbirds through the morn their carols send,  
And zephyrs thrill to ecstasy the gloam.  
Not here may come the noises where, upcurl'd,  
The city's smoke the shuddering welkin drapes—  
Harsh hammerings on the anvil of the world  
Where rush'd humanity its fortune shapes.  
Unvex'd by much that makes the spirit sore  
With witnessing the war of Wrong and Right,  
A peaceful tide upon a soundless shore  
The day rolls 'twixt its banks of morn and night.

The spider-nets are scarcely even stirr'd,  
But hang out dewy in the autumn air—  
Some bathing nymph as peering Dawn she heard,  
Has fled and left her jeweled garments there!  
The garrulous crows go flapping out of sight,  
Where brooding woods their tatter'd banners raise;  
While from his perch a partridge stands upright  
And slides his whistle-shuttle through the haze.  
The grig's drone rises faintly and forlorn  
From where the fallen leaves the moist earth press —  
As of a fairy Samson grinding corn,  
Blind dupe of some Delilah's faithlessness.

Far off, the voice of laborers, and near,  
The bee hums where the gentians are in bloom;  
Anon the rain crow's calling, and the whir  
Of insects buzzing in the orchard gloom.

Almost as strange and distant seems the gone

As things that now tradition only throng—  
Old trysts on lighted roofs of Babylon,  
And days when Sodom heard fair woman's song.  
And quietly I brood, half-seeing gleams  
Of rest awaiting down the future years,  
Where Peace lies lissome by the sacred streams,  
And God in grace "shall wipe away all tears."

*Close to Ninety.....John Howard Bryant.....Albany Argus*

[The following lines, written by an only surviving brother of William Cullen Bryant, who resides at Princeton, Ill., were evoked by the action of a Bellefontaine, Ohio, Bryant literary society in making him an honorary member.]

Here now I stand, upon life's outer verge,  
Close at my feet an ocean wide and deep,  
Dark, sullen, silent, and without a surge,  
Where earth's past myriads lie in dreamless sleep.  
'Tis here I stand without a thrill of fear,  
In loneliness allied to the sublime;  
The broken links of love that bound me here,  
Lie scattered on this treacherous shoal of time.  
But still I cling to friends who yet remain,  
Cling to the glorious scenes that round me lie,  
Striving to stay the haste of years in vain  
As swifter yet the winged moments fly  
Idly, I seek the future to explore,  
I partly know what is, but naught that is before.

*Mother Love.....Pall Mall Gazette*

If I might build a palace fair  
With every joy of soul and sense,  
And set my heart as sentry there  
To guard your happy innocence;  
If I might plant a hedge too strong  
For creeping sorrows to writhe through,  
And find my whole life not too long  
To give, to make your hedge for you.

If I could teach the laden air  
To bear no sounds that were not sweet,  
Could teach the earth that only fair,  
Untrodden flowers deserve your feet,  
Would I not tear the secret scroll  
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,  
And give your little hand control  
Of all the joys of all the world?

But, ah, I have no skill to raise  
The palace, teach the hedge to grow;  
The common airs blow through your days,  
By common paths your dear feet go;  
And you must twine, of common flowers,  
The wreath that happy women wear,  
And bear, in desolate darkened hours,  
The common griefs that all men bear.

The pinions of my love I fold,  
Your little shoulders close about;  
Ah, could my love keep out the cold,  
Or shut the creeping sorrows out!  
Rough paths will tire your darling feet,  
Gray skies will weep your tears above,  
While round your life, in torment beat,  
The impotent wings of mother love!

*The Sweetest Song....Andrew Downing...The Trumpeters and Other Poems\**

That song is sweetest, bravest, best,  
Which plucks the thistle-barb of care  
From a despondent brother's breast,  
And plants a sprig of heart's-ease there.

\*Hayworth Publishing House, Washington, D. C.

*The Voice in the Twilight*.....Mrs. Herrick Johnson

I was sitting alone toward the twilight,  
 With spirit troubled and vexed,  
 With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
 And faith that was sadly perplexed.  
 Some homely work I was doing  
 For the child of my love and care,  
 Some stitches half wearily setting,  
 In the endless need of repair.  
 But my thoughts were about the "building,"  
 The work some day to be tried;  
 And that only the gold and the silver,  
 And the precious stones, should abide.  
 And remembering my own poor efforts,  
 The wretched work I had done,  
 And, even when trying most truly,  
 The meager success I had won.  
 "It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"  
 I said, "it will all be burned"—  
 This useless fruit of the talents  
 One day to be returned.  
 "And I have so longed to serve Him,  
 And sometimes I *know* I have tried;  
 But I'm sure when he sees *such* building,  
 He never will let it abide."  
 Just then, as I turned the garment  
 That no rent should be left behind,  
 My eye caught an odd little bundle  
 Of mending and patchwork combined.  
 My heart grew suddenly tender,  
 And something blinded my eyes,  
 With one of those sweet intuitions  
 That sometimes makes us so wise.  
 Dear child! She wanted to help me;  
 I knew 'twas the best she could do;  
 But oh, what a botch she had made it—  
 The gray was matching the blue!  
 And yet—can you understand it?—  
 With a tender smile and a tear,  
 And a half compassionate yearning,  
 I felt she had grown more dear.  
 Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
 And the dear Lord said to me,  
 "Art thou tenderer for the little child  
 Than I am tender for thee?"  
 Then straightway I knew His meaning,  
 So full of compassion and love,  
 And my faith came back to its Refuge  
 Like the glad returning dove.  
 For, I thought, when the Master Builder  
 Comes down His temple to view,  
 To see what rents must be mended  
 And what must be builded anew,  
 Perhaps as He looks o'er the building  
 He will bring my work to the light,  
 And seeing the marring and bungling,  
 And how far it all is from right,  
 He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
 And will say, as I said for her:  
 "Dear child! She wanted to help me,  
 And love for me was the spur.  
 "And for the true love that is in it,  
 The work shall seem perfect as mine,  
 And because it was willing service,  
 I will crown it with plaudit divine."  
 And there in the deepening twilight  
 I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
 To feel great love constraining  
 Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness  
 'Twas the hand of the Blessed One  
 That would tenderly guide and hold me  
 Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,  
 My faith no longer is dim,  
 But my heart is strong and restful,  
 And mine eyes are unto Him.

*More "Sonnets From the Portuguese"*.....Boston Transcript

## I.

How drag the hours when, Love, thou art not by!  
 In vain my mind upon my task is set,  
 All, all in vain; I cannot thee forget;  
 My thoughts to thee as swallows homeward fly,  
 To nest with thee wherever thou dost lie,  
 Whatever pathway thy dear feet must fret,  
 How strange so'er—how far removed—yet  
 Wherever thou art, in that place am I.  
 For though I seem to live a life apart,  
 My friends, my books, my thoughts, now only seem  
 Mine as before. Unreal as a dream  
 Is all but thee and thine, Heart of my heart!  
 Nor would I have in aught this differently.  
 I live but for thee—know but only thee!

## II.

Speed, speed thy flight, O Time! So swift  
 The heart of haste beats in my breast,  
 That living has for me no zest—  
 The clouds that dark my sky no rift—  
 A night that only to the day will lift  
 Of his dear coming! Gloom-oppressed  
 I stand and wait, till my unrest  
 All stilled shall be by gracious gift  
 Of his dear presence here again.  
 No other Heaven wished for, then—  
 Naught will I ask of thee—of Fate—  
 Of any power, however late  
 My life may last, this once being shown,  
 My dear Love's love meets still mine own.

## III.

O precious hours and dear beyond belief!  
 When, his tired head soft-pillowed on my breast,  
 Each sighing breath betok'ning his relief,  
 I watch my Well-Belovèd take his rest.  
 Within the cradle of my arms he sleeps,  
 And happy I! I wake to know my bliss—  
 Conscious that joy like this no future keeps,  
 Not one brief present instant would I miss.  
 For dreams may come in sleep surpassing sweet,  
 But none with this blest waking dream compare,  
 Born of my heart's great happiness complete,  
 My ecstasy in watching with him there.  
 The heights and depths of joy no further go—  
 Dear God! I love him so—I love him so!

## IV.

O my Antinous! whose curling hair  
 Crowns head and brow of such a noble mould,  
 So proudly held, with such a princely air,  
 There needs no sovereign diadem of gold!  
 How is it one so wondrous, godlike fair  
 Should stoop, and in his royal mantle fold  
 Her at his feet, who fondly knelt her there,  
 A willing captive in her conqueror's hold?  
 Yet was there monarch loved a beggar maid;  
 And, earlier still, high Jove forgot his frown,  
 Once looking on a mortal she, 'tis said,  
 Olympus left, and to the earth came down.  
 But, king or god immortal, ne'er before  
 Was lover loved by mortal mistress more!

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

*Some Facts About Coppers.....Omaha Bee*

Notwithstanding the rumpus raised by disputing friends of gold and silver, the most useful and hard-working member of the coin family is of neither of these materials. It consists of 95 per cent. of copper and 5 per cent. tin and zinc, and bears on its face the legend "one cent." The rise of the cent to this position of supremacy has been rapidly going on the past few years. It doesn't require a person of advanced age or long memory to recall the time when the humble coin was practically unknown west of the Mississippi. Now its use is well-nigh universal, and the demand for it is increasing so rapidly that the Philadelphia Mint is compelled to turn out one-cent pieces at the rate of nearly 4,000,000 per month to keep up the supply. According to the estimate of the Director of the Mint, there are at present something like 1,000,000,000 pennies in circulation, engaged in carrying on the small business of the country.

Two recent devices have been largely responsible for the increased use of our only copper coin. One is the penny-in-the-slot machine, which has spread over the land like the locusts of Egypt within the past two or three years. A single automatic machine company in New York city takes in half a million pennies a day. As there isn't a cross-roads village in the country that hasn't a chewing gum, kinetoscope, music or weighing machine operated in this way the number of coins required to keep them all going is enormous. The other invention responsible for the rise of the cent is the "bargain counter." The craze for 49-cent and 99-cent bargains makes work for a lot of pennies. Superintendent Milman of the New York Sub-Treasury said the other day that it was no unusual thing for one of the great department stores which make a specialty of "bargains" to take \$10,000 worth of cents—1,000,000 pieces—at a time. The penny newspapers and in some places three-cent street-car fares have also increased the field of operations of the one-cent piece.

"The cent is really the most interesting and least known of our coins," said Mr. Milman, "and there are some very curious facts about it. The Sub-Treasury is the clearing house for the pennies in circulation in the metropolitan district, and the penny is for us a barometer, a calendar and an accurate index of business conditions.

"Why, in the middle of July there was a week or more of cold, rainy weather, and the supply of pennies coming in for exchange into larger denominations fell off one-third. A heavy storm or the sudden coming of cold weather, anything that keeps the penny-spending part of our population at home, is accurately reflected in the falling off in the supply of cents coming to us for exchange. All through the summer the pennies accumulate on our hands, but when cold weather comes and the children get back to school and retail trade revives, there is a great demand for them. At present the minor coin division has tens of thousands of dollars' worth of pennies on hand, but they are beginning to go out, and by November 1 we shall probably be compelled to call on the Mint for a fresh supply. The holidays

demand a lot of pennies, and with the approach of Christmas our cent pile melts away amazingly.

"There is no better indication of lively trade conditions than the cent. During periods of dullness they always accumulate on our hands, but when trade revives they begin to circulate rapidly again.

"They come to us from the slot machine companies, the newspaper offices and the street railways, and they go out to the department stores, the toy and confectionery shops, and the small trader generally. Of course, some of them come and go through the banks.

"Come this way," said Mr. Milman, "if you want to see the way we handle pennies," and he led the way to the minor coin division, where half a dozen clerks were busily at work. In one corner of the room was a stack of canvas bags reaching nearly to the ceiling and making a good-sized pyramid. "Those are all pennies," said the Director. "I suppose there are some 100,000,000 pieces there, and we have more below." In another corner of the room was a stack of loose coins piled high above the heads of the clerks, who were busily counting them off into the canvas bags. The pennies are kept in bags of 1,000 each, and when they come in they are all counted over. An express wagon drew up at the door, and behind its grated door could be seen the canvas bags piled high. "There's a sample lot of half a million or so from the slot machine company," said the superintendent, "and here's a boy with a hundred-dollar bill, who will get ten bags of pennies for it. That's the way they come and go. Talk about the volume of currency affecting business. I wonder what some kinds of business would do if we locked up just what pennies we have on hand and didn't allow them to go out. If somebody should corner the penny market people would realize what a highly important coin it is, for the reason that there is no substitute for it."

Nine out of ten persons would say that the cent is the last coin a counterfeiter would think of for reproduction. As a matter of fact, it is something of a favorite with this gentry. There are several reasons for this. No counterfeit is ever perfect, and a cent can be passed with some slight imperfection where a similar fraud in a larger coin would mean detection. When a man receives a cent in change he doesn't examine it as a rule, but a silver dollar he will scan closely to see if it is spurious. Then, too, there is about as much profit in counterfeiting cents, considering the labor of producing them, as there is in the larger coins. A pound of copper costs 11 cents, and contains material for over 100 pieces. Even allowing for the labor involved, this leaves a good margin for profit. During a part of the past summer the various sub-treasuries have received as high as \$3 or \$4 per day in spurious cents. As fast as they come in they are split in two and the mutilated pieces returned to the owners. The counterfeiting of one-cent pieces has recently reached such proportions that the United States Secret Service is now engaged in trying to trace out the gang of counterfeiters that is doing this work.

There are several unique features about the coinage of pennies, and the work is managed in a some-



what different fashion from the turning out of gold and silver coins.

In the first place, although the United States Government is the only authority entitled to indulge in the manufacture of coins, our Uncle Samuel does not prepare the blanks from which pennies are made. He finds it cheaper to let out the work by contract than to do it himself, and it is at present in the hands of a Cincinnati firm. They prepare the copper blanks in sheets large enough to turn out 100 pieces each. It is not known exactly how much the Government pays for these blanks, but the price is in the vicinity of \$1.25 per 1,000, or a trifle over one mill for each unstamped cent.

In the disparity between the real and face value of the cent there is considerable profit for the Government for the reason that a great proportion of the pennies coined will never be presented for final redemption. An enormous number of cents are lost in one way or another every year. They work their way into the sewers or the ground, children place them on railway tracks to be flattened out or otherwise mutilated so that they will not pass current. One hundred thousand per year is a small estimate of the loss in this way. Another source of profit for the government is in the recoinage of old pieces, which were all larger and intrinsically more valuable than those now in use. In the three years, 1894-96, the gain from recoinage of old copper cents, three-cent and two-cent pieces into current pennies and nickels was \$87,553.39.

When the copper sheets ready for stamping reach the Philadelphia Mint, where all our minor coins are made, each one is tested to see that the alloy is in the right proportion. Thence they pass directly to the coining room. Here the sheets are cut into strips, from which the round blanks, called "planchets," are punched, and these are run directly through the stamping machines, where they receive the impressions from the dies.

The stamping machine consists of a heavy cast-iron arch above a small round table at which the operator sits. A nearly round brass plate called a "triangle" is fastened by a "knee" joint to the lever of the arch. This triangle holds the die which is forced down on the blanks and leaves the impression. The brass blanks or "planchets" drop through a hollow tube upon feeders which carry them beneath the dies. Any imperfect pieces are rejected by the women operators, who acquire wonderful dexterity in detecting them.

From the stamp the coins go to an automatic weighing machine. This intelligent piece of mechanism—a German invention perfected by a former director of the Mint—throws out all pieces that are above or below the required weight, and an electric alarm attached to it warns the operator in case two coins try to pass into the receptacle at once. The pieces of correct weight pass on to the counting room and the others are sent back to be recast.

Pennies are not counted by the laborious process of handling each piece, but by a device known as the "counting board," by which 500 are counted at a time. The counting board is an inclined plane with columns the exact width of a cent separated by copper partitions in height exactly equal to the thickness of the coin. The cents are spread over

this board and fall into the grooves prepared for them, all surplus coins falling off into a trough. Then the counting board is emptied into the canvas bags, which are carted away to be shipped to any part of the country.

The figures of distribution kept by the Mint are interesting, as showing the localities where pennies are most in use. Last year the demand for pennies was greatest from Pennsylvania, which took over 11,000,000 of them. New York was the second largest customer, adding 9,000,000 to her supply. In New Mexico, on the other hand, the cent is still unappreciated and little used, and in 1896 only 4,000 pieces—\$40—were sent to this Territory.

*A Poet of the Revolution.....Moses Coit Tyler\**

Should John Trumbull cease to be remembered among us for his achievements as a grown-up man, it may be safe to say that he will still deserve some sort of renown for the prodigies he wrought while yet in his babyhood, and immediately after that brilliant epoch in his career. In the records of intellectual precocity, scarcely anything can be cited more remarkable than some of the things that are recorded of this amazing little creature at a period of life when ordinary mortals are sufficiently employed in absorbing and digesting a lacteal diet and in getting forward with their primary set of teeth. Before he was two years old he could say by heart all the verses in the "Primer," and all of Watts' Divine Songs for Children. As soon as he had reached the considerable age of two, he began to learn to read, which mystery he acquired within the next half-year. Even prior to the age of four he had read the entire Bible through, and by that year he had also read all of Watts' Lyrics, and was able to repeat them all without book. Emulous, no doubt, of the laurels of the heavenly and much desired Watts, he began at about the age of four to make verses for himself, as much as possible in the true Wattsian manner; but not having as yet advanced so far in learning as to be able to write, he could only preserve these valuable productions by storing them away in his memory. At five, being still unable to write, he hit upon the device of transcribing his verses by imitating printed letters. His first attempt of this kind consisted of four stanzas of an original hymn, and his "scrawl of it filled a complete sheet of paper." Having perceived a want of connection between the third and fourth lines of one of his stanzas, this weird urchin was greatly perplexed thereby, but "after lying awake some nights," meditating upon the problem, he finally solved it by the proper verbal corrections. Near the end of his fifth year his father, who was the village pastor at Waterbury, received into his house as a pupil, to be instructed for admission to Yale College, a lad of seventeen years, one William Southmayd. At the outset, this lad was required to learn both the Latin Accidence and Lilly's Latin Grammar, also, with the help of a translation, to construe the Select Colloquies of Corderius. While the anguish of this task was in progress, the pastor's little boy, loitering unobserved in the study, was ac-

\*A selected reading from *The Literary History of The American Revolution*, by Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers; cloth, \$3.00.

customed to listen to the Latin words which were spoken by teacher and pupil, and in this way, before the father knew it, he had learned one-half of Lilly's Grammar. For example, he "learned 'Quæ genus' by heart in a day." When at last the pastor became aware of these secret depredations upon classical knowledge on the part of his son, he allowed the little fellow to join regularly in the work, in which indeed the youngster soon outstripped the elder student; and in September of the following year, 1757, the two lads, one being nineteen years of age, and the other seven, "were presented at college, examined by the tutors, and admitted as members." On this occasion, a boy of twelve years, Nathaniel Emons, afterward famous as a theologian, held the little candidate on his lap while the examination proceeded. What were the requirements at that time exacted for admission to Yale College may be seen in the following statute printed in the year 1759: "Admission in hoc Collegium Nemo expectet, nisi, qui é Præsidis et Tutorum Examine, Tullium, Virgilium et Testamentum Græcum extemporè legere, ad Unguem redere, ac grammaticè resolvere, et Prosâ veram Latinitatem scribere potuerit; et Prosodiæ ac Arithmetices vulgaris Regulas perdidicerit; atque Testimonium idoneum de Vitâ ac Moribus inculpatis exhibuerit." Long afterward Trumbull stated himself to President Stiles that within the year and a half now referred to he had "learned Cordery, Tully's XII. Select Orations, Virgil's Eclogues, and all the Æneid (not Georg.), and 4 Gospels in Greek."

It need not surprise us that the success of so young a boy in passing these requirements, seemed at that time a marvel fit to be chronicled in the newspapers. The Connecticut Gazette, for September 24, 1757, mentions it in these words: "At the Commencement in this Town the 14th Instant, . . . among those that appear'd to be examined for Admission, was the Son of the Rev'd Mr. Trumble, of Waterbury, who passed a good Examination, altho' but little more than seven Years of Age; but on account of his Youth his Father does not intend he shall at present continue at College."

In consequence of this sensible decision on the part of the "Rev'd Mr. Trumble," our juvenile phenomenon was kept at home six years longer; during which period, of course, his brain could not remain idle. For one thing, he then made a still more extended reading of the Greek and Roman authors, especially of Homer, Horace, and Cicero. Not many books in English literature were to be found in his father's library, which consisted chiefly of theological writings and of the ancient classics. At the age of eight, however, the boy read for the first time *Paradise Lost*, Thomson's *Seasons*, an English version of *Telemachus*, and, above all, *The Spectator*; and upon this not ill-assorted stock of modern literature, he continued to nourish his spirit until he went to college. Before he reached the age of nine, he had put into English verse one-half of *The Psalms of David*, but in the midst of this labor he happened to fall in with Watts' version, whereupon, in despair, he "laid aside and burnt his own." Moreover, he had a memory so quick and tenacious that, even as a child, he was sometimes induced to test its powers by feats performed for a wager.

Thus, when nine years old, he attempted under such stimulus to commit to memory in a quarter of an hour the Hungarian version of the Lord's prayer, as given in Salmon's *Geographical and Historical Grammar*. He more than won his bet, for, after learning the Lord's prayer in the Hungarian language, he had time enough left over to learn it in Malabar also; and both versions he retained in memory as late as twenty-nine years afterward, when he repeated one of them to President Stiles.

In September, 1763, being then thirteen years of age, he was deemed old enough to take up his residence at the college; but as he had by that time read nearly all the Greek and Latin authors studied there, he was advised by his tutor to give his chief attention to algebra, geometry, and astronomy, which he did during the first three years of his course as an undergraduate.

A rough specimen of such satirical work as they then did, may be seen in an anonymous ballad soon afterward scattered broadside over the land, and entitled *The King's Own Regulars, and Their Triumph Over the Irregulars; a New Song, to the Tune of An Old Courtier of the Queen's, and the Queen's Old Courtier*. Thus adopting for his ballad the long, rambling, ludicrous verse then familiar to all in the famous English ballad bearing the first part of the same title, the poet represents one of these British regulars in America as giving a blunt, soldierly account of the achievements of the force to which he belonged:

"Since you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,  
I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray;  
So I'll sing you a song, as a body may say—  
'Tis of the King's Regulars, who ne'er ran away.  
O! the Old Soldiers of the King, and the King's Own  
Regulars.

"Our General with his council of war did advise,  
How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise;  
We marched—and re-marched—all surprised at being  
beat,  
And so our wise General's plan of surprise was complete.

"For fifteen miles, they follow'd and pelted us—we scarce  
had time to draw a trigger;  
But did you ever know a retreat performed with more  
vigor?  
For we did it in two hours, which saved us from perdition;  
'Twas not in going out, but in returning, consisted our  
expedition.

"Of their firing from behind fences, he makes a great  
pothor:  
Every fence has two sides, they made use of one, and we  
only forgot to use the other;  
That we turned our backs and ran away so fast—don't  
let that disgrace us—  
It was only to make good what Sandwich said, that the  
Yankees could not face us.

"As they could not get before us, how could they look us  
in the face?  
We took good care they shouldn't—by scampering away  
apace;  
That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case—  
For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the race!  
O! the Old Soldiers of the King, and the King's Own  
Regulars."

*The Indian Legend of Hiawatha.....Pittsburg Dispatch*

The Indian story of Hiawatha is even more beautiful than that which Longfellow has told so charmingly in the justly popular poem bearing that title, but it depicts the hero as a very different man from the bold and tender-hearted warrior of whom the poet writes. The Indian story, though in part fiction, is founded on fact; there is no doubt that such a man as Hiawatha once lived, and that he played a leading part in forming the compact of the Six Nations.

According to the story, Hiawatha was the wisest man of the Onondagas, and when the different tribes were troubled by the Hurons, who lived to the north of them, and the Algonquins, who were their eastern neighbors, he proposed a meeting of the tribes to form a union for mutual defense. But the scheme was defeated by Atatarho, a great war chief of the Onondagas, who was jealous of dividing his power, and Hiawatha was driven out of the tribe. He did not give up the plan, however. As he journeyed toward the south he came to a beautiful lake (probably Oneida). On the shore he picked up a quantity of beautiful white shells.

Hiawatha, living alone all this time and never seeing any man, learned much from the Great Spirit. It was finally revealed to him that his people were at last ready to unite, and he hastened back to them. Then there was a great meeting, which all the chiefs attended. Atatarho still sat back defiant, saying never a word. When at last Hiawatha arose and began to speak the people were charmed by his voice and listened in silence, for it seemed to them that he spoke with the wisdom of the Great Spirit himself. Lifting his strings of wampum, Hiawatha unfolded his plan for the union, telling off on each shell the position and power allotted to each tribe and to its chief. Atatarho was to be made the great war chief of the confederacy—which shows that Hiawatha was something of a politician—and at this even he gave way and the treaty was adopted.

While the people were celebrating the treaty with the usual feasting, it was observed that Hiawatha was sad and silent. "Feasting is not for me," he said, when his friends urged him to join the festivities; "I am to go on a far journey."

At that moment a beautiful white canoe was seen approaching across the lake, driven by some unseen power. When it reached the shore Hiawatha, bidding farewell to those who had crowded about him, stepped into the canoe, which moved rapidly away. As it reached the middle of the lake it suddenly rose into the air. Higher and higher into the blue sky flew the white canoe with its single passenger, until it became a dim speck and then vanished altogether.

That was the last of Hiawatha, but the league which he founded continued for centuries, and was never conquered by its enemies, and every year since the wampum has been brought out at the great council and the solemn rites with which Hiawatha had instituted the confederacy have been rehearsed.

*The Original "Old Glory".....Boston Globe*

The flag (the Stars and Stripes, of course) was named Old Glory in 1831 by a Salem (Mass.) skipper named William Driver. He was at that time

captain of the brig Charles Doggett. Captain Driver was a successful deep-sea sailor, and was preparing the brig for a voyage to the Southern Pacific. The story is told by the compiler of the genealogical memoir of the Driver family, Harriet Ruth (Waters) Cooke.

Just before the brig left Salem a young man at the head of a party of friends saluted Captain Driver on the deck of the Doggett, and presented him with a large and beautifully made American flag. It was done up in stops, and when sent aloft and broke out to the air Captain Driver christened it "Old Glory." He took it to the South Pacific, and years after, when old age forced him to relinquish the sea, he treasured the flag.

Captain Driver removed to Nashville, Tenn., in 1837, and he died there in 1886. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities between the North and South Old Glory was flung to the breeze every day from the window of Captain Driver's Nashville house, but when the bullets began to zip and the odor of gunpowder to taint the air the old flag had to be secreted.

It was kept out of sight inside a great bed comfortable until February 27, 1862, when Brigadier-General Nelson's wing of the Union Army appeared in Nashville, and Captain Driver presented it to the General to be hoisted on the Capitol. It was run up, and Captain Driver himself did the hoisting. He watched it through the night, and, a heavy wind coming up he took it down and sent a new flag up in its place.

The original Old Glory was beginning to ribbon. The second flag owned by Captain Driver was given to the Ohio Sixth when that regiment left Nashville for home. It was placed in the rear of a baggage wagon, where a mule nosed it out and devoured it.

The original Old Glory was preserved, and after the death of Captain Driver, in 1886, it was presented by the compiler of the Driver memoir to the Essex Institute, at Salem, where it may now be seen.

*Nicknames of the States.....Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

Alabama, Cotton State; Arkansas, Bear State; California, Golden State; Colorado, Centennial State; Connecticut, Nutmeg State; Delaware, Blue Hen State; Florida, Peninsula State; Georgia, Cracker State; Illinois, Sucker State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Kansas, Sunflower State; Kentucky, Blue Grass State; Louisiana, Pelican State; Maine, Pine Tree State; Maryland, Old Line State; Massachusetts, Bay State; Michigan, Wolverine State; Minnesota, Gopher State; Mississippi, Bayou State; Montana, Stub Toe State; Nebraska, Blackwater State; Nevada, Silver State; New Hampshire, Granite State; New Jersey, Jersey Blue State; New York, Empire State; North Carolina, Old North State; North Dakota, Flickertail State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Oregon, Beaver State; Pennsylvania, Keystone State; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; South Carolina, Palmetto State; South Dakota, Swing Cat State; Tennessee, Big Bend State; Texas, Lone Star State; Vermont, Green Mountain State; Virginia, The Old Dominion; Washington, Chinook State; West Virginia, The Panhandle; Wisconsin, Badger State.



## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

*Lima, the Peruvian Capital City...Frank G. Carpenter....Baltimore Herald*

Take a walk with me this morning through the quaintest city of this hemisphere. Where else in the world will you find a city built of mud 300 years old? Lima has more than 100,000 people, and it is built of mud. It is about six miles around it and two miles from one side of it to the other. It has a network of narrow streets, which cross one another at right angles, with spaces clipped out here and there for parks or plazas. The houses are all of one or two stories, flush with the sidewalks, and in the business sections cage-like balconies hang out from the second stories, so that you are shielded from the sun as you pass through the city. Lima looks wonderfully substantial, and you would imagine it to be made of massive stone, which here and there is wonderfully carved. Some of the walls look like marble, others imitate granite, and the houses of all the colors of the rainbow line the streets like substantial walls. About the chief square there are inclosed balconies from the second story walled with glass, and under these are what look like massive stone pillars forming an arcade or cloister around two sides of the square in front of the stores. These pillars are of mud, the polished walls of the houses are made of sun-dried brick coated with plaster of paris, and the second stories are a combination of mud and bamboo cane. Think of a great city built of mud and fishing poles! That is Lima. There are some of the finest churches here on the continent made of mud. The great cathedral of Lima, which cost millions, is a mud structure.

The street scenes of Lima are interesting. Let us stop under the arcade, which runs about the plaza, and watch the crowds. Here are some of the best shops of the city. They are full of fine goods, and here between four and five o'clock every afternoon the people come to buy and transact business. These hours are the gayest of the day, and the crowd is now as thick as that of lower Broadway at noon. It is a far different crowd, however. No one hurries. The men saunter along or stand on the street, and chat with their friends. We see little knots of men every few yards, and the messengers, the merchants and clerks seem to have time and to spare. Nearly every one is well dressed.

The young women of Lima are a class nearer perfection in beauty of form than any girls I have ever seen. They are straight and shapely, and their soft, round, beautiful faces, with their luxuriant black hair combed high up from the foreheads, are lighted up with eyes which fairly shine with the souls of their owners. All of the ladies of Lima dress in black when they go out to walk. They do not wear bonnets, but wrap fine shawls of black goods about their heads, pinning them fast on their backs, so that the face alone shows.

They are very devout. Every other one we meet carries a prayer-book, and you can seldom enter a church without finding a score or so on their knees. No woman can go into a church wearing a hat or a bonnet, and those who attempt to do so are touched with a long stick by the sexton and told to take their hats off. One of the queer sights of Lima is a

church congregation. The men sit by themselves, and the women and girls, all wearing these black cloths on their heads, make you think of a congregation of nuns who are dead to the world. At their own homes, however, they are vivacious and charming, and dress much like their sisters of the rest of Christendom, and are as fond of gay clothes and the latest styles as our own American girls. The woman's-rights woman has, I am told, not yet made her way here, though there is a movement toward giving women employment in places which were formerly exclusively held by the men.

*Batavia, Queen of the East.....Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.....Java\**

When one has driven through the old town of Batavia and seen its crowded bazaars and streets, and has followed the lines of bricked canals, where small natives splash and swim, women beat the family linen, and men go to and fro in tiny boats, all in strange travesty of the solemn canals of the old country, he comes to the broader avenues of the new town, lined with tall tamarind and waringen-trees, with plumes of palms, and pyramids of blazing Madagascar flame-trees in blossom. He is driven into the long garden court of the Hotel Nederlanden, and there beholds a spectacle of social life and customs that nothing in all travel can equal for distinct shock and sensation. We had seen some queer things in the streets—women lolling barefooted and in startling dishabille in splendid equipages—but concluded them to be servants or half-castes; but there in the hotel was an undress parade that beggars description, and was as astounding on the last as on the first day in the country. Woman's vanity and man's conventional ideas evidently wilt at the line, and no formalities pass the equator, when distinguished citizens and officials can roam and lounge about hotel courts in pajamas and bath slippers, and bare-ankled women, clad only in the native sarong, or skirt, and a white dressing-jacket, go unconcernedly about their affairs in streets and public places until afternoon. It is a dishabille beyond all burlesque pantomime, and only shipwreck on a desert island would seem sufficient excuse for women being seen in such an ungraceful, unbecoming attire—an undress that reveals every defect while concealing beauty, that no loveliness can overcome, and that has neither color nor grace nor picturesqueness to recommend it.

The hotel is a series of one-storied buildings surrounding the four sides of a garden court, the projecting eaves giving a continuous covered gallery that is the general corridor. The bedrooms open directly upon this broad gallery, and the space in front of each room, furnished with lounging chairs, table, and reading lamp, is the sitting-room of each occupant by day. There is never any jealous hiding behind curtains or screens. The whole hotel register is in evidence, sitting or spread in reclining chairs. Men in pajamas thrust their bare feet out bravely, puffing clouds of rank Sumatra tobacco

\* A selected reading from *Java: the Garden of the East* by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. The Century Co., N. Y. publishers; cloth, 8vo, \$1.50.

smoke as they stared at the new arrivals; women rocked and stared as if we were the unusual spectacle, and not they; and children sprawled on the cement flooring, in only the most intimate undergarments of civilized children. One turned his eyes from one undressed family group only to encounter some more surprising dishabille; and meanwhile servants were hanging whole mildewed wardrobes on clothes-lines along this open hotel corridor, while others were ironing their employers' garments on this communal porch.

We were sure we had gone to the wrong hotel; but the *Nederlanden* was vouched for as the best, and when the bell sounded, over one hundred guests came into the vaulted dining-room and were seated at the one long table. The men wore proper coats and clothes at this midday "*riz tavel*" (rice table), but the women and the children came as they were—"sans gêne."

The Batavian day begins with coffee and toast, eggs and fruit, at any time between six and nine o'clock; and the affairs of the day were dispatched before noon, when that sacred, solemn, solid feeding function, the "*riz tavel*," assembles all in shady, spacious dining-rooms, free from the creaking and flapping of the punka, so prominent everywhere else in the East. Rice is the staple of the midday meal, and one is expected to fill the soup-plate before him with boiled rice, and on that heap as much as he may select from eight or ten dishes, a tray of curry condiments being also passed with this great first course. Bits of fish, duck, chicken, beef, bird, omelet, and onions rose upon my neighbors' plates, and spoonfuls of a thin curried mixture were poured over the rice, before the conventional chutneys, spices, cocoanut, peppers, and almond went to the conglomerate mountain resting upon the "rice table" below. Beefsteak, a salad, and then fruit and coffee brought the midday meal to a close. Squeamish folk, unseasoned tourists, and well-starved Britons with small sense of humor complain of loss of appetite at these hotel "*riz tavel*"; and those Britons further criticise the way in which the Dutch fork, or most often the Dutch knife-blade, is loaded, aimed, and shoved with a long, straight stroke to the Dutch interior; and they also criticise the way in which portions of bird or chicken are managed, necessitating and explaining the presence of the finger-bowl from the beginning of each meal. But we forgot all that had gone before when the feast was closed with the mangosteen—nature's final and most perfect effort in fruit creation.

After the "*riz tavel*" every one slumbers—as one naturally must after such a very "square" meal—until four o'clock, when a bath and tea refresh the tropic soul, the world dresses in the full costume of civilization, and the slatternly women of the earlier hours go forth in the latest finery of good fortune, twenty-six days from Amsterdam, for the afternoon driving and visiting, that continue to the nine-o'clock dinner-hour. Batavian fashion does not take its airing in the jerky *sadoe*, but in roomy "*vis-avis*," or *barouches*, comfortable "*milords*" or giant Victorias, that, being built to Dutch measures, would comfortably accommodate three ordinary people to each seat, and are drawn by gigantic Australian horses, or "*Whalers*" (horses from New

South Wales), to match these turnouts of Brobdingnag.

Society is naturally narrow, provincial, colonial, conservative, and insular, even to a degree beyond that known in Holland. The Governor-General, whose salary is twice that of the President of the United States, lives in a palace at Buitenzorg, forty miles away in the hills, with a second palace still higher up in the mountains, and comes to the Batavia palace only on state occasions. This ruler of twenty-four million souls, who rules as a viceroy instructed from The Hague, with the aid of a Secretary-General and a Council of the Indies, has, in addition to his salary of a hundred thousand dollars, an allowance of sixty thousand dollars a year for entertaining, and it is expected that he will maintain a considerable state and splendor. He has a standing army of thirty thousand, one-third Europeans, of various nationalities, raised by volunteer enlistment in Holland, who are well paid, carefully looked after, and recruited by long stays at Buitenzorg after short terms of service at the seaports. After the Indian mutiny the Dutch were in fear of an uprising of the natives of Java, and placed less confidence in native troops. Only Europeans can hold officers' commissions; and while the native soldiers are all Mohammedans, and great consideration is paid their religious scruples, care is taken not to let the natives of any one province or district compose a majority in any one regiment, and these regiments frequently change posts. The colonial navy has done great service to the world in suppressing piracy in the Java Sea and around the archipelago, although steam navigation inevitably brought an end to piracy and picturesque adventure. The little navy helps maintain an admirable lighthouse service, and with such convulsions as that of Krakatau always possible, and changes often occurring in the bed of the shallow seas, its surveyors are continually busied with making new charts.

The islands of Amboyna, Borneo, Celebes, and Sumatra are also ruled by this one Governor-General of the Netherland Indies, through residents, and the island of Java is divided into twenty-two residencies or provinces, a resident, or local governor, ruling—or, as "elder brother," effectually advising—in the few provinces ostensibly ruled by native princes. A resident receives ten thousand dollars a year, with house provided and a liberal allowance made for the extra incidental expenses of the position—for traveling, entertaining, and acknowledging in degree the gifts of native princes. University graduates are chosen for this colonial service, and take a further course in the colonial institute at Haarlem, which includes, besides the study of the Malay language, the economic botany of the Indies, Dutch law, and Mohammedan justice, since, in their capacity as local magistrates, they must make their decisions conform with the tenets of the Koran, which is the general moral law, together with the unwritten Javanese code. They are entitled to retire on a pension after twenty years of service—half the time demanded of those in the civil service in Holland. All these residents are answerable to the secretary of the colony, appointed by the crown, and much of executive detail has to be submitted to the home government's approval. Natur-



ally there is much friction between all these functionaries, and etiquette is punctilious to a degree. A formal court surrounds the Governor-General, and is repeated in miniature at every residency. The pensioned native sovereigns, princes, and regents maintain all the forms, etiquette and barbaric splendor of their old court life, elaborated by European customs. The three hundred Dutch officials condescend equally to the rich planters and to the native princes; the planters hate and deride the officials; the natives hate the Dutch of either class, and despise their own princes who are subservient to the Dutch; and the wars and jealousies of rank and race and caste, of white and brown, of native and imported folk, flourish with tropical luxuriance.

Batavian life differs considerably from life in British India and all the rest of Asia, where the British-built and conventionally ordered places support the same formal social order of England unchanged, save for a few luxuries and concessions incident to the climate. The Dutchman does not waste his perspiration on tennis or golf or cricket, or on any outdoor pastime more exciting than horse racing. He does not make well-ordered and expensive dinners his one chosen form of hospitality. He dines late and dines elaborately, but the more usual form of entertainment in Batavia is in evening receptions or musicales, for which the spacious houses, with their great white porticos, are well adapted. Batavian residents have each a paradise park around their dwellings, and the white houses of classic architecture, bowered in magnificent trees and palms, shrubs and vines and blooming plants, are most attractive by day. At night, when the great portico, which is drawing-room and living-room, and as often dining-room, is illuminated by many lamps, each lovely villa glows like a fairyland in its dark setting. If the portico lamps are not lighted, it is a sign of "not at home," and mynheer and his family may sit in undress at their ease. There are weekly concerts at the Harmonie and Concordia clubs, where the groups around iron tables might have been summoned by a magician from some continental garden. There are such clubs in every town on the island, the Government subsidizing the opera and supporting military bands of the first order, and they furnish society its centre and common meeting place. One sees fine gowns and magnificent jewels; ladies wear the heavy silks and velvets of an Amsterdam winter in these tropical gardens, and men dance in black coats and broadcloth uniforms. Society is brilliant, formal, and by lamplight impressive; but when by daylight one meets the same fair beauties and bejeweled matrons sockless, in sarongs and flapping slippers, the disillusionment is complete.

The show-places of Batavia are easily seen in a day; the old town hall, the Stadtkirche, the light-house, the old warehouse, and the walled gate of Peter Elberfeld's house, with the spiked skull of that half-caste rebel against Dutch rule pointing a more awful reminder than the inscription in several languages to his "horrid memory." The pride of the city, and the most creditable thing on the island, is the Museum of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences ("Bataviaasch Genootschap von Kunsten en Wepenschappen"), known sufficiently to the

world of science and letters as "The Bavarian Society," of which Sir Stamford Raffles was the first great inspirer and exploiter, after it had dreamed along quietly in colonial isolation for a few years of the last century. In his time were begun the excavations of the Hindu temples and the archaeological work which the Dutch Government and the Bavarian Society have since carried on, and which have helped place that association among the foremost learned societies of the world. The museum is housed in a beautiful Greek temple of a building whose white walls are shaded by magnificent trees, and faces the broad Koenig's Plein, the largest parade-ground in the world, the Batavians say. The halls, surrounding a central court, shelter a complete and wonderful exhibit of Javanese antiquities and art works, of arms, weapons, implements, ornaments, costumes, masks, basketry, textiles, musical instruments, models of boats and houses, examples of fine old metal-work, and of all the industries of these gifted people. It is a place of absorbing interest; but with no labels and no key, except the native janitor's pantomime, one's visit is often filled with exasperation.

The palace of the Governor-General on this vast Koenig's Plein is a beautiful modern structure, but more interest attaches to the old palace of the Waterloo Plein, the "palys" built by the great Marshal Daendels, who, supplanted by the British after but three years' energetic rule, withdrew to Europe.

*Steamboat Travel in Europe.....Robert Luce.....Going Abroad*

First-class tickets come much nearer being necessary on European steamboats than on European railways. As a rule, the best accommodations on the boats are none too good. The best known boats, those crossing the English Channel, would not, for the most part, be tolerated on lines of equal importance in America; they draw only six or seven feet of water, which is one reason why they are so sure to make passengers seasick when the water is the least bit rough. But don't think that inevitable. I have crossed the channel when from one side to the other we could not see anything that properly could be called a wave.

When buying tickets from London to any place on the Continent you can combine second-class rail tickets with first-class boat tickets, and it is wise so to do. If crossing to Holland or Belgium by night, your fare entitles you to a berth without extra charge, but staterooms are not sold as with us. If you ask for one in time, it will be reserved for you without charge, and I remember the London agent surprised me by telegraphing for it at the expense of the company, not mine.

On river and lake boats, before you get your ticket, wait to see what parts of the boat are allotted to first and second-class passengers, respectively. For an all-day ride, such as that on the Rhine, the freedom of the whole boat given by a first-class ticket is in any event desirable. On the Lake of Thun the second-class accommodations are for sight-seeing and pleasure much superior to those allotted the first-class passengers, who usually crowd forward into the second-class seats, in spite of their tickets; but on the Lake of Brienz, only a mile or so away, the second-class accommodations are miserable.



## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

*The Firecracker Industry in China.....San Francisco Chronicle*

The Consular Reports of May 13, 1898, contain a paper from Consul-General John Goodnow of Shanghai on the subject of firecrackers in China. He says that during the year ended June 30, 1897, there were exported from China 26,705,733 pounds of firecrackers, valued by the Chinese imperial customs at 1,993,082 haikwan taels, equaling at an average rate of exchange during that time, \$1,584,151 gold. Of the total shipment, by far the largest part was sent by sailing vessels to New York. A small quantity went to England. Other countries buy only infinitesimal amounts.

The exports represent only a small fraction of the amount manufactured and used in China. There are no large manufactories; the crackers are made in small houses, and in the shops where they are sold. In the latter places the proprietor of the shop, his wife (or wives) and the children do the work. No record is kept of the number made and sold, and no estimate is possible of their cost. The use of crackers is universal in China, and has been as far back as history records. It is most probable that in the beginning they were used to frighten away evil spirits. Now they are most frequently an expression of good feeling or of ceremonious compliment. They are used at weddings, births and funerals; at festivals, religious, civil and military ceremonies; at New Year, to salute persons about to make a journey, and, in fact, on all occasions out of the ordinary routine.

In making crackers only the cheapest kind of straw paper which can be produced in the immediate locality where the crackers are made is used for the body of the cracker. A little finer paper is used for the wrapper. A piece of straw paper 9x30 inches will make twenty-one crackers one and one-half inches long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter. The powder is also of the cheapest grade, and is made in the locality where used. It costs 150 to 175 cash per petty, or 6 to 7 cents gold per pound. For the fuse a paper (called "leather" in Shanghai) is used, which is imported from Japan and is made from the inner lining of the bamboo. In other places a fine rice paper is used, generally stiffened slightly with buckwheat flour paste, which the Chinese say, adds to its inflammability. A strip of this paper one-third of an inch wide by fourteen inches (a Chinese foot) long is laid on a table, and a very little powder put down the middle of it with a hollow bamboo stick. A quick twist of the paper makes the fuse ready for use.

It is not easy to persuade the Chinese to exhibit their modes of manufacture to a foreigner. But Mr. Williams, vice-consul at Shanghai, thus describes the work as he has seen it:

"The straw paper is first rolled by hand around an iron rod, which varies in size according to the size of cracker to be made. To complete the rolling, a rude machine is used. This consists of two uprights supporting an axis, from which is suspended by two arms a heavy piece of wood, slightly convex on the lower side. There is just room between this swinging block and the top of the table to place the cracker. As each layer of paper is put

on by hand, the cracker is placed on the table and the suspended weight is drawn over the roll, thus tightening it until no more can be passed under the weight. For the smallest 'whip' cracker the workman uses for compression, instead of this machine, a heavy piece of wood, fitted with a handle like that of a carpenter's plane. In filling crackers two hundred or three hundred are tied together tightly in a bunch. Red clay is spread over the end of the bunch and forced into the end of each cracker with a punch. While the clay is being tamped in a little water is sprayed on it, which makes it pack closer. The powder is poured in at the other end of the cracker. With the aid of an awl the edge of the paper is turned in at the upper end of the cracker, and the fuse is inserted through this."

The long ends of the fuses are braided together in such a way that the crackers lie in two parallel rows. The braid is doubled on itself, and a large quick-firing fuse inserted, and the whole is bound with a fine thread. The bundle is wrapped in paper and in this shape sent to the seacoast. A variety of cracker which is popular here is the "twice sounding," called "double-headed Dutchman" in the United States. It has two chambers separated by a plug of clay, through which runs a connecting fuse. There is also a fuse extending from the powder in the lower chamber through the side of the cracker. When the cracker is to be fired it is set on end and fire set to the fuse. The powder exploding in the chamber throws the cracker high in the air, where the second charge is exploded by fire from the fuse extending through the plug between the two chambers. In the manufacture of these, the clay is first tamped in with a punch to form the separating plug. The lower chamber is then loaded with powder and closed by turning over the paper at the end. The upper chamber is loaded and closed with clay. A hole is punched in the side of the lower chamber with an awl, and the fuse inserted through this opening.

At Canton the ordinary size cracker (one and one-half inches long by one-fourth of an inch in diameter) costs 1 tael (62 cents) for 10,000 for export. At Hankow the best quality of this size costs 1 tael for 5,000; while of the second quality 20,000 can be bought for 1 tael. At Chungking 15,000 of the ordinary crackers can be bought for 1 tael. At Shanghai 1 tael will purchase 5,000 of the ordinary size, while the largest sell for \$5.00 per thousand. These prices are probably only a shade above the actual cost of manufacture. The small manufacturers sell to Chinese compradores, who buy as agents of foreign firms and ship the crackers in bundles to the seacoast, where they are packed in boxes which cost about 4 taels (\$2.50) per hundred, and hold 250,000 firecrackers.

Aside from the fact that all the material used is native and produced where the crackers are manufactured, and that transportation does not enter into the cost, the wonderful cheapness of manufacture is accounted for by the kind of labor used and the wages paid. The items of cost of plant and interest on it are eliminated by the fact that the crackers are made in the homes of the workmen,

and in the shops where they are sold. The hours of labor are from 6 A. M. to 11 P. M., and there are seven working days in each week. Four-fifths of the crackers consumed in China are made by the families of those who sell them; these people, of course, receiving no wages. Of the paid work, a very large proportion is done by women and children who are paid by the piece. It is estimated that thirty women and ten men can make 100,000 crackers per day; for which work the women will receive 5 cents each and the men about 7 cents each. An apprentice is bound for four years, and during that time receives only his board. At the end of that period he will receive, if he is a fairly good workman, 150 cash per day, or 7 cents in United States money. An expert at the trade receives 200 cash per day, or 10 cents gold.

Workmen at this trade receive about the average rate of wages paid here for common labor. The trade is considered unhealthy and dangerous, and therefore not desirable.

*The Telectroscope and Its Inventor.....Chicago Times-Herald*

Jan Szczepanik's wonderful invention, the telectroscope, will, if all accounts be true, realize all that Edward Bellamy predicted about twentieth century entertainments in his last book, *Equality*. Szczepanik is a Galician schoolmaster turned inventor. The wonders of his telectroscope are to be fully brought out at the Paris exposition of 1900. Meanwhile the now distinguished Pole can look back upon the few years of his past life in which he was heroically struggling to win an education. He was fortunate enough to get into the University of Cracow, where he spent three years. Lack of funds compelled him to retire before he had finished his education. His new invention, he says, will take the place of the post, or the mail, of the future. By it any scene can be perfectly reproduced, pictorially, at any desired distance. For example, one might sit in Chicago and have a fine view of San Francisco or New York Bay, with all its brilliant colors, moving and anchored ships and water sparkling in the sun. Mountains and cities, in fact, any natural or artificially arranged scene can be reproduced true to life at a distance. All that is needed is to suggest the improvement certain to come in telephonic communication and the imagination can do the rest. Herr Szczepanik says his machine will reproduce letters perfectly, thereby taking the place of the post and the telegraph. Roughly speaking, the picture is broken up into a number of points. Each point is reflected in mirrors, and the reflected ray of light is converted into an electric current, which can be transmitted any distance. At the receiving end the current is again transformed into the corresponding ray of light. This ray of light is reflected in mirrors and the reflection thrown upon a screen. Now it follows that if all the points of a picture are taken in very rapid succession the resultant reflection on the screen will be the entire picture. There are many ways of converting light rays into electric currents already known to men of science. An electric battery with a selenium cell is used. The battery is connected by wire with an electro-magnet at the receiving end, where the currents are to be reconverted into light rays. The electro-magnet will move in sympathy with the current sent out from the transmitting ap-

paratus, and its movements will correspond with the nature of the ray reflected. The magnet will move a prism placed in front of a strong white light—either electric or sunlight. The prism will resolve the white light into its primaries. The primary colors spread out into a spectrum and the prism responding to the movements of the magnet will bring the required color into view. Szczepanik has made arrangements with a syndicate for the showing of the telectroscope at the Paris exposition. The syndicate will build an annex to the exposition with a 10,000 seating capacity. The admission will be three francs. The inventor will get 60 per cent. and his backers 40 per cent. of the gross receipts. Szczepanik will not sell the telectroscope until after the close of the exposition.

*Gold Made From Sea Water .....New York Tribune*

The sending of several ingots from North Lubec, Me., to the New York Assay Office recently draws public attention to a scheme for extracting precious metals from sea water. It has long been known that both gold and silver, in the form of chlorides, exist in the ocean, in the proportion of one grain of gold and two of silver to each ton of water. And now the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company, of Boston, has in operation a plant for extracting gold and silver. It is alleged that the ingots sent to the Assay Office were the product of that establishment. They weighed 92.2 ounces. A trifle over one-third of the metal was gold, and less than two-thirds was silver. The value of the former was estimated by Uncle Sam's experts at \$599.61, and of the latter at \$32.19. It is asserted by an official of the company that extracted this metal that the operation cost about \$108.

It is well known that many chemical compounds can be separated into their constituent elements by electrolysis. A good illustration is afforded by the Woolf and Hermite's system of disinfection by means of electrolyzed sea water. Common table salt is known to the chemists as "chloride of sodium." If a quantity of salt water be properly treated with electricity, this chlorine and sodium are divorced. The latter forms new combinations. The former, with ozone, which is incidentally liberated, kills the germs which it is sought to get rid of.

A variation of this operation is undertaken at the North Lubec establishment. Instead of saving the gas and letting the metal go, as Woolf and Hermite do, they let the gas go and seek to retain the metal. Moreover, their process is so conducted as to deal with the chlorides of gold and silver, and not with that of sodium. And it has several features which are still kept secret.

Arthur B. Ryan, president of the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company, said: "We picked up \$50,000 in Boston and vicinity last November, with which a working plant was built at North Lubec. This consists, in part, of a salt water lagoon, with an extent of about four acres and a depth of nine feet. It has a dam at its entrance. The tide at this point varies from seventeen to twenty feet in height. By a system of gates we impound the salt water at high tide, and when the tide is low we allow the water to run out through a sluiceway, and treat it with chemicals and electricity.

"We have at this time 114 separate machines,

which we have named 'accumulators.' Each has an independent water supply and is capable of handling about twenty tons of water per hour. We are able to use about eight hours of each tide, making sixteen hours a day that we can run the accumulators. The number of accumulators that can be used on any given body of water simply is the number that, at twenty tons per hour, will empty it in some six hours.

"Our estimate is that sea water contains about one grain of gold and two grains of silver per ton. We have been able to find this quantity of gold and silver in a large number of tests. But we were in search of a method of extraction that was profitable; and in this research we devised a method of rapid precipitation that was available in the largest quantities of water and inexpensive in working. So that while we get only one-tenth of the quantity available in any given body of salt water, we are able to handle such large quantities of the water that the results show an enormous profit. The working of our system is entirely automatic. The ingots which we sent to the Assay Office were the output of thirty-six accumulators working fourteen days. They treated 11,520 tons of water a day, or 161,280 altogether. The cost of running 100 accumulators for seven days will not exceed \$150. Our actual figures are \$117. But, allowing for expense that we cannot compute, we assume \$150 as a fair estimate. To run each machine for fourteen days would cost about \$3; and the operation of the thirty-six which did this particular work should have cost \$108. Our private tests show that while each accumulator involves an expense of \$1.50 a week, it yields a gross return of \$1.27 per day. We are now planning to erect near the first establishment at North Lubec a second one, with a water area of eighty acres, a depth of ten feet and a capacity for each tide of about 1,200,000 tons of water."

*Fishing for Anchors.....An Odd Industry.....London Tit-Bits*

One of the queer occupations of mankind is that of dragging for lost anchors. It is carried on in bays and rivers, and even in the open sea along the coast. Several sloops and schooners are engaged almost exclusively in this pursuit. The hunters are as familiar with the ground where anchors are to be found as fishermen are with the favorite haunts of the living inhabitants of the sea. The matter of is let down in a loop long enough to drag along the fishing for lost anchors is most simple. A chain bottom, and the vessel goes on her way with all hands on board alert for a bite, and a bite usually ends in a catch. The recovered anchors are generally sold again at a price of about twopence a pound, which is a half-penny under the market price for new anchors. A big anchor will weight 6,000 pounds, so that the fishermen make £50 out of it. More often, however, the anchors fished up weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds, and there is a pretty profit in the business even then.

*The Paris Sewage Farm.....London Engineering*

A recent issue of the *Revue Pratique des Travaux Publiques* gives some particulars of the large sewage farm which has been laid out at Achères for purifying the Paris sewage before allowing it to pass into the Seine.

The inhabitants of Paris number approximately 2,500,000, and the total flow of sewage is stated to average 17,660,000 cubic feet per diem. This is collected in great intercepting sewers, which convey it by gravitation down to Cuchy, where it is raised 118 feet by powerful pumps and distributed by gravitation through the farm. The pumping engines at present installed are capable of indicating 1,200 horse-power in the aggregate, but future additions will raise this to 6,000.

On good authority it is stated that experience shows that one acre of suitable soil can take 1,580 cubic feet of sewage daily, so that an area of about 11,120 acres would be needed to deal with the whole of the discharge of the Paris sewers. A very high degree of purification is reached, the effluent proving to contain fewer bacteria per cubic centimetre than most uncontaminated streams.

In consequence of this application the land also has been greatly increased in value, being now worth five times as much as it was before being made a receptacle for the sewage. As a natural consequence, neighboring land owners, who originally had fiercely opposed the establishment of a sewage farm in their midst, are now claiming to have sewage supplied to their own properties. The farm at Achères is 2,471 acres in extent, and is under the control of M. Bona, a civil engineer, who in the main raises beetroot, though this crop will admit of much less sewage being passed on to the land than certain others. The main conveying the sewage from the pumping station is 43.2 inches in diameter, while a secondary system of pipes, ranging from 31 inches to 16 inches in diameter, serve as feeders to the irrigation trenches, into which the sewage passes through 11½ inch valves. The ground is laid out, and the irrigating trenches are so arranged that the only service needed in regulating the flow, is the opening or closing of the regulating valves just mentioned.

Experiment shows that the crop which can stand the most sewage is grass, a meadow being, it is stated, uninjured by a flow of 2,430,000 cubic feet per acre per year; lucerne can take 1,790,000 cubic feet per annum; artichokes, 593,000 cubic feet per annum; flowers, parsley, sorrel, etc., 536,000 cubic feet; leeks, cabbages and celery, 325,000 cubic feet per annum; while beetroots, carrots, and beans will take only 197,000, and potatoes, asparagus and peas but 141,000 cubic feet per acre per year.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the June number of *Current Literature* was reprinted from the *San Francisco Argonaut* an interesting article on "Progress in Weapons of Naval Warfare." In it, however, appeared at least two rather serious errors in regard to the rapidity with which the heavier guns of our men-of-war could be fired. Through the courtesy of *The Scientific American* we are enabled to make the necessary corrections. Referring to the 10-inch gun the article in question stated that "The projectile, weighing 500 pounds, can be fired about four times an hour." And of the 13-inch gun it was said that "To fire such guns, with the aid of machinery, twice an hour is doing good work." As a matter of fact, in an action three minutes is sufficient time in which to load and fire guns of the larger calibres and in the bombardment of San Juan, where the firing was more deliberate, the average for each of the heaviest guns was five minutes.—Editors *Current Literature*.]



# SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

*Triolets to Theresa.....Alonzo Leora Rice.....Columbus Press*

When I knelt at her feet,  
Like a saint at a shrine,  
I commenced to entreat,  
When I knelt at her feet,  
For a token so sweet  
That I might call it mine,  
When I knelt at her feet,  
Like a saint at a shrine.

For Dan Cupid had aimed  
From his covert above  
And my heart he had claimed,  
For Dan Cupid had aimed  
And Achilles-like lamed,  
I was captured by love;  
For Dan Cupid had aimed  
From his covert above.

My endeavors were few,  
Till I looked in her eyes;  
Like a sailor so true,  
My endeavors were few  
Lest I saw in their blue  
The serenest of skies;  
My endeavors were few,  
Till I looked in her eyes.

Where, like Venus she passed,  
With a dove on each wrist,  
Lay my fortune amassed,  
Where, like Venus she passed,  
And my hopes then were cast  
To the earth which I kissed,  
Where, like Venus she passed,  
With a dove on each wrist.

Like a Crusoe I stand,  
And am vexed as can be;  
There's a print in the sand,  
Like a Crusoe I stand,  
And the margin is scanned,  
But none other I see;  
Like a Crusoe I stand,  
And am vexed as can be.

For divine she had stepped  
But a moment on earth,  
While I sweetly had slept;  
For divine she had stepped,  
Down my way and then swept  
To the land of her birth;  
For divine she had stepped  
But a moment on earth.

*A Romantic Episode.....William Wallace Whitelock.....The Criterion*

If you were a Gibson girl,  
And I were a Davis man,  
And the world were made for our special use,  
And run on our special plan,  
If the dangers were only to show us off,  
To give us a chance to pose—  
We would stalk through life like a king and a queen  
And tread on the necks of our foes.

If you were a Gibson girl,  
And I were a Davis man,  
And you uttered a wish for the pleasure dome  
In the Kingdom of Kubla Khan—  
I would sail away to that distant realm,  
And stir up a war or two,  
But I'd bring you the dome on the top of my head,  
And I'd cut up its ice for you.

If you were a Gibson girl,  
And I were a Davis man,  
You'd sit with a far-away pensive look,  
While the course of our serial ran,  
Disdainful of all but my glorious self,  
For I should be seven feet tall—  
But I'd marry your little kid sister at last,  
Who was not to come out till the fall.

*To a Jilt.....Lue Vernon.....San Francisco Chronicle*

When first we corresponded, you  
Wrote "Sir," and I wrote "Madam,"  
But that was when you knew not me,  
Nor I knew you from Adam.

You signed yourself "Most faithfully,"  
I thought it inexpedient  
To answer you more warmly then,  
And ended, "Your obedient."

But soon you found you knew my aunt's  
Half-brother's German sister,  
And so we struck the golden mean  
With "Dear" and "Miss" and "Mr."

One day I wrote in terms that seemed  
To you too billet-doux-ly;  
You straightway took me down a peg  
By signing, "Sir, yours truly."

Next day you feigned compunction, and  
Used phrases almost fervent,  
I paid you back and wrote, "Your most  
Obedient, humble servant."

"Yours always," once I tried; but you  
Proved more unkind than clever,  
By riding roughshod o'er my heart  
With "Pardon me, yours never."

This outrage broke my soul and drove  
Me almost from my senses;  
My answer was typewritten by  
My girl amanuensis.

Once more you grew "affectionate,"  
And I replied, "Sincerely;"  
You pocketed your pride and signed  
Your next one "Alice" merely.

And then I gave myself away  
With "Angel," "Sweetheart," "Goddess,"  
And little dreamed the heart was false  
That beat beneath your bodice.

But when at last I sign myself  
"Your destined caro sposo,"  
You calmly write and say you nev-  
Er led me to suppose so.

I ask you what did "Alice" mean?  
Why when I called you Venus  
A month ago, you did not say  
That there was naught between us?

Yes, e'en the worm will turn, and tear  
His limbs from silken fetters,  
I sign myself "Etcetera."  
P. S.—Herewith your letters.

## VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

*Man and His Dress..... The Gentlewoman*

In men's dress, style and fashion are not synonymous terms, however much one may think they mean the same thing. Style is the mannerism of the workman who puts the various pieces of the garment together; fashion is merely the rough sketch which indicates the aim and end of the sartorial production when completed; just as in writing or speaking, thought is the groundwork, the manner in which either is presented is the style.

In the matter of fashion it is a moot point whether the man who poses before his fellows as a nineteenth century Beau Brummel is indebted to his tailor, artistically as well as financially; or whether the knight of the goose may not owe something—it may be much—to the taste and artistic instinct of his client.

Who is the fashionist? Does the tailor dictate the canons of correct attire, or does the customer instruct the builder of his rig out, and tell him how many buttons he shall put on the front of his morning coat; whether the edges shall be raw, corded, or flat braided; whether the lapel shall be silk faced or plain; the shoulders square-up or natural; the cuffs made to unbutton or merely to suggest buttonholes; the skirt to be spoon-shaped, and hang more or less gracefully below the knees, or to be rounded suddenly over the pocket-mouth of the continuations? These are a few of the details which stand for fashion items in men's dress. Who governs them? who is responsible for the evolution which undoubtedly takes place from decade to decade in male matters sartorial?

Of the making of books there is no end. Of the making of men's fashions, it may safely be said, there is no beginning. But if we get back as near as we can to any record of a beginning, we find that the tailor, "per se," had little to do with the introduction of novelty, even when the same was destined to revolutionize his own ideas of the natural fitness of things in general, and his own production in particular. The first gentleman to wear trousers, for instance, was Tetricus, the barbarian, though he was an involuntary agent in the introduction of the bifurcated garment which has been the badge of distinction between the sexes for so many generations. Aurelian, the Roman, we read in ancient chronicles, had captured Tetricus in one of his raids, had carried him to Rome as one of the spoils of conquest, and, in order to make his captive appear as ridiculous as possible, he had him arrayed in a divided garment, which was similar in many respects to the trousers of to-day. These were intended to make the captive appear ridiculous. Instead of doing so, they appear to have hit the popular fancy, and before long the young bloods of Rome invariably instructed their tailors to add a pair or two of "bags" to the regulation "toga" which it was then the custom to order. An essay might be written on the evolution of trousers. The Encyclopædic Dictionary informs us the word which gives the name to our men folks' nether garments bears a close family relationship to "trussed," and simply means something tucked up.

In the present day, fashion in apparel is a very

different matter from what it was in the time of Aurelian and Tetricus; and yet not so very different after all. "Modern instances" innumerable could easily be adduced to show that the barbarian captive has influenced the taste of his captor in the matter of dress; or vice versa. But we might have to go to Fiji for illustrations, which would be somewhat outside the scope and purview of the present article.

To prove that it is not the tailor but the individual who is the maker of men's fashions, let me mention a case which has just come under my immediate cognizance. A short time ago the Duke of Orleans called at the "atelier" of one of the leading West End tailors and ordered a vest to be made to his own special instructions. It was something quite new. What was it? Ah, wild horses would not drag that from me. All I can say is, it was a decided novelty, and the material from which it was made was a very pronounced pattern in Bedford cord. The vest was made to the Duke's complete satisfaction and had to be sent home on a specified date to synchronize with his departure for a shooting fixture with the Prince of Wales. A few days later an order came to the same tailor from the Prince for a vest—or it may have been a dozen vests—to be made exactly like that made for the Duke. That is an indication of how fashions are produced. It may be a month, it may be a year; but, sooner or later, that vest, depend upon it, will be the vogue.

Still, there are other factors in the introduction and evolution of men's fashions. The Duke of York wears a white slip inside his vest; instantly the idea is copied by all and sundry who aim at being classed among the élite.

One of the most common sources of new fashion in men's dress, however, is the revival of styles that properly belong to a past generation. Take the "Raglan" overcoat which looks like becoming the favorite "overwear" of the next season or two. When the Duke of Wellington was in his prime it was something new. Now it is new again. Its principal feature is that it is cut with the sleeve running right up to the collar, and its chief effect is that it gives a square-built man the appearance of having sloping shoulders whereas square shoulders have been the desideratum of the last few seasons. The fashion of sloping shoulders may be expected to set in now, in all other garments.

The Paddock which has had such a run of popularity, at any rate among well-built men, owed its inception to a similar revival. It was the coaching coat of forty years ago, and Selby, the Brighton whip in a fawn paddock, or paletot, overcoat, and white silk hat with its long nap rustling in the breeze, was a figure which the cartoonist has made famous. A year or two ago there was an attempt made to revive the coaching interest, but the only thing that survived the effort was the drab paddock overcoat, and that is now dying the death which sooner or later overtakes all resurrections.

But there are many other factors, quite outside the tailor's designing skill, which influence the cut of men's coats and the circumference of the bottoms of their trousers. Trousers are being made nar-

rower each season until they now almost clip the ankles, because it is considered the right thing to ride a bicycle in an ordinary walking suit.

*Over a Scent-Bottle.....Harper's Bazar*

When we regale ourselves with a whiff of perfume from some one of the many extracts and bouquets and essences which come to us daintily dressed and labeled, and which seem to be the expressed spirit of whole gardens of flowers with their honey and their sunshine, we seldom have any idea that which we are enjoying is the last fine exhalation of a substance that represented disease and death to the creature from which it was taken, and which in its first estate was as foul to the olfactory sensation as any other corruption. Yet the base of all the finest and most delicate compound perfumes known is a trace of ambergris, and the whale dies of the suffering—or would die of it if he were not captured—which is inflicted upon him by the original lump of ambergris, and which is the result of a monstrous appendicitis. Often it is taken from him; sometimes he ejects it; sometimes he dies of it and it is found floating on the sea.

While it is interesting to recall the part borne by ambergris in the descriptions of Oriental life and luxury and in that of the later Middle Ages, as well as in church ceremonials, and that we have it mentioned in verse as a thing of romance and poesy, it affords equally interesting play of thought in the fact that the foundation of the delicate perfumes for which we might think a wilderness of flowers alone had given us their breath should be an animal odor, and not only that but an odor of disease also, the very expressed essence of pain, fetid when new, and only yielding an agreeable aroma when its substance has been dried into a lump of a pale amber or of a half-lustrous gray color, even then giving too powerful a scent to be breathed, as it is so penetrating and potent as to be unendurable and capable of producing bad results, so that it has to undergo much dilution. An ounce of ambergris to nearly three pints of alcohol is the usual form of preparation making an extract of which but a very few drops can be used by itself in a large quantity of other elements—oils and spirits—whole acres of fragrant violets, tuberose, heliotropes, yielding an oil whose deliciousness still needs this sustaining base.

Almost all the ambergris found is sent to France, where it is eagerly bought and at great prices, the ambergris of a single whale having been known to bring more than \$50,000. It always commands its market value to the fullest extent without a protest coming from the great perfumers of the world. The famous eau de Chypre, whose formula is as old as the crusades, depends both on ambergris and on musk, another animal odor, for its intrinsic strength. But both in this and in all other prepared perfumes it is used only in very slender quantity, and is most valued for its characteristic of permanence and its ability to hold and make fast the fleeting impressions of other perfumes, all of which are so volatile as to be evanescent without this stronger companion to retain them. Every rich scent-bottle on my lady's dressing-table, except the attar of roses, has probably some part or trace of ambergris in its pleasant contents, and even the Golden Rose which

the Pope decrees to the worthiest lady of the year, after mass in the Sistine chapel, has been first anointed with an unguent of which ambergris is a chief constituent. Strange that it should take a disease to create, and wild wrestle with wind and wave, long years of exile from home and horrors of the sea-fight with enraged leviathans, to bring back the thing that is to make the presence of beauty more effective and sweeter the air that those around her breathe; but no more strange than the presence of the pearl which glows in her hair and on her breast, and which again is the product of disease, and has been born of the sick oyster's long and vain effort to bury his suffering and hide it in layer on layer of soft splendor. It is all another illustration of the bringing of beauty from ashes.

*Li Hung Chang's Furs.....London Spectator*

Li Hung Chang is believed to be the richest man in the world. This belief certainly gains credit from a glimpse at one portion of his invested capital which has recently made its appearance in the city of London. Among other sources of income, the great Chinese satrap draws an annual tribute of precious furs from one of the Northern provinces. This is said to be the mountain and forest district of Northwest Manchuria, whose "natural commodities" of fur-bearing animals are mentioned by the Emperor Kien Lung in the pious work in which the imperial author describes the country still held sacred as the dwelling place of the spirits of his ancestors. Part of the tribute of the Russian Tartar tribes is also collected in the form of sables, and it is known that while the poor Tartars send in the finest skins in true loyalty to the Czar, dishonest officials substitute inferior furs, and the choice skins in the imperial wardrobe come not from tribute but from purchase. They manage these things better in China. Li Hung Chang has immense warehouses in Peking crammed with precious furs from top to bottom, and no middleman pilfers the choice skins on their way to this repository. It has been done, but Li Hung Chang is a watchful ruler, and it is rumored that the punishment inflicted was so appropriate and diverting that no one has ever meddled with Li's tribute sables since. There is an immense demand for rare furs in China. A nation in which neither men nor women wear jewels, but which has an exquisite taste for personal luxuries, finds a substitute for jewels in costume. An Indian or Afghan prince will perhaps dress in white cotton, provided this be set off by some priceless gems on his sword, dagger, and turban. A Chinese mandarin's sole jewels may be a few bits of jade or carnelian, but he makes up for this in summer by the richness of his silks, and in winter by wearing robes of furs so splendid that it needs a certain education to appreciate the full beauty of the costume. It has long been known that the Chinese furriers were the best in the world; and that except in the dyeing of sealskins, their treatment of the fur itself, especially in improving its tint and lustre, was unrivaled. It was not, however, suspected that they could improve on the work of Nature. An inspection of some of Li's furs recently sent to London showed that this was a task not beyond the art of the ancient civilization of the Far East. There were three or four robes which raised a certain excitement of ad-



miration, even among the purely commercial experts of the wholesale fur trade. One of these robes was constructed with a special object. The aim of the Chinese furrier had been to make a skin of sable magnified to the size of the skin of a bear. In addition to creating a gigantic sable, this genius also wished that the animal should have fur with the hair all lying parallel; whereas in nearly every fur except that of the seal, when the long hairs are removed the grain and direction follow the anatomy of the body, and give an unevenness to the whole. To effect these objects the artist had cut out the "tit-bits" of sable skins, and divided these into tiny strips averaging from an inch to half an inch in length. These strips were all from the same part of the sable's body, and were covered with fur of even length, lustre, and thickness. They were then sewn together with minute art, so that at the back the skin looked like a patchwork of tiny parallelograms like the squares on a fritillary flower, averaging from three to four in the square inch. In front the fur was absolutely uniform, homogeneous, and apparently without seam or joining—the kind of giant sable skin which might appear in dreams as the ideal of a Russian bride's trousseau. But Li Hung Chang's furriers had produced something better than this—a fur robe which can justly claim to be an improvement on anything that Nature has given us in the rarest furs of beasts. Sable was again the material used. In this robe also the skins were divided, and rejoined so as to secure uniformity of tint, fur and setting. But in the robe so made the artist had inserted at intervals the skin of the sable's shoulder and forepaw. This, when cut out, laid flat, and sewn together, with a little addition to the curves, forms an "ocellus" like a peacock's eye in sable damask, for the tint of the robe was uniform, and only the difference in the lie and texture of the fur produced the ornament. The result was the creation of a sable skin, adorned at regular intervals with an apparently natural ornament of peacock's eyes, such as one sees in the tail of the white peacock, indicated by the same alternations of reflection and lights as in damask. The magnificence of this conception needs no comment.

Three other masterpieces of this peculiar art deserve mention. One is a robe of skins of the red fox (not the English reynard, but the Canadian red fox), with fur various in tint but comparable in color to the different shades of red amber. In the golden parts were set "eyes" of the bright black foot of this fox, with the smoother and darker red of the leg above it, on the same principle as the insertion of "eyes" in the sable skin, but this time with a contrast of color as well as of tone. The second was a robe of pieces from the back of the "cross fox," so joined that they appeared to be taken from some much larger animal. These were left the natural color, a cold gray and yellowish brown, but set in a bed of fur dyed chocolate color. In the third the Chinaman had succeeded in creating what was apparently a new animal! The robe, like all the others, was in the shape of a cross of five cubes. Each of these squares appeared to be the skin of a single animal, dark puce color on the outer edges, with irregular circles of minute white dots in the centre, increasing from an indistinct grayish brown

on the outside to clear white in the inner circles. This apparently natural ornament might have deceived any one who did not know the actual colors and limits of all natural furs. On examining the back of this robe it was seen to be made up of minute pieces sewn together in concentric circles, the pieces being no larger than those in the tessellated pavement now so commonly seen on hall floors. It was, in fact, a piece of fur mosaic. It is a pleasant thought to the merchant that if China is opened up to European trade a new reservoir of precious furs will be tapped for New York, Paris, and London. The latter is now the metropolis of the fur trade, and it is to London that the greater part of the catch in North America, Alaska, Siberia, and Australia is brought and collected until it is dispersed over every country in the world in the sales of Sir Charles Lampson and the Hudson's Bay Company. Hitherto Pekin has been the other centre of the trade, but not a rival, because the millions whom it supplied were within what was practically a closed market. All that was good was absorbed by China, and only a few inferior skins were exported, though sea-borne furs, especially those of the various red, white and "cross" foxes, have always been welcome cargoes. It remains to be seen whether the attraction of London will not draw from Pekin at least a share of its immense stock. It is believed that this will take place, and that the furs will be exported in the finished state, and present to the West a luxury almost as new as the original export of Chinese silks or Chinese porcelains. There is almost as much difference between the finished furs from Pekin, more beautiful than Nature made them, and the "raw furs" in the Hudson's Bay sales, in the same condition as they were stripped from the dead animal, as there is between spun silk and the same substance in the cocoon. And while the art of the Pekin furrier excels that of Europe, there is something in the climate of the Northern mountains and the Western plateaus of China peculiarly favorable to the perfect growth of fur and feathers. Just as there are half-a-dozen Chinese pheasants which vie in plumage with the most gorgeous birds of the tropics, so even the domestic animals of the colder provinces seem to develop a special quality of fur, wool, or hair, to which the delicate processes of the dressers impart an added beauty. Thus Thibetan lamb-skin, after it has passed through the hands of the Chinese curriers, becomes a thing of beauty and intrinsic excellence hardly exceeded by the rarer furs. The leather is as soft as kid and white as milk, and the fleece attached to it takes the texture and gloss of white floss-silk. Even the chow-dogs of Manchuria grow true fur in the winter, and are bred for the sake of their coats; while the skins of the cat and the squirrel from the same district deserve a place not among the cheaper, but the choicer, grades of fur. Manchurian cat-skins are as superior to those of the specially bred black cats of the Bavarian Alps as that of the Manchurian tiger is to the coat of its Indian relative. The reverse is seen in Japan, where the mountain districts yield furs of the smallest size. The skin of a Japanese mink, for example, is about one-third the size of the large North American animal of the same species.

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

*The American Husband*.....*New York Evening Post*

To America must be given the credit of having produced the model husband, a new species, as it were, of the "genus homo." In no rôle does our compatriot appear to such advantage as in that of Benedict. As a boy he is often too advanced for his years or his information; in youth he is conspicuous neither for his culture nor his unselfishness. But once in matrimonial harness this untrained animal becomes bridle-wise with surprising rapidity, and proceeds for the rest of his career to go through his paces, waltzing, kneeling, and saluting with hardly a touch of the whip. Whether this is the result of superior horsemanship on the part of American women, or a trait peculiar to sons of Uncle Sam, is hard to say, but the fact is self-evident to any observer that our fair equestrians rarely meet with a rebellious "mount."

Any one who has observed marital ways in other lands will realize that in no country have the men effaced themselves so gracefully as with us. In this respect no foreign production can compare for a moment with our domestic article. In English, French, and German families the husband is all-powerful. The stable is mounted, guests are asked, and the year planned out to suit the husband's occupations and pleasure. Here he is rarely consulted until such matters have been decided upon by the ladies, when the head of the house is called in to sign the checks. He is trained from the beginning to give all and expect little in return, an American girl rarely bringing any dot to her husband, no matter how wealthy her family may be; or if, as occasionally happens, an income is allowed a bride by her parents, she expects to spend it on her toilets or pleasures. This condition of the matrimonial market exists in no other country; even in England, where "marriages de convenance" are rare, "settlements" form an inevitable prelude to conjugal bliss.

The American husband is not expected to remain at home. That's not his place! If he is not down town making money, fashion dictates that he must be at some clubhouse playing a game. A man who remains at home and reads or chats with the ladies of his family, is considered a bore and unmanly. There seems to be no need in an American house for the head of it. More than once when a certain Benedict friend has asked me, at the club, to dine "en famille" with him, we have found, on arriving, that "Madame," having an evening off, had gone to bed and forgotten to order any dinner, whereupon we returned to the club for our meal. When, however, his wife is in good health, she expects her weary husband to accompany her to dinner, opera, or ball, night after night, oblivious of the work the morrow holds in store for him. In a family I know paterfamilias goes by the name of the "purse." The more one sees of American households the more appropriate that name appears. Everything is expected of the husband, and he is accorded no definite place in return. He leaves the house at 8.30. When he returns, at five, if his wife is entertaining one or two men at tea, it would be considered the height of indelicacy for him to intrude on that circle, for his arrival would cast a chill that only his

departure could remove. When a couple dine out the husband is always "la bête noire" of the hostess, as no woman wants to sit next to a married man, if she can help it.

The few married men who have had the courage to break away from such traditions and amuse themselves with yachts, salmon rivers, or "grass-bachelor" trips to Europe, while secretly admired by the women, are frowned upon by society as dangerous examples, likely to sow the seeds of discontent among their comrades; but it is the commonest thing in the world for an American wife to take the children and go abroad on a tour. Imagine a German or Italian wife announcing to her spouse that she had decided to run over to England for a year with her children, that they might learn English. The mind recoils in horror from the idea of the catastrophe that would ensue.

Glance around a New York ballroom, a dinner party, or the opera, if you have any doubts as to the unselfishness of our married men. How many of them are there for their own pleasure? The owner of an opera "box" so rarely retains a seat in his expensive quarters that you generally find him idling in the lobbies looking at his watch, or repairing to a neighboring concert hall. At a ball it is even worse. One wonders why card-rooms are not provided at large balls (as is the custom abroad), where the bored husbands might find a little solace, instead of yawning in the coat-room or making desperate signs to their wives from the doorway, signals of distress that rarely produce any effect.

And yet it is the rebellious husband who is admired and courted. A curious trait of human nature compels our admiration for whatever is harmful and forces us in spite of our better judgment to value lightly whatever is beneficent and of service to mankind. The coats-of-arms of all countries are crowded with eagles and lions, who never yet did any good, living or dead; but orators enlarge on the fine qualities of these birds and beasts, and hold them up as models, while using as terms of reproach the name of the goose or the cow, creatures which minister in a hundred ways to our wants. It must be some such spirit that has brought the helpful, productive "better half" to the humble place he now occupies in the eyes of our people.

As long as men passed their time in fighting and carousing they were heroes, but since they became patient bread-winners all the romance has evaporated from their atmosphere. The Jewish Sandow had his revenge in the end and made things disagreeable for his tormentors. So far, however, there are no signs of a revolt among the shorn lambs in this country. They patiently bend their necks to the collar—the kindest, most loving, and devoted help-mates that ever plodded under the matrimonial yoke.

When in the East I have watched with admiration the rôle a donkey plays in the economy of those primitive lands. All the work is reserved for that industrious animal, while but little play falls to his share. The camel is always bad-tempered, and when overlaid lies down, refusing to move until relieved of his burden. The Turk is lazy and selfish; the na-



tive women pass their time apparently in chattering and giggling; the children play and squabble, the ubiquitous dogs sleep in the sun, but from day-break to midnight the little mouse-colored donkeys toil unceasingly. All burdens too bulky or too cumbersome for man or the big beasts are put on their backs; the provender horses and camels have refused becomes their portion; they are the first to begin the day's labor, and the last to turn in. It is impossible to live long in the Orient or the South of France without becoming attached to those gentle, willing animals. The rôle the kindly, honest "Bourico" fills so well abroad is played on this side of the Atlantic by the American husband.

In saying this I mean no disrespect to my married compatriots; quite the contrary. I admire them as I do all docile, well-meaning beings. It is well for our women, however, that their "lords," like the little Oriental donkeys, do not know their strength, but are content to toil on to the end of their days, expecting neither praise nor thanks in return.

*Some Lost Books.....Anna Robeson Brown.....Chap Book*

A great despair sweeps over one at the recollection of the lost books—the beneficent givers of the first thrill. My own little girlhood is not so long past that their names are forgotten, but they are none the less quite lost—the spirit has left the paste-board tenement. I may see the worn and neglected bodies huddled on some nursery bookshelf, but I know better than to take them down. So, instead, let us lay a wreath on their tombs.

How few of the lost ones provided that first taste of literature, new to the unjaded palate! A baker's dozen, some standards twisted into queer perspectives, some tales of unashamed adventures, some fairy-tales. Many of these are in a literal sense lost to me. Whispers from Fairy-land, for instance, I have not handled for years; some, like Mayne Reid, are stiff and speechless. Is it possible that I could have been found, enthralled and shuddering, over what reads now like a bare catalogue of butchery—we went out in the morning and shot a deer; we went out in the afternoon and shot a buffalo; we went out in the evening and shot whatever nocturnal predator you like?

Of Sir Knatchbull-Hugessen's book I cherish the most tender memories. No later character-study has ever given me the same artistic satisfaction as the inimitable Rindlegrove, nor have I ever faced a psychological situation in company with a modern heroine with the same intensity as when, with "Molly" of the Witches' Island, I beheld the awful notification, "Man-traps and spring-guns in these woods!"

The Arabian Nights, on the other hand, is a corpse indeed. The other day I read an old copy from end to end, and emerged with a weary disgust. Yet my early remembrances hold a glittering caravan of caliphs, merchants, and slaves, these last always the recipient of attentions astounding to my immature mind, to which the word implied poverty, hoe-cakes, and an aggressive piety. Then there were Djinn (delightful word!), Afreets, and one-eyed calendars, and ladies who preferred a diet of dead bodies—one and all, now equally savorless and contemptible. Yet I have not forgotten the time when

the device for introducing Prince Camaralzaman to the Princess Badoura appealed to my intelligence as both elegant and ingenious; the time when a version of that incident skillfully dressed and dished-up by my too-vivid imagination was my contribution to the conversation at a family reunion, the suppression thereof and my total extinction being the very first inklings I had of objections on the score of what to me was a mysterious propriety!

In the same way I never could understand why the domestic arrangements of King Charles II., as detailed and elaborated by me, aged eight, were received with so marked a lack of appreciation. Some kind relative favored me with the presentation of Hepworth Dixon's *Tower of London* which she had not read, but had been assured that it made history entertaining. It did, alas, only too well! There is another volume which has also joined the legions of the lost. The name, I think, was Lillian's *Golden Hours*; in character it was sensational and religious. Later on, claimed by Mrs. Molesworth and Ballantyne the bold, I grew to have but a dim fondness for Lillian and her adoring parents—who permitted monkeys, parrots, dogs and guinea-pigs to join the circle round the family breakfast table, and whose liberality in the matter of ponies assumed supernatural proportions. The story lacked no element of excitement, for, in addition to this menagerie and the piety of the heroine, it contained the most appalling villain, a talented and neglected Italian boy, gypsies, and the delightful circumstance of a wicked uncle eaten by rats!

Equally lost and equally beloved is a little old story entitled *Queer Bonnets*. An account of crisp French rolls in the opening chapter used to tickle my palate greatly. Like the Auton children in that delightful record, I was oddly affected by description. I can distinctly recall a picnic, partaken by the family who were marshaled in the Bessie books, and where the mention of bananas gave me the most violent indigestion. In another book, when the rich uncle from India sends home piña dresses and ruby necklets, which, of course, are taken from the pious daughter and given by the unnatural parent to the spoiled beauty—the mere opening of the boxes holding these treasures used to make my mouth water. It must have been the same idea which caused my astonishment at the extraordinary behavior of "young Porphyro"—he who could leave the "lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon" and other dainties, to flee into the night with Madeleine on the Eve of St. Agnes.

I am not at all certain if the first two or three of Sir Walter's are not to be reckoned among the lost. Certainly the *Ivanhoe* and *Abbot* I pick up now are not the books which guided and governed the very pursuits of life for months at a time. Those were days when belief in the innocence of Mary, Queen of Scots, was a vital matter, touching one's honor; when *Cœur-de-Lion* formed the subject of whispered discussions in bed after the lights were put out, and "drinks of water" administered; discussions—often rising to such heights of eloquence as to provoke the descent of an exasperated parent. A new Scott, once read and discussed, was finally acted by players who never asked an audience. Very often the preparations for these theatrical rep-



resentations absorbed so much time that the play itself came to little, but on occasion we were powerfully swayed by our imaginations. It is an authentic anecdote that the governess once arrived posthaste in the nursery to demand the cause of an outburst of grief. She took me in her lap, disregarding the splendor of my appearance, and her sympathy caused me to unbosom my trouble—"Oh, it's Richard parting from Berengaria, and it's too dreadful!"

The Shakespeare period, which followed hard upon the heels of Scott, I cannot in any sense regard as lost. True, advancing years and the pressure of convention prevent me from any longer accosting harmless old ladies in the open street with—

"Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my prayers remembered!"

And I no longer greet the maid who wakens me every morning, with Macbeth's famous outburst:

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-face loon!"

Our servants were never appreciative. I remember one of them going to my mother to say that she would not stay and be sworn at. My contemptuous defense, "Why, mamma, I was only quoting," was not considered sufficient, and from that time forth, indiscriminate Shakesperianisms were put a stop to.

My own dramatic imagination never carried me to the lengths of another little girl, a friend of mine, who, to her father's huge delight, used to enact Hamlet, with a "dramatis personæ" composed of her toy animals. A noble spotted horse was the "sweet prince"; Claudius, a pig whose head came off and one could put lollypops inside; Ophelia, a graceful bird with preposterous tail-feathers. The Hamlet which made this possible I regard as wholly lost, no variorum contains a shred of it—and she has never been able to find it since.

*Liars I Have Known.....David Christie Murray.....News of the Week*

I seem to have had a rather large acquaintance with liars, and I find that they divide themselves naturally into four classes. There is the cruel and scandalous liar, who makes mischief in your home, or among your friends, and who is one of the greatest curses of social life. There is the man who lies for profit, and he also is a danger—to the trustful and unwary. Then there is the man who lies because of his own exaggerated sense of self-importance, and the constant craving to astonish or interest other people. He is almost harmless, and is generally a man of excessive amiability. Then there is the purely humorous liar, who is an unadulterated boon and blessing.

Somebody said of Shelley that he could not cross the street without telling a lie about it, but the critic was probably a prosaic creature who could not discern the difference between a lie and an imaginative exaggeration. Mark Twain says somewhere: "George Washington could not tell a lie. Now, I can—and that is where I have the bulge on George." The first man I have in mind had "the bulge" on the whole wide world so far as I have known it. He seized me by the arm in a small riverward street off the Strand on one occasion, and with every dramatic sign of eagerness and enthusiasm he pointed down the street. Did I see that

man—that little insignificant-looking man in black there with the black hand-bag, and the rusty silk hat too big for him? I saw that man. "You wouldn't think it to look at him, but that's the most remarkable man in Europe at this hour. I have just this instant parted from him, and he has only left the Cabinet in consultation half an hour ago. There is a drought in Devonshire and Cornwall, and he is going down there to make rain. He has a most astonishing power in that direction. I have often asked him how he exercised it, but he can hardly explain it himself. It's something in himself, some electric force which science has not yet accounted for, which emanates from him personally." I said that all this was profoundly interesting, and that, since he knew this extraordinary person so well, I should be glad if he would introduce me. No, no, he said, that was impossible. The man was in a hurry to catch a train, and he had already detained him too long. I represented to him that a man who stood stock still to stare into a pawnbroker's window did not look as if he were in a very great hurry, and I insisted on an introduction. When I had got my liar within twenty yards of the man he acknowledged smilingly that he didn't know him from Adam. He was not in the least shocked or shamefaced at this exposure, or in any way affronted when I told him what I thought about him.

But then the real genuine practiced liar on these innocent and imaginative lines is never hurt by detection. That has happened so often that he is injured to it, and nerved to encounter it at any moment. To be bowled out is a part of the early business of the day, and the liar is always ready to take his bat and stand for another innings. This particular gentleman was back at me within a month. I had written for a magazine called *East and West*—now defunct—a poem called *England to America*. He told me that he had received a letter from Prince Bismarck about it, and made a grope in his picket, and hunted through a heap of documents. He was awfully sorry that he had left Bismarck's letter at home. He remembered now exactly where he had bestowed it, and he would bring it into town next day. I met him next day, and he ran to me with enthusiasm. "I've got that letter of the Kaiser's," he said with a beaming triumph. "The Kaiser's?" I asked. "Yes; the letter about your poem. The letter from the Kaiser; I told you about it yesterday." "You forgot the Kaiser yesterday; you only spoke of Bismarck." "Really? Is that so? Well, I've got 'em both to-day." There was a new search, and there were new laments. He could not guess how he had come to be so stupid. He had left both letters at home, and what a pity it was that I was going to the Continent that evening. He finally overdrew his account when he assured me that he had just left "Salisbury," and had learned from that distinguished man's own lips that I was in the running for the Laureateship! The odd and notable thing was that outside this aimless shameless foolery the man was astute and honest. I believe that he was scrupulously exact in money matters, and that the world could not have tempted him to an inexactitude in business which would have brought a dishonorable shilling to his pocket.

## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*Women Composers.....Rupert Hughes.....The Century*

Only yesterday it was being said how strange it was that women could not write music. To-day their compositions make up a surprisingly large portion of the total publication. The worst of these not even gallantry could approve; it need not be invoked for the best. Yet, even if women had not recently produced good work in certain individual instances, the comparison of their former absence from the field with their present zeal there should serve both for an explanation of previous failures and a hope for future success.

The mistake of those who dogmatized upon woman's inability to compose was the old fallacy, What has not been done cannot be done.

Now, music was the latest of the arts to be evolved into anything approaching maturity. The modern world does not hope to surpass the *Iliad*, the *Antigone*, or the *Parthenon*; nor does it hope to surpass the achievements of the Father of Music; but between the ripening of a Phidias and a Bach stretch epochs of art and the long twilight of the Middle Ages. The music that had run along with these other arts, "*haud passibus æquis*," was childishly limited in resources.

It has, then, taken men whole centuries to learn music. They do not yet seem able to write it well in isolated communities without the benefits of association with old and new masters, and a chance for the publishing of ambitious work to a competent audience. America, through pilgrimages to Europe, is only now giving hope of a national school of music.

Women have been, as a sex, just such an isolated community. While it may be said that they have never been positively debarred from effort, it is only the present century, with its wonderful impulse to public activity, that has given them the positive encouragement necessary.

Women wrote at music long ago. The last century and the earlier part of this saw a few composers who aroused a certain curious interest in their own little day; and their work is probably no more completely forgotten than that of most of their highly accepted male contemporaries. But these were only individuals, and they did not indicate any general movement.

It is commonly believed that woman is more emotional than man. At the first glance it would seem, then, that she should take the foremost place in music, which is more entirely the voicing of emotion than any of the other arts. But the evolution of music has made it so complex that it demands, first, a special aptitude for invention, which has been rare among women; then, a sort of histrionic ability to study one's own feelings objectively, which is not so rare a feminine trait; third, the architect's aptitude for high elaboration of details within close bounds of consistency; fourth, the skill of a chess-player, or a strategist, for a definite and direct, yet veiled, plan of movement; and, finally, a long, hard training in the manipulation of the materials at hand. And it seems almost vital for the existence of composers, that they should have a dense musical atmosphere.

It is not necessary to say that woman has been

enslaved, to excuse her for her little writing of good music; but it is only fair to confess that she has had little encouragement in developing any innate ability into the erudition and technic necessary to great composition. Fanny Mendelssohn, who wrote graceful music, was ashamed to publish it under her own name, and it was absorbed into her brother's renown.

Rubinstein did not hesitate to say that the sex had written no good music at all, and could not write it. He sneered especially at its failure to write one good love-song or to express mother-love in one true lullaby. But Rubinstein's creed is not necessarily gospel; for instance, he was blind to the greatness of Wagner. He died, too, at the very dawn of what I believe is to be a great epoch of composition by women.

Music belongs to woman at least as much as to man. Her sentiments are more the marrow of her being than is the case with man; her love is more nearly the total of her interest; her sorrow is intenser and more helpless; her tact and delicacy are finer; the pursuit of grace and beauty, and the fancy for subtleties and nuances, play a more vital part in her life than in that of man. The present awakening of interest, one might almost say excitement, among all woman-kind both in the arts and industries, and the general interest of the whole world in the work of woman, have removed almost the last obstacle in the way of her devoting her life to her chosen ambition. She has always exerted a vast influence upon the music made by men. She is now awake to the possibility of influencing the world through her own music.

A prominent publisher tells me that where, some years ago, only about one-tenth of the manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumber those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close even there. Women are writing all sorts of music. A few of them have already written in the largest forms, producing work of excellent quality and still better promise. It is in the smaller forms, however—in instrumental solos and short songs—that they have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality, and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Beside these, there are a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality.

The survey of the field of present activity in music throughout the world enlarges the claims of women to consideration. For, now that Brahms is dead and Grieg has almost ceased to write, there are not many men to be justly preferred above the best of these. To deny that the most capable of these women write better music than the average male composer would surely be beyond even the most conservative. Once it is granted that certain women can compose better than the average man, I do not see how it is logically possible to deny the sex musical capability.

Orson Lowell.....Forest Crissey.....St. Paul's

Writing of the work of an illustrator who is but twenty-five years of age, and who gained admittance to the important magazines less than three years ago, might appear to be a task of prophecy rather than the chronicling of things accomplished; but such an inference does not hold true when the subject is the career of Orson Lowell. In those three years he has furnished meat for many a sermon on successful illustration, and how it is done. From his business-like studio in the Lincoln Building, in Union Square, New York, have gone forth a multitude of both strong and dainty things which have set the old heads thinking, and have brought a procession of emissaries from publishing houses to his door.

It is only ten years ago since Lowell joined the light-hearted troop of students in the Art Institute of Chicago; to-day he ranks with the fortunate few upon whom the art editors of the big publishing houses rely for the pictures which make current history in the progress of American illustration. In the Chicago Art Institute he fell into excellent hands, coming directly under the tutelage of Oliver Dennett Grover and J. H. Vanderpoel. These instructors realized that they had encountered "material" of an unusual sort, and their work with him was largely that of wise repression—a thorough grounding in fundamental principles. The fact that their pupil had spent his boyhood in the country, having passed the first eleven years of his life in Wyoming, Iowa, was, no doubt greatly to his advantage. Nor was the process of picture-making a novelty to his eye, for, from earliest childhood, he had been accustomed to watch his father transfer bits of the prairie landscape about their Iowa home to canvas. The traditions of the Art Institute do not hold Lowell to have been a phenomenal student, but he was a very happy and a very faithful worker. Before leaving the school he opened a modest studio, and did with enthusiasm whatever came to his hand. Mr. D. E. Goe, then editor of a semi-literary journal called the *Spark*, selected him to make the illustrations for a short serial story. They proved to be pleasant prophecies of those peculiar excellencies of style which he has since developed, and, as Mr. Frost's drawings have appeared in the same publication, young Lowell felt himself in good company.

When Puck took possession of its attractive building at the World's Fair, and began the publication of its weekly Exposition edition, the illustrator found in it a valuable addition to his market. He was fired with an ambition to be not only a caricaturist but a cartoonist. The latter longing has not yet been gratified, and probably never will be, but in seeking to work toward that end he submitted a drawing to *Life*, of New York. It met with an immediate acceptance. The eastern metropolis at once became his objective point, and, with characteristic decision, he at once proceeded thither. He is not, I fancy, ashamed to admit that the basis upon which he established his studio in that city was little more substantial than "thin air." His skill and determination constituted his only assets. But the foundations of his success had been broadly and solidly laid in the technique of his art, guided and inspired by

his fine and fresh imagination and buoyant temperament.

Vogue, a journal of fashion and light literature, bought liberally of his artistic wares, but the deciding point of his career was reached when the shrewd art editor of McClure's Magazine, August F. Jaccaci, saw abundant promise in the young man's work, and sent him to Homestead, Pa., with Mr. Hamlin Garland, to do the great steel industries. His Western experience also brought him, from the same source, a commission to illustrate a prairie story by Miss Alice French, better known as Octave Thanet. This was in 1894, and a few months after he was located in New York.

When Mr. Jaccaci transferred his allegiance to Scribner's Magazine, he made still more numerous and exacting demands upon the young Westerner, sending him to Chicago to illustrate articles upon that city and its University, and to Colorado for color illustrations to Mr. Iddings' article concerning *Life in High Altitudes*. The one stroke, however, which authoritatively determined Mr. Lowell's standing among his fellow illustrators, and those upon whose favor the latter depend, was the publication in Scribner's Magazine in 1895, of a set of illustrations for H. C. Bunner's delightful story, *Our Aromatic Uncle*. There was a quality so exquisitely sympathetic, an imagination so fresh and fine, and a technique so almost faultless in these drawings that they provoked an immediate attention on the part of the habitués, and professional observers of current illustrations which few recent American illustrations have received. Not a magazine of that year printed a group of drawings which were more notable. Artists, publishers, and art lovers talked of *The Aromatic Uncle* pictures, and since their appearance, the young illustrator's problem has been that of meeting the demands of publishers.

The magazines have been eager for his work, and have had much of it, for Mr. Lowell is an easy, rapid and inveterate worker. Not a few of the finest and best standard books issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Harper Brothers, Scribner's, Little, Brown & Co., Way & Williams, and Herbert S. Stone & Co., have been illustrated by Mr. Lowell. Among these should be noted an elaborate edition of Bret Harte's novels and stories, in which the artist has enriched the text with pictures as distinctly American and as imaginatively picturesque as the tales which they illustrate. His most important magazine work has appeared in the *Century*, Scribner's, Harper's Magazine and Weekly, and McClure's Magazine.

To indicate how much of honest and permanent achievement Mr. Lowell at the age of twenty-five years, has now to look back upon, without pointing the qualities by which he has attained to a standing alongside America's best black-and-white artists, would be a culpable sacrifice of interest and utility. Its lessons are too valuable and entertaining to be wantonly ignored. Equipped with a fancy of remarkable brightness, purity, and strength, a facility and technique equal to the most delicate and elusive tasks, and an ingenuous directness of mind, he was precluded by both his artistic and moral bent from the rôle of an imitator. Had he not found a discerning editor who believed the public ready to receive and appreciate the expression of an original



individuality, and who was ready to brave the traditions of safe and accepted standards for the sake of giving the young illustrator his chance, the battle might have been a long one. But the opportunity was given, and the proof was abundant that success in illustration need not imply the ability cleverly to imitate either Abbey, Wenzell, Gibson, Frost, Pyle, or Smedley, for Lowell's pictures are quite his own, and unlike those of any other worker with brush or pen.

His individuality has been pronounced and uncompromising, and he has held steadily to his own single-minded methods of graphic expression. There is a serious gayety, a conscientious playfulness, in his most elaborate drawings as well as in his more sketchy bits. A sensitive, vibratory sympathy is betrayed in whatever he touches—a cheerful, unlabored liveliness which defies repression. It is because of these qualities of sturdy individuality, of wholesome and inherent brightness, of adequate and delicate technique, and of studious and energetic industry that the future career of this youngest of America's leading illustrators is being closely watched by those who believe that his present attainments are but promises of greater future achievements.

I found Mr. Lowell very busy upon one of his Bret Harte illustrations. He talked with cheerful enthusiasm of prospective romps with a small brother on the shores of Delevan Lake, where his summer home is located, of delightful sails in his trim-cut boat; of the fine old "characters" which he has discovered and intends to use as models; of the "stunning Empress jacket" which he saw in the little French restaurant around the corner; of fine things which "all the other fellows" are doing; of the joy of life and of work; of the beauties of Bronx Park, its wild ravines and old stone-mill; but of himself and his own work he was skilfully uncommunicative. This, his fellow-workers say, is also a characteristic trait of the young man who made "the Aromatic Uncle pictures" and signs his name with a quirky-stemmed sprig of three-leaved clover.

*Rip Van Winkle Jefferson. Nathan Haskell Dole. Joseph Jefferson at Home.\**

The actor who has had success in a part, the actor who has written a play, cannot fail to keep his eyes open for further possibilities; his ambition will be stimulated to create some character that shall be his, and his alone. Jefferson says that when the curtain descended on the first night of *The American Cousin*, he then and there resolved to be "a star." He had made his audience both laugh and cry. That great marriage of dramatic powers, the humorous and the pathetic, is the source of all success.

One rainy day in the summer of 1859, while he was reading the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, in the hayloft of a barn in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania, he happened to come across his own name in a passage where Irving had noted that the younger Jefferson was like his father in "look, gesture, size and make." He had never seen Jefferson's father, and meant his grandfather. By a natural transition Jefferson was led to think of *Rip Van Winkle*. An American story by an American author for an

American actor! He hastened into the house and got *The Sketch-Book*, but on rereading the story of *Rip* he was disappointed to find it so undramatic. In Irving's placid narrative it is merely the old story of the Cretan poet Epimenides (whom St. Paul quotes in Titus), believed by the ancients to have been sent out by his father after the sheep and to have fallen fast asleep (like the likewise mythical little Bo-Peep), only to awaken at the end of fifty-seven years, and find the whole world changed.

Within nine years after the publication of *The Sketch-Book*, Thomas Flynn had made a poor dramatization of *Rip*, and several others had followed. In 1829 Jefferson's aunt, Elizabeth, had played in one, supposed to have been a version made in England. Charles Burke made still another in 1849, and Jefferson acted the part of the innkeeper, Seth. There were no less than seven predecessors to Jefferson in the part of *Rip Van Winkle*. Mr. Winter, who gives an interesting account of the various versions, says:

"All the salient extremes of a representative picture of human experience are found in it—fact and fancy, youth and age, love and hatred, loss and gain, mirth and sadness, humor and pathos, rosy childhood and decrepit senility, lovers with their troubles, which will all be smoothed away, and married people with their anxieties, which will never cease; life within doors, and life among trees and mountains; the domestic and the romantic, the natural and the preternatural, and through all, the development and exposition of a humorous, cheering, romantic, restless human character. Such a theme cannot be too much commended to thoughtful consideration. It is prolific of lessons for the conduct of life. It teaches no direct moral; but its power is in its influence, to lure us away from absorption in the busy world, and to make us hear again the music of running water and rippling leaves, the wind in the pine trees, the surf upon the beach, and, under all, the distinct murmur of that great ocean to which our spirits turn, and into which we must vanish."

Mr. Jefferson remembered several of the versions of the story, but none of them seemed to give him what he wanted. He went down to the city and got together *Rip's* wardrobe before he had written a line of the play. He does not recommend this way as the ideal method of writing a play, but tells the story to illustrate the impatience and enthusiasm with which he entered on his task. He got the three printed versions of the play, and compared them. They were in two acts, and in all of them the spectre crew was introduced as speaking and singing. Jefferson divided the play into three acts, and made the second act wholly a monologue, while Sir Hendrik Hudson's companions merely gesticulate. Though it took considerable thought to arrange the questions so that the answers might be made by ghostly nods, yet, within a few days, he had his version of the play all ready, and he learned and rehearsed the part, so that in the early fall he was enabled to present it to the public in Washington. It won sufficient success to prove to him that the character was what he was after; nevertheless, the play was not satisfactory. "The action," he says, "had neither the body nor the strength to carry the

\*Estes & Lauriat. Boston: Cloth, \$1.50.

hero; the spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting."

In June, 1865, when in London, he met Dion Boucicault, who, without much enthusiasm for the subject, agreed to rewrite Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* for a consideration. Mr. Clarke Davis says that many of the suggested changes came from Jefferson; the impressive ending of the first act was Boucicault's, while the climax of the third act—Meenie recognizing her father—is merely the reverse of *King Lear* recognizing Cordelia. Boucicault also introduced the scheme of the second marriage and many of the now familiar details. Boucicault told Jefferson that it could not possibly keep the stage more than a month, but Billington, one of the London cast, told Paul Bedford, the original Nick Vedder, "There's a hundred nights in that play."

A quarrel between Boucicault and Webster, the manager of the Adelphi Theatre, nearly resulted in the play being withdrawn before it was presented, but Mr. Jefferson's tact prevented this calamity, and the fateful night approached. Mr. Jefferson gives an amusing description of his last private rehearsal. It was Sunday evening, and he was alone in his lodging, and had got out his new wig and beard for the last scene. He put them on and began acting and posing in front of the mirror.

In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door. This dialogue ensued:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. "May I come in?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Jefferson, for he had no desire to be seen in his disguise.

"Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?" she asked.

"Nothing at all. Go away."

"Well, sir, there's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there's a crazy man in your room, a flingin' of 'is 'ands and a-goin' on hawful, and there's a crowd of people across the street a-block-in' hup the way."

Mr. Jefferson turned to the window and discovered to his horror that he had forgotten to draw down the curtain. At first he was mortified at having thus unconsciously acted before an audience of deadheads, but afterward the comicality of the situation so overcame him that he laughed till he was cured of a sharp attack of indigestion.

The London critics hailed Jefferson as one of the most genuine artists that had ever appeared on the British stage, and large audiences made his engagement a triumphant success.

After playing a farewell engagement in Manchester and Liverpool, he took a sailing vessel for New York, and on the third of September, 1866, appeared at the Olympic Theatre, where his performance of *Rip* won immense applause. As Mr. Winter says, "The fame of its beauty soon ran over the land."

The following personal anecdotes about Mr. Jefferson are also to be found in this interesting book:

When he was four years old he imitated T. D. Rice, one of the first to delineate negro characters. That fantastic "knight of the burnt cork" saw his imitation of Jim Crow, and insisted that the boy

should appear for his benefit. Mr. Jefferson, in his autobiography, says: "I was duly blacked up, and dressed as a complete miniature likeness of the original. He put me in a bag, which almost smothered me, and carried me upon the stage on his shoulders. No word of this proceeding had been mentioned in the bills, so that, figuratively speaking, the public were as much in the dark as I was. After dancing and singing the first stanza, he began the second, the following being the two lines which introduced me:

"Oh, ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you for to know

That I've got a little darkey here, that jumps Jim Crow;"

And turning the bag upside down, he emptied me out, head first, before the eyes of the astonished audience. The picture must have been a curious one. It is as vividly before me now as any recollection of my past life. Rice was considerably over six feet high, I was but four years old, and as we stood there, dressed exactly alike, the audience roared with laughter. Rice and I now sang alternate stanzas, and the excitement increased; showers of pennies, sixpences and shillings were tossed from the pit, and thrown from the galleries upon the stage. I took no notice of this, but suddenly the clear, ringing sound of a dollar caught my ear, and as the bright coin was rolling from the stage into the orchestra I darted forward, and secured my prize. Holding it triumphantly between my finger and thumb, I grinned at the leader of the orchestra, as much as to say, 'No, you don't.' This not only brought down the house, but many half-dollars and dollars besides. At the fall of the curtain twenty-four dollars were picked up, and given into my delighted hands." That was not the last golden, or rather silver, shower that fell at the feet of the young actor.

Many years later Mr. Jefferson is said to have had another opportunity to turn an honest penny by giving a strictly private performance. He was out on the tranquil waters of Buzzard's Bay when a fisherman's craft slowly drifted alongside of his boat, and the owner, seated amid the debris of his conquests, growled out:

"Be you an actor?"

"Yes."

"Wall, here's fifty cents, and I want you should make up fifty cents' worth of faces for me."

Accordingly he flung a silver piece over into Mr. Jefferson's boat!

In 1870 the veteran actor, George Holland, died, and Mrs. Holland's sister desired the funeral to be held at her own church. Mr. Jefferson, as an old friend of the family, went to the minister with one of Holland's sons. Mr. Jefferson told the rector that his friend was an actor, and the rector replied that in the circumstances he should have to decline holding the services at the church. The boy was in tears at such a reply. Mr. Jefferson was too indignant to say a word, but as they left the room he paused and asked if there was any other church from which his friend might be buried. The rector replied that there was a little church around the corner where it might be done. Mr. Jefferson said, "Then, if this be so, God bless 'the little church around the corner.'" From that time forth the Rev. Mr. ———'s church bore that famous appellation.

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*Realism*.....*Robert Stodart*.....*The Criterion*

I am seated in a theatre for the people. The play paints powerfully a picture of helpless physical suffering and abject want among the weavers of Silesia; of tyranny from above, of bitter, brooding resentment from below.

As the ghastly panorama of pain is unfolded, I weep with those I see weep, am bowed down with those I see bowed down. I am the players and the play. I suffer.

The final curtain falls. Turning to my companion—like myself in tears—"Was it life," I ask, "or dramatic fiction? Ah, what is real and what is mimic?"

Together we pass out with the throng. As we pause in the brightness about the door, a whining mendicant emerges from the shadows, extending toward us a skinny hand:

"A few cents, sir, to keep me from starving, and may God bless you!"

"An excellent bit of acting," I remark, and we press by, unmoved.

*Dave Flint's Temptation*.....*Zach*.....*Blackwood's*

Sprawling down one hill and half-way up another was a little village; at the corner of its main street stood the White Lion Inn. The sun poured yellow light through the bar windows on to the sanded floor, and on the figures of two men who sat talking at a table.

"I tell you he's sweet on my cousin Phoebe, damn him," exclaimed the younger man, bringing his fist down on the table.

"And what's that got to say to it?" replied the other, in a slow, heavy voice. "Josh Tuckett 'ull never see no darter o' his married to a drunkard."

"Dave ain't no drunkard; he takes his glass and goes out. Dang him, I wish he wor."

The elder man leaned forward and caught hold of the button of his companion's coat.

"Answer me this, Tummas Rod," he said, "didn't his father die o' drink?"

"Ay, sure."

"And his grandfather afore him?"

"Ay, certain."

"Bain't his three brothers lying in the churchyard at this very minet reglar soaking the place wi' spirits; the grass niver grewed casual over their graves the same as it did over t'other folks."

"What's that got to do wi' Dave?"

"Why, begore, he'll come to the like sooner or later, mark my words if he don't. He's a drunkard now—at heart. Scores o' times I've reckoned to hear his throat split and crack when the drink dizzles down it."

A heavy flush rose to Rod's face. "And may it; the sooner the better," he said.

"You and he wor thick anuff as boys," replied the old man, rising, and regarding him curiously.

Rod turned away and went back to the bar. "Didn't I tell 'ee that he be sweet on my cousin and her on him?" he answered, in a sullen voice.

There was a sound of footsteps, and Dave entered, the old man taking his departure at the same time. Rod glanced with quick scrutiny at the new-

comer's gaunt but boyish face, as, dropping his bag of tools, he flung sixpence on the counter.

"A half-and-half, Tom," he said. "My throat ba reglar dring'd\* wi' thirst."

The flush on Rod's face receded, leaving it ash-gray. He filled a small glass to the brim with spirits, and pushed it across the bar. Dave swallowed the contents at a gulp, and stood, fingering the glass nervously.

"Take another nip," said Rod.

"Naw, wan be anuff, thank 'ee."

"Come, I'll stand yer."

Dave's thin white face reddened. "I dursn't," he said, turning away and picking up his bag of tools.

The innkeeper burst into a rough laugh. "You puts me in mind of a maid before her first kiss, terrible afraid, but wonderful willing," he replied. "Come," he urged, unsteadily, "drink me success to something I've set my mind on."

There was silence a moment. "Ba it summat pertikler speshil?" Dave asked at length.

"I told 'ee I'd set my mind on it."

"Drink ba kindidling temptsome," Dave muttered, half to himself, as he watched Rod fill two glasses with spirits. "Wull," he added, gulping down the spirits with feverish impatience, "may 'ee git wat 'ee want and more."

Rod looked at him a moment, his lips twitching: "To the damnation of Dave Vlint, body and soul!" he exclaimed, and draining the glass, flung it across the bar at the wall opposite. For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence; then Dave turned on his heel, halted a moment at the door, and glanced back—"Did 'ee mean they wuds?" he said.

"Twor nort but a bit o' fun," Rod answered, forcing a laugh.

"Ther ain't nort speshil vantysheeny† in sich jokes," replied Dave, and going out he left Rod alone. He made his way through the street and up the hill behind the village, where the pine trees stood massing the blue sky like heavy blue green clouds. Leaving the road, he entered the wood by a footpath. It was autumn; the ground was strewn with cones; overhead the wind soughed with the sound of the sea. Standing beside a broken stile was a girl; her chestnut hair, escaping from the kerchief that bound it, rippled and curled about her neck and forehead. Dave started when he saw her, and advanced more slowly. She came toward him, and they stood together; she was not tall, about as high as his heart.

"Wat's come to 'ee, Dave?" she exclaimed, in a soft guttural voice; "it's dree weeks since you've bin a-nigh me."

He was silent, averting his eyes as if he were afraid to look in hers.

"You made me love 'ee, you made me love 'ee," she burst out, her voice trembling, "and now——"

"Phoebe, lass, 'tis better that I bide away."

"You shud 'ave thort o' that afore," she said, bitterly.

\*"Dring'd," squeezed up. †"Vantysheeny," showy.



"Aye, sartin I shud."

She caught hold of the two lapels of his coat. "Dave, Dave," she cried, "you don't love me arter all; and you swore me true down by the Wishing Well."

"I didn't love 'ee then the zame as I do now by a deal," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"Oh, lad, I can't fathom 'ee," she said, with a sob.

"Sweetheart, 'tis the drink I'm afeard of; 'twull have me wan day like did my vather and brothers afore me."

"But I bain't afeard."

"I might be cruel hard on 'ee, lass," he said, pressing her hands tight against his broad chest. "A man can't answer for hissul when the drink's upon him."

Her dark gray eyes filled with tears. "But I bain't afeard, Dave," she reiterated. "I bain't afeard."

He looked at her with great tenderness. "I dursn't, dear heart; I dursn't," he said, and his voice shook.

"Ther wud ba the times atween whiles," she urged.

Turning from her, he caught hold of a tree-bough and steadied himself. "Lass, lass, don't put me in mind o' 'em."

"You ain't loving me the zame as you did, or 'ee wudn't need no minding," she exclaimed, brokenly. "And I ain't fallen off in looks." She came round the tree, stood in front of him, and unbinding her kerchief, shook her thick chestnut hair about her shoulders. "See, Dave," she continued, "it's vine and long for all it loses in the curl; and my voot, too, Dave"—she kicked off her shoe—" 'tis wonderful arched, and a deal smaller than the young ladies' up to the great house. My arms, Dave"—she slipped back her sleeve—"they might be a chile's, they're that bedimpled."

Stopping abruptly, she burst into tears—"Oh, lad, lad," she sobbed, "you bain't looking, you bain't looking."

He let go the branch of the tree, took her in his arms, and drew her close up against his breast. He put back her head with gentle force, and kissed her mouth and eyes, her throat and bosom. As they stood, molten in one mould, there came down the wind the sound of children's laughter; hearing it, the man and woman fell trembling, then apart.

They stood staring at each other like two people guilty of a crime.

"There be them that might ba born arter us," he said, hoarsely.

She watched the sudden hardening of his mouth. "Must us mind on 'em?" she pleaded; "must us mind on 'em?"

"I cud niver fo'ce no chile o' ours to bear wat I've bin fo'ced to bear," he answered; "'twad ba devil's wark—I cudn't do it."

Her face grew white and hopeless. "I can't feel for the childer, I ain't no mother yet," she said, brokenly.

Desire shook him; he looked at her slight form that seemed to tremble into womanhood before his eyes, then, with an abrupt cry, he turned and left her.

She flung herself down and wept—through the

trees her wailing followed him, yet his heart cried out so loudly that he knew not if the wailing came from her lips or his own. Long he wandered in the wood, but when night fell returned again to his cottage. Pushing open the door, the moonlight streaming in after him, he entered the small kitchen. On the table, the cork withdrawn, was a bottle of spirits—the air reeled with the smell of it. He did not know whose hand had placed the bottle there, but his harsh thirst demanded slaking, and forced him forward. Clutching at his throat, striving to tear the thirst from it, he advanced; the bottle glistening in the moonlight, looking as if it were alive. He cast an agonized glance round the walls, seeking help from familiar things, and his eyes fell on his gun. A sob of relief broke from him; he took down the gun, loaded it hurriedly, the smell of the spirits dripping on to his lips, he licking it down. He snatched the bottle from the table, shouldered his gun, and went out—up through the woods, past the broken stile, where the coarse grass lay pressed close to the earth, and Phœbe had flung herself down and wept. With averted face he passed the spot, and entered deep into the heart of the wood. At last he stopped; about him the trees grew close and thick, no eye but God's could see his shame. He leaned his gun up against a branch; the moonlight edged itself between the trees, and he held the bottle up to it.

"So yer have got the best o' me at last," he said; "yer have got the best o' me at last."

The bottle glistened; he brought it nearer his lips, his thirst pressed for quenching, the thirst that he would slake before he shot himself.

"Yer smiling devil," he burst out, with sudden fierceness, "yer reckon to catch me, do 'ee. No, by hell! yer don't; I'll die wi'out tasting 'ee," and he dashed the bottle into fragments at his feet. A moment later he had flung himself upon the ground, striving to lick up the spirits with his tongue.

"Dog that I ba, dog that I ba," he sobbed. "No better than a dog—no better than a dog."

Sick with shame and horror, he regained his feet; he took a piece of cord from his pocket, made a loop in it, attaching one end to the trigger of the gun. He pressed the cold steel barrel up against his hot beating heart, and placed his foot in the loop. "A dog's death for a dog," he muttered.

The moonlight shone on him, on the gun, and on the broken bottle at his feet; the glistening glass attracted him and he stared at it, fresh thoughts crowding his brain. A tremor ran through him; raising his eyes, he fixed them on the moonlit heavens and gray windspun clouds. "Ther ba zomat in me a'zide the dog," he said, slowly. "Ay, begore, I'll live game, I'll zee it droo," and drawing himself together, he turned his face once more on life.

*Wedding Guests.....New York Life*

"I thought the bride looked well, didn't you?"

"Fairly well; but lavender is never so good as white, to my mind."

"I don't know but you are right. How much do you suppose it cost?"

"Her maid of honor told me privately it was over two hundred dollars."

"Um! It didn't look it."

"Who were those people on the right?"

"You mean those awful lookers?"

"Yes."

"Some of her relatives, I believe."

"One always has that cross to bear."

"That's so."

"I'm glad I didn't have to meet them. How many were there?"

"I should say two hundred at the reception, shouldn't you?"

"Yes; but, of course, a lot were only asked to the church."

"Well, they didn't miss much."

"No; still, the refreshments were fairly good."

"So so. I was dreadfully hungry."

"So was I. Did you see the presents?"

"Oh, yes. Skimpy, I thought."

"Did you notice that plated ware?"

"Yes; they had it covered over with a rug, but I unearthed it."

"Relatives, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. What did you give her?"

"An etching. I got it awfully cheap. They were selling off."

"I gave her a book. I forget the name, but the illustrations were lovely. Books are so very cheap now."

"Aren't they?"

*A Voice From the Pit.....Bernard E. J. Capes.....Short Stories Magazine*

"Signor, we are arrived," whispered the old man in my ear, and he put out a sudden cold hand, corded like melon rind, to stay me in the stumbling darkness.

We were on a tilted table land of the mountain, and, looking forth and below, the far indigo crescent of the bay, where it swept toward Castellamare, seemed to rise up at me as if it were a perpendicular wall, across which the white crests of the waves flew like ghost moths. We skirted a boulder, and came upon a field of sleek purple lava sown all over with little lemon jets of silent smoke, which, in their wan and melancholy glow might have been the corpse-lights of those innumerable dead, whose tombstone was the mountain itself.

Far away to the right the great hollow tooth of the crater flickered intermittently with a nerve of fire. It was like the glinting of a watchful eye, and in that harsh and stupendous desolation seemed the final crown and expression of utter inhumanity.

I started upon hearing the low whisper of my companion at my ear.

"In the bay yesterday the Signor saved my life. I give the Signor in return my life's secret."

He seized my right hand in his with a sinewy clutch and pointed a stiff finger at the luminous blots.

"See there, and there, and there!" he shrilled "One floats and wavers like a spineless ribbon of seaweed in the water. Another burns with a steady radiance, a third blazes from its fissure like a flame driven by the blow-pipe. It is all a question of the under-draught, and some may feel it a little and some a little more or a little less. Ah, but I will show you one that feels it not at all. A hole, a

narrow shaft that goes straight down into the pit of the great Hell, and is cold as the mouth of a barbel."

The bones of his face stood out like rocks against sand, and the pupils of his maniac eyes were glazed or fell into shadow as the volcano lightnings flickered.

Suddenly he drew me to a broken pile of sulphur-rock lying tumbled against a ridge of the mountain that ran toward the crater. It lay heaped, a fused and fantastic ruin, and in a moment the old man leaped from me, and was tugging by main strength a vast fragment from its place. I leaned over his shoulder and looked down upon the hollow revealed by the displaced boulder. It was like the bell of a mighty trumpet, and in the middle a puckered opening seemed to suck inward as if it were the mouth of some subterranean monster risen to the surface of the world for air.

"Quick! quick!" muttered Paolo. "The Signor must place his ear to the hole!"

With a little odd stir at my heart, I dropped upon my knees, and leaned my head deep into the cup. I must have stayed thus a full minute before I drew myself back and looked up at the old mountaineer. His eyes gazed down into mine with mad intensity.

"Si, si!" he whispered, "what didst thou hear?"

"I heard a long surging thunder, Paolo, and the deep shrill screaming of many gas jets."

He bent down, with livid face.

"Signor, it is the booming of the everlasting fire, and thou hast heard the voices of the damned!"

"No, my friend, no; but it is a marvelous transmission of the uproar of hidden forces."

"Listen and believe!" he cried, and funneling his hands about his lips, he stooped over the central hole.

"Marco! Marco!" he screeched, in a piercing voice.

Something answered back. What was it? A malformed and twisted echo? A whistle of imprisoned steam trickled into some horrible caricature of a human voice?

"Paolo!" it seemed to wail, weak and faint with agony. "L'acqua, l'acqua, Paolo!"

The old man sprang to his feet, and, looking down upon me in a sort of terrible triumph, unslung a water flask from his belt and, pulling out the cork, poured the cold liquid down into the puckered orifice. Then I felt his clutch on my arm again.

"He drinks!" he cried. "Listen, and thou wilt understand!"

I rose, with the ghost of a laugh, and once more addressed my ear to the opening.

From unthinkable depths came up a strange gloating sound, as from a ravenous throat made vibrant with ecstasy.

"Paolo," I cried, as I rose and stood before him—and there was an hysterical note in my voice—"a feather may decide the balance. Beware of meddling with hidden thunders, or you may set rolling such another tombstone as that on which these corpse fires are yet flaming!"

And he only answered me, set and deathly:

"We of the mountains, Signor, know more things than we may tell of."

## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*His Refuge.....Chicago Times-Herald*

Ain't no use ter scol' him;  
 Don't keer whut he do;  
 Knows two a'ms 'll hol' him  
 Safe enough fum you.

Dar whar he a-runnin,  
 Bad ez bad kin be;  
 Cuddle down so cunnin';  
 Shake his curls at me!

She so smilin' 'bove him;  
 Fol' him ter her bres';  
 Knows his mammy love him;  
 Don't keer fer de res'.

Feel lak' I could poun' him!  
 But, fer all he done,  
 W'en her a'ms is roun' him  
 He de same, sweet one!

Ain't no use ter scol' him  
 Way his mammy do!  
 Knows her a'ms 'll hol' him  
 Safe enough fum you!

*"Lost".....Moirs O'Neill.....Blackwood's*

Whisht then, oh my jewel! while I say—  
 Only wait to' I can get the word!—  
 Sure I thought I had it sweet and gay,  
 Like the bravest song o' summer bird.  
 Faith, I knew it well an' very well  
 When this hour the rain begun to fall;  
 Now the sorra one o' me can tell  
 What about it was at all, at all.

Whisht then, oh my jewel! I was wrong.  
 Never, never lived a word so sad!  
 Not the heavy seas that drive along  
 Bear such weighty trouble as it had.  
 Och anee! an' ne'er a voice to cry:  
 Like the weary crowd or drownin' moon  
 So it sank or so was carried by—  
 Never told, an' all forgot so soon.

*The Kailyard.....To-Day*

Gin ye wad use yer pen, my man,  
 And be a writer grand,  
 There's but one method and one plan,  
 One language and one land!  
 Then come awa' wi' me, my jo,  
 (Whatever that may mean) .  
 To where all guid young authors go,  
 That are na ower green!  
 We'll find the Kailyard, the Kailyard, the Kailyard;  
 We'll find the Kailyard, and mak' the spot oor hame!

A bonny briar-brush grows there,  
 Whilk ye must write beside;  
 Bog myrtle, too, and peat so fair,  
 And guid young men that died.  
 Here's women at the window-pane,  
 There's elders takkin' snuff,  
 And ministers of massive brain,  
 —And ither siclike stuff.  
 Then we'll boom the Kailyard, the Kailyard, the Kailyard;  
 We'll boom the Kailyard, the genius's hame!

Sae dinna fash yersel' to find  
 A story fit to tell;  
 Whatever's told in Scots, ye mind,  
 Is gye an' sure to sell,  
 —In Scots that trips the Southern loon,  
 Wi' a' its snaggs and turns,  
 Just like the rugged ways o' Doon,  
 Its banks and braes o' Burns!  
 We'll talk the Kailyard, the Kailyard, the Kailyard;  
 We'll talk the Kailyard, that brings the siller hame!

And when to some good spot ye've come,  
 Tune up, lad, for yer life.  
 (There's others Thrums upon the Drums;  
 Ye'll brither be to M—— and C——,  
 And when ye've found yer bit o' ground,  
 And munched the parritch fine,  
 Ye'll brither be to M—— and C——,  
 And great in auld lang syne!  
 More noise in th' Kailyard, th' Kailyard, th' Kailyard;  
 More noise in th' Kailyard—anither goose come hame!

*Burial of Private Ginger James....Edgar Wallace....London Daily Chronicle*

A spell I had to wait  
 Outside the barrick gate,  
 For Ginger James was passin' out as I was passin' in;  
 'E was only a recruit,  
 But I give 'im the salute,  
 For I'll never git another chance of givin' it agin!

'E'd little brains, I'll swear,  
 Beneath 'is ginger 'air,  
 'Is personal attractions, well, they wasn't very large;  
 'E was fust in ev'ry mill,  
 An' a foul-mouthed cur, but still  
 We'll forgive 'im all 'is drawbacks—'e 'as taken 'is dis-  
 charge.

'E once got fourteen days,  
 For drunken, idle ways,  
 An' the colonel said the nasty things that colonels some-  
 times say:  
 'E called him to 'is face  
 The regiment's disgrace—  
 But the colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e passed 'im by to-  
 day.

For days 'e used to dwell  
 Inside a guardroom cell,  
 Where they put the darbies on 'im for a 'owlin' savage  
 brute;  
 But as by the guard 'e went  
 They gave 'im the present,  
 The little bugler sounded off the "General Salute."

The band turned out to play  
 Poor Ginger James away;  
 'Is captain and 'is company came down to see 'im off;  
 An' thirteen file an' rank,  
 With three rounds each o' blank;  
 An' 'e rode down on a carriage, like a bloomin' city toff!

'E doesn't want no pass,  
 'E's journeying first-class;  
 'Is trav'ling rug's a union jack, which isn't bad at all;  
 The tune the drummers play  
 It ain't so very gay,  
 But a rather slow selection, from a piece that's known as  
 "Saul."



## IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

*The Permanence of Religion.....Ernest Renan.....The Apostles\**

Who is there that, in traversing our ancient cities become modern, has not stayed his steps beneath the gigantic monuments of the faith of bygone ages? All around them is made new; not a vestige is left of the customs of old, but the cathedral has remained, a little spoiled, perhaps, as high as a man's hand can reach, but deeply rooted in the soil. There let it stand by its own weight ("mole sua stet"); its solid mass is its right to be. It has withstood a deluge that has swept away everything about it; not one of the men of aforetime who should come back to revisit the spot where he lived would find his house; the raven alone, that has built its nest in the pinnacles of the sacred edifice, has never seen the hammer lifted against his dwelling. Strange privilege! Those martyrs who acted in good faith, those rude converts, those pirate church-builders, are our masters still. We are Christians, because it pleased them to be so. As in politics it is only the barbaric foundations that endure, so in religion it is only spontaneous and (if I may call it so) fanatical convictions that will spread by their own power. The fact is, a religion is the work of a people. Its success does not depend on the better or worse proofs it can give that it is divine; its success is just in proportion as it speaks to the popular heart.

Does it follow from this that religion is destined to wither by degrees and to disappear, like the popular errors as to magic, witchcraft, and spirit-manifestations? Surely not. Religion itself is not a popular error. It is a great truth of instinct, half-seen by the people, uttered by the people. All symbols that serve to give shape to the religious sentiment are imperfect, and are destined to be cast aside, one after another. But nothing is falser than the dream of certain persons who think to conceive a perfect humanity, in conceiving it without religion. We should put it just the other way. China, which is an inferior humanity, is almost destitute of religion. On the other hand, let us suppose a planet inhabited by a race of mankind whose intellectual, moral and physical power should be double that of our earthly humanity, it would be at least twice as religious as our own. I say "at least," for it is likely that the growth of the religious faculties would go on at a still more rapid rate than that of the intellectual capacity, and not merely in an equal ratio. Let us suppose a humanity ten times mightier than ours; it would be infinitely more religious. It is even probable that man—at that height of sublimity, detached from all material cares and all selfish considerations, gifted with a perfect sense of touch and a taste divinely delicate, seeing how base and void is all excepting the true, the beautiful, and the good—would be wholly religious, absorbed in perpetual adoration, passing from ecstasy to ecstasy, born, living, and dying in a flood of joy. Selfishness, which measures the degree of inferiority in any creature, lessens in proportion as man is lifted above the brute. A perfect being

would be no longer selfish, he would be wholly religious. The effect of progress, therefore, will be the expansion of religion, not its destruction or its decay.

*The Literary Abuse of the Bible.....New York Observer*

There is a literary use of the Bible. If the Bible were not written, it could not be read, and if it is written at all, it must have some literary form and style. Moreover, the Scriptures do undoubtedly supply us with literature of a very elevated and interesting kind, calculated to attract notice and engage study, apart from any question as to the spiritual nature and authority of the contents of these ancient volumes. No man who uses the Bible at all fails to use it in some fashion as literature and as learning.

But what needs always to be guarded against, and especially in these days of heady rationalizing, is the literary abuse of the Bible, which, etymologically is use "away from" the true utilization. If the Bible can be used as literature it can also be misused as literature. If the letter is essential to express the spirit the letter may also kill if the spirit be not sympathetically recognized under the external forms. The fallacy of some of the present day reasonings on this subject lies in the fact that the legitimate literary use of the Bible is confounded with the literary and spiritual abuse of the Word. It is a favorite device of an antagonist to endeavor to make it appear that the contest is on grounds of his own choosing and over issues of his own announcing, so obscuring the real advance all the while of his destructive forces into the heart of truth's exposed domain. Thus at the present time the critics of the rationalistic school are posing as the martyrs of the literary cause of the Scriptures. "You will not allow us to study the Bible as a book!" is their cry. But their posture is ridiculous rather than impressive. Nobody is telling anybody else that the Bible cannot be studied as literature. It is the literary misuse of the Scriptures which causes concern; and they do well who unmask the fight that is actually going on and discover the point where the attack is really being pressed.

What is to be said is that the Bible cannot be studied properly, even as literature, if it is regarded only as literature. It cannot be comprehended, even as the word of men unless it be also recognized as the word of God. The spiritual instinct is necessary to interpretation. The heavenly sense alone can provide the legitimate and really understandable earthly meaning, to say nothing now of those verities of creation and redemption which the Scriptures claim exclusively to reveal.

It is when "the literary use" becomes practically the spiritual disuse that good people feel compelled to speak out in protest. And just there is where these hyper-critical, opinionated mental dissections of the Scriptures come out. Under pretence of glorifying the Bible as literature such "views" exterminate its life. The Scriptures accordingly become the sepulchre and not the source of thought. Their glory is departed, not because their meanings were read, but because they were read out of it, and

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a prize crew of reckless theories put on board the Scriptural ship instead.

Thus it is not a mere theory as to the literary handling of the Bible, but a condition of spiritual danger that confronts us. It is not simply that there are critics of the Bible, but that there are such critics. We are not afraid to have men read the Bible, but we are afraid of the men who turn its pages with a prepossession against it, or a particular theological or philosophical case to make out by citations therefrom. No one can understand the Bible who does not put himself, or allow himself to be put by the Lord, into a Bible temper. No critical apparatus, no anatomical lectures, no probings with lancet or scalpel can hope to discover such wonders in the writings which by common consent have come to pre-empt the exclusive title of The Bible, or The Book, as are revealed to the eye of faith which reads there lessons written by a Father's hand at the inspiration of a spirit of holiness and love. The spiritual use of the Scriptures is always infinitely more than the literary use. It would be a pity to spend so much time in noting the markings of the shell as to miss altogether the nourishment of the kernel. What is inside is the chief thing, and no use of the Bible goes far enough that does not go to its very heart.

Criticism of a sort must be; but the proper spirit of Scripture study is indicated in the words that John Brown, when in prison, wrote in the Bible, which, just before his execution, he gave to a friend: "There is no commentary in the world so good in order to a right understanding of this blessed Book as an honest, child-like and teachable spirit."

*The Evangelistic Symbols.....Architect and Contract Reporter*

The four "Living Creatures," which are the well-known symbols of the Evangelists throughout all periods and in all styles of art, are evidently derived from the two visions described by Ezekiel and St. John. We have the testimony of art, as well as the writings of the Fathers from the fifth century, to confirm the truth of this opinion; but, though all are agreed as to the general application of the prophetic vision to the Evangelists, the individual application of the symbols is not so clear. St. Augustine differs from the generally received view, and considers the lion to symbolize St. Matthew rather than St. Mark; and the human form, or angel, as the symbol of St. Mark, from his setting forth more especially the kingdom and the manhood of Christ in his version of the Gospel. But the most generally received opinion, and that which has been adopted in all periods of art, is expressed by St. Jerome in the following passage: "The first face, that of a man, signifies Matthew, who begins to write, as of a man, the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham; the second, Mark, in which is heard the voice of the lion roaring in the desert, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord'; the third, that of the calf, prefigures Luke the Evangelist, commencing his history from the priest Zechariah; and the fourth, the Evangelist St. John, who, having taken the wings of an eagle, and hastening to loftier things, speaks of the Word of God. This application of the four creatures is founded chiefly on the beginnings of the different Gospels, but other

opinions take into consideration their more general character; it is, however, only as to St. Matthew and St. Mark that there is any difference of opinion, for all are agreed about St. Luke and St. John. The ox, as the animal of sacrifice, was clearly appropriate to him who wrote chiefly of the Atonement of the great sacrifice; and the eagle was no less so to him who could, as it were, gaze upon the sun while he wrote of the highest mysteries of faith."

*Undogmatic Religion.....George William Boag.....Westminster Review*

There is an attitude toward religion, which may be described as the undogmatic position. This is taken by those who interpret God and man and the universe, not by a single book or set of books, not by one man or any hierarchy of men, not even by an institution, an age, or a dispensation, but by the suggestions which arise in the mind while it contemplates with unwarped interest the stupendous drama of life.

When we think deeply about it, how immense is life; how significant, august, and yet what meanness mingles with its majesty! What man is so intellectually compendious as to be able to epitomize life, or where is the institution or human order so comprehensive as to manifest more than a fragment of its meaning? And when we take account of the wide variety of circumstances in which men are born, and the infinitely different experiences through which they pass from birth to maturity, we see how reasonable it is to expect an equal variety in their stock of notions as well as in their mental and moral constitutions. So that it appears quite in the nature of things to look for a state of religious life wherein the principle of variety, which has already operated by substituting many creeds for one creed, will ultimately displace the creed altogether as a unifying element. When this takes place the churches will no longer be institutions for perfecting men by making them all think alike, and ever the same, but they will exist as brotherhoods with different external features, all inspired according to their several capacities with high social affection and intense spiritual life.

Can we, then, be wrong in thinking that the secret of a true religious life lies, not in trying to bring our beliefs about the temporal and the eternal into line with those of the men who gave the churches their creeds, but is to be found in the widest reading of the experience of all time; in contact with, not undue subjection to, the best minds; in admitting to the affections the sweet attractions of the purest examples; and, above all these, in the inspiration which quickens the soul with the consciousness of a Greater Soul whom men call God?

We may be further assured of the reality and vitality of what is here called undogmatic religion when we remember that only a small minority of mankind are able to appreciate the value of a formal proposition. The prepossessions of the moment are too strong in most people to enable them to admit any but concrete impressions to their minds. And it is probable that indifference to the great human interests is due almost as much to a deficient endowment or development of the imaginative faculty in men as to their habits of selfishness. Thus thirty-nine articles of belief of the most tremendous sig-



nificance can be passed through the mind—as a sieve—leaving scarcely a grain of consciousness behind, but any act of generosity or heroism done in the sight of the humblest person fills him with a larger sense of existence; and the sorrow that casts its shadow upon a human soul is certain to draw some other heart in to share the gloom and brighten it with the power of sympathy.

We may therefore confidently affirm that it is a character informed by principle, rather than one which has been drilled under dogmatic propositions, which yields the bloom and fruitfulness of spiritual growth.

It comes, further, as a persuasion to the intellectually sensitive and reverent mind that there is something better than having a dogmatic answer to the great perplexities of religion; something more potent and consoling than finality of religious belief, and an unvarying system of religious observances; that in place of this it is a true and inexhaustible possession to have a deep self-knowledge, an honorable humility, and a constantly renewed purpose of self-mastery, all interwoven with a regard for the welfare of other men, and a healthy interest in what has been and now is in the world.

Religion is not a concern of the intellect so much as a state of the emotions and an affair of character. For what is religion in its deepest significance but the surrender of the human spirit in worship and love of the Universal Being that transcends its own local being? And what, in its practical aspect, is religion but the ruling of all the thought and conduct of the individual by consideration for the good of society? May we not then speak of the aim of undogmatic religion as an endeavor to live at the centre of things, to lay under tribute to individual and social growth every province and order of activity and experience, to be unsatisfied except with the fullest knowledge, the largest inferences, and the most complete illustrations of life in Nature and in man?

While regarding the English Bible as the highest authority for us in respect of conduct, and an inspired commentary upon life; while delighting, too, in its wide range of interest, and the restfulness which it affords the afflicted mind; it is part of the undogmatic position to admit that these Scriptures are not the universal, and may not be the final, embodiment of inspiration or precept for spiritual ends.

It remains for us to consider undogmatic religion as it relates to the exercises and observances which are common to the profession of religion. All kinds of people have been influenced by such means of edification, but all have not been conspicuously edified. It is the ordinary experience of a large number of persons that public worship, prayer-meetings, and family worship are uninspiring and of no effect. It would, however, be irrational to urge that because acts of private devotion and the public services of the churches are not invariably what they are intended to be they should be given up. Yet, perhaps, with greater adaptability to changing circumstances and needs, they might have more spontaneity and truer unction. This ideal is a prompting of undogmatic religion, and while it lifts the religious man above the necessity of rigid attendance upon public worship, and the expedient of having

set times and forms for private devotion, it by no means constrains him to exclude himself from the use of such means. And it is not to be forgotten that the real function of public worship lies in its collective and social ends. The weak and the infirm may resort to the House of God for the satisfying of their individual needs, but the strong spiritual man must feel, beyond the sense of his own demands, an expansive sympathy working out toward all that may stimulate and confirm his fellow-worshippers.

There may be some who will say that the scheme of life, to which there is here given the loose title of Undogmatic Religion, is too ambitious; that such attempts can only result in vapid sentimentalism, and in substituting for practical regenerative effort an optimistic living in reverie. The danger is there we may admit, but one simple expedient is ever at hand for avoiding an enervated religion; this is to be instant on principle in responding to the duty that lies nearest; and there is one complete answer to the suspicion of an overleaping ambition; this is in the thought of the man who measures his ideal by the consequences which are expected to follow its embodiment, so as to determine if it has promise of keeping the life at the level of free, intelligent and deeply earnest movement.

It would be a poor depreciation of religious forms and ceremonies that had only indifference as its origin. Indifference is the root or sign of spiritual decline. But the motive of the life which has been here outlined is enlargement not dissipation, of religious force. It is not an irresponsible and irreverent objection to habits and methods without any regard to their temporary uses for a large number of people, but it is a grave and deep persuasion of the relativity of all prescriptions and institutions of religion. And as all the conceptions and ordinances of the religious community only prefigure, but do not fill out, the amplest measure of the spiritual potencies in man, so he who has ardor, insight, and tenacity may aim at fixing his being in roots of the widest and deepest spiritual consciousness.

What the disciple of the undogmatic spirit does, in fact, is to embody in his everyday life those ideas of the spiritual which most religious people only suffer to exist in the region of the imagination. For the central conviction of the undogmatic position makes man's relation to the world of spirit a fact of deep personal import of which all forms and ceremonies are but shadows. And is not this also implied in the teaching of the pulpit? So taking the general idea of a Personal, Omnipresent, Omnipotent Being, which is the accredited doctrine of orthodox religion, what the disciple of undogmatic religious interpretation does is to act upon the reality of the idea, making it a motor of conduct and a theme of perennial reflection.

Undogmatic religion, then, is not a mere haze of negational feeling; it has positive aims, only they are not fossilized objects of textual definition, but are living element of consciousness—a consciousness that is too various and potential to admit of minute or fixed descriptions; indeed, it is as man is in his whole nature, not a mechanism, but a growth, urged constantly to a fuller unfolding by the divine principle that pervades the universe.



## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN \*

—A little girl who has spent nearly all her life in the city, visited a farm last summer for the first time. On the day after her arrival, while exploring the barn, she frightened a hen from her nest in which were two eggs. She quickly seized upon the booty, and then, surprised at the warmth of the eggs, ran with one of them in each hand to her mother. "Look, mamma!" she cried, "there is a hen out in the barn that lays eggs already cooked."

—"Pa, what does that mean about that man being 'gathered to his fathers'?" "Why, my son, that means that he went to heaven." "And are his mothers all in the other place?"

—A small girl of five years had hair with a decided tendency to red. An uncle who was bald, remarked one day that if they got short of matches all they would have to do would be to pull out one of her hairs and use it. "All right, uncle," was the little one's reply, "you can talk so, 'cause you's only got a china top on your head."

—Mamma—That's a nice little boy you play marbles with, Bobby. Bobby—You becher! An' he's had the measles four times.

—Ethel, aged five, was learning to sew, and one day, after vainly trying to make the preliminary preparation with a needle and thread, she asked: "Mamma, don't they call the hole in a needle an eye?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well," continued the little miss, "I'll bet this old needle's cross-eyed."

—Mr. Kidder—Johnny, the angels brought you a baby brother last night. Little Johnny (whose nose is out of joint)—Huh! Wish I'd been awake. I'd have pounded the stuffin' out of them angels.

—"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector when catechizing the Sunday school. "A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating a self-evident truth.

—"Johnnie," said the teacher to one of the juvenile class, "in your composition on George Washington you say he cut down a cherry tree with a saw. Don't you know he chopped it down with a hatchet?" "Yes'm," replied Johnnie, "but I couldn't spell hatchet."

—"Oh, papa!" exclaimed little four-year-old Ned. "Look what a bright star!" "Yes," replied the father, "and it is three times as large as our earth." "Oh, no, it isn't," said Ned. "Why do you doubt it?" asked his father. "Because if it was it would keep the rain off."

—"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher of the juvenile class, "our lesson to-day tells us of the powers possessed by kings and queens. Can any one of you name a still greater power?" "Yes'm; I can," replied one little fellow. "What, Willie?" asked the teacher. "Aces," was the unexpected answer.

—Little four-year-old Harry was not feeling well and his father suggested that he might be taking the chickenpox, then prevalent. Harry went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning

came downstairs looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it is the chickenpox; I found a feather in the bed."

—Little five-year-old Nettie, who had been brought up in the city, was spending a few days in the country. "Grandma, what are those funny little green things?" she asked, as they were passing through the garden one day. "Why, those are peas," was the reply. "Peas!" exclaimed Nettie; "peas come in tin cans."

—The teacher was asking questions. Teachers are apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. This question was as follows: "Now, pupils, how many months have twenty-eight days?" "All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.

—"Mamma," said little Gertrude, "does God make the kittens and the puppies?" "Yes, my dear." "And the ponies and the little birdies?" "Yes; He makes every living thing that is beautiful and useful here on earth." Little Gertrude thought it all over and then said: "If He uses soft coal in His factories they must have the smoke nuisance up in heaven, too."

—Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you? Little Boy—Never. We have moral suasion at our school. Old Gentleman—What's that? Little Boy—Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all.

—Wee Hostess—Mamma, shall I invite Lucy Littnay to my party? Mamma—Certainly; she is the minister's daughter. "Do minister's daughters get invited everywhere?" "Always." "They has lots of fun, I s'pose. I wish my papa was a minister 'stead of a miserable sinner."

—Elsie was trying to eat a dessert of gelatine, and had some difficulty in conveying the quivering spoonful to her mouth. "Mamma," she said at length, "I don't b'leeve I like such nervous desserts."†

—During a recent small-pox scare, Harry's mother lighted some sulphur candles as a precaution against the dread disease. Some time afterward the boy was taken to a service of the Roman Catholic Church. "And, mamma," he said later when describing what he had seen, "they fumigated the minister."†

—Mr. W——, an officer in an Episcopal Church, informed his children "there would be no pies or puddings during Lent." Little Reginald, not pleased with the prospect, asked: "Papa, why can't we go to some other church while it's Lent?"†

—A little colored girl was gazing out of the window one day this winter when the snow was falling heavily. Her large brown eyes were thoughtful as she turned to her mother and said: "Mamma, our Sunday school teacher said we was made of dust." "Yes, honey, so we is." "Well, then, I s'pose God made white folks out of snow."†

\* Compiled from Contemporaries.

† Contributed to Current Literature.

## CHILD VERSE

*Prince Tatters.....Laura E. Richards.....St. Nicholas*

Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap!  
Over the hedge he threw it;  
Into the river it fell "kerslap!"  
Stupid old thing to do it!  
Now Mother may sigh and Nurse may fume  
For the gay little cap with its eagle plume.  
"One cannot be thinking all day of such matters!  
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat,  
Playing he did not need it!  
Left it right there, by the nanny-goat,  
"And nobody never seed it!"  
Now Mother and Nurse may search till night  
For the little new coat with its buttons bright;  
But—"Coat-sleeves or shirt-sleeves, how little it matters!  
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his ball!  
Rolled away down the street!  
Somebody'll have to find it, that's all,  
Before he can sleep or eat.  
Now raise the neighborhood, quickly, do!  
And send for the crier and constable too!  
"Trifles are trifles; but serious matters,  
They must be seen to," says little Prince Tatters.

*Polly's Pie.....Eleanor W. F. Bates.....The Outlook*

When Mary Ann was cooking once,  
Our Polly made a pie;  
She took some flour and water  
And some butter standing nigh;  
And then she took some sugar, 'cause  
She says she likes things sweet,  
And sprinkled on the rolling board  
All that she didn't eat.

She rolled it out a long, long time,  
With salt, a little bit;  
She dropped it four times on the floor,  
And once she stepped on it.  
She doesn't think pie plates made of tin  
Are pretty, so she took  
A small, red flower-pot saucer,  
Which was better for the cook.

She filled her pie with half a pear,  
Two raisins and a date;  
Then put it in the oven, and  
Forgot it till quite late.  
It was not burned, for Mary Ann  
Had taken care of that;  
So Polly gave a party to  
The chickens and the cat.

*A Boy's Confession.....Milton O. Nelson.....Rochester Post-Express*

Aunt Kate she said the other day,  
"Jim's nothin' but a boy," she said.  
That's jus' the way I heard her say  
As if she wisht all boys was dead.  
She ac' as if boys wasn't fit  
To be alive a little bit.

Pa, all the time he says: "Here James!  
Don't let me speak to you again!  
Don't call your little sister names!  
Don't tease the cat! Don't scare the hen!  
Now do be quiet if you can,  
An' ac' a little like a man."

Seems like they ain't no room fer me  
To move er make a bit of noise.  
I wisht Aunt Kate, I just wisht she  
Was more than forty-leven boys,  
All set up in a stiff back chair,  
An' made to stay all quiet there.

I din't go to sass Aunt Kate.  
"Shut up," was all I eyer said.  
An' Pa he turned an' made me skate  
Out of the room up here to bed.  
An' made me leave the table, too,  
Jus' when I wasn't half way through.

Ma she came up, an' she been here.  
I heard her creakin' up the stairs.  
She say to me: "I come, my dear,  
To tuck you in an' hear your prayers."  
An' then I choked an' cried boo! hoo!  
An' cried an' cried, an' Ma cried, too.

I'm sorry now I sassed Aunt Kate,  
An' hurt her feelin's like I do.  
'Cause Ma says she's been sick of late  
With nervous prostration, too.  
An' Pa was worried to-night  
'Cause the store business don't go right.

An' Ma she tell me I shall pray  
That I don't do them things again,  
An' God fergive me, which I say  
I ast fer Jesus sake amen.  
An' I fergive Aunt Kate an' Pa,  
An' everyone—an' love my Ma!

*When She Went Out to Tea.....Sydney Dayre.....Philadelphia Times*

"My little girl, I hope you tried  
Your very best to be  
Quite ladylike, and well behaved,  
When you were out at tea;

"And that you said: 'Yes, if you please,'  
When things were offered you;  
Or: 'No, I thank you,' quietly,  
Just as I told you to."

"Well, mamma dear, I smiled and said:  
'Yes, thank you,' so polite;  
And, 'If you please,' and sat up straight,  
And always acted right.

"I didn't say, 'No, thank you,' though,  
Because, mamma, you see,  
I wanted all they helped me to,  
When I went out to tea."

*God Help the Boy.....Nixon Waterman.....Poems*

God help the boy who never sees  
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,  
Nor hears the music of the breeze  
When zephyrs soft are blowing.  
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie  
Where clover blooms are thick and high,  
And hear the gentle murmur nigh  
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know  
Where all the woodland berries grow,  
Who never sees the forests glow  
When leaves are red and yellow.  
Whose childish feet can never stray.  
For such a hapless boy I say  
When nature does her charms display—  
God help the little fellow.

## AT THE THROTTLE: THE FREIGHT ENGINEER'S STORY\*

BY HERBERT ELLIOTT HAMBLÉN

On the day of which I speak, I had a heavy mixed train, among them being four cars of railroad iron, just about in the middle, and when my engine plunged into the tunnel I shut her off, for she would roll all too fast after that, and needed a few brakes set. It was early on a summer morning, and I knew the crew were apt to be asleep in the caboose, so I called for brakes to wake them up, but it didn't have the desired effect. I looked back as I came out of the tunnel and watched the cars following each other out until about half the train was through, then there came no more. I pulled out at once and blew the "broke in two" signal again and again, all the time watching back for the rear end of my train. They must have parted just on the crest of the mountain, and the rear section must have nearly stopped before it pitched over and concluded to follow us, for I opened out a good train length, and began to think that the crew must have got their end stopped, when they shot out of that tunnel like a comet, the railroad iron in the lead. Again I pulled out for dear life, and blew my signal—not a man was out on the train, and as it all came through, the caboose (a little four-wheeled affair) was flirited off the track by the whip-like motion of the train in straightening out, and flying through the air dropped into a river more than five hundred feet below.

Now I was in a tight box, not a living soul to set a brake on those cars, for the entire crew, head brakeman and all, went down to death in their caboose—a severe penalty, indeed, for their neglect of duty in going to sleep on the road; but one which thousands of railroad men have paid, and will continue to pay.

I told my fireman to close the firebox door again, and jump if he wanted to, "For," said I, "we shall probably never get to the bottom of this mountain." I knew that the chances were a hundred to one that somebody would be working in the freight-house track at that time of day with the switch open, and in that case I was bound to go in there and wreck the whole outfit, for I couldn't stop any more than a three-year-old child could stop an earthquake. He looked at the fast-flying telegraph poles and didn't dare to jump, so on we went, faster and faster, yet hardly fast enough; the old engine jumped and rolled so that we could hardly hang on to her; the coal was running out of each gangway in a steady stream, the lids of the tank-boxes flew open and tools and oil-cans marked our trail.

I shall never forget that wild ride down the mountain if I live to be a thousand years old. When she struck a reverse curve about two miles from the tunnel, the fireman was thrown clear through the cab window, and literally torn limb from limb as he came in contact with the ground. I thought she had left the track altogether, for she rolled almost over, hurling me across the cab and back

again, as she struck the reverse end of the curve, and came down on her wheels with a crash that shivered every pane of glass and loosened every bolt and joint in the cab, until it was like an old basket, and rolled around with every roll of the engine—a new source of danger to me, for if it left her, it must surely take me with it.

I grabbed the whistle cord again as soon as I was able to steady myself enough, and frantically blew the "broke in two" signal, hoping that it would warn any one who might be in the switch, that I was coming and couldn't stop.

I couldn't see ahead very well, for it seemed as if the wind was blowing a hurricane, and behind me I raised such a cloud of dust that I couldn't even see the rear car of the section I had. So I just hung on desperately, blew my warning signal, and watched the steam-gauge, and as the steam went down I pulled the throttle out a notch at a time, until at length I had her wide open, hooked up within a couple of notches of the centre, and the exhaust sounded like a continuous roar. And now I saw ahead of me a man in the middle of the track, languidly waving a red flag. Yes; it was all over with me now, the freight-house switch was open. Mechanically I again blew the signal; then realizing that I had not more than half a dozen more breaths to draw in this world, a kind of demoniac frenzy seemed to seize me—a desire to do all the damage possible with my dying breath, to annihilate everything from the face of the earth, as it were. Clutching the reverse lever with both hands I with difficulty unhooked her, and dropped her down a couple of notches, and as fast as she was going before, I felt her leap ahead under the impetus of the longer point of cut-off, and a fierce joy surged over me to think what a world-beater my wreck would be.

Looking ahead again, I saw that the flagman had dropped his flag, and was running at a breakneck speed for the switch. For a wonder they hadn't sent out the biggest dunce on the train to flag. He had sense enough on seeing me coming, and hearing my signal, to comprehend the situation, and wit enough to know the only right thing to do, which was more than I had any right to expect.

Once more coward hope rose in my breast. If he could get that switch closed, the absolute certainty of instant death at that point would be over—the chances were about one in a thousand. To spur him on, I again blew what then sounded to me like the despairing death shriek of the iron devil I rode, and to give him every second of time possible, I shut off my throttle, with the immediate result that the cars bumped up against the tender with a shock that nearly threw me over backward, but I hung on and watched that man eagerly as he flew with all the speed that was in him for that switch. What if he should stub his toe, as men so often do under like circumstances? It would mean death for me before I could close my eyes, and, even then, I remember thinking how fortunate it was for me, that owing to the proverbial laziness of flagmen, he

\* A selected reading from *The General Manager's Story*, by Herbert E. Hamblen. The Macmillan Co., N. Y., publishers; cloth, 8vo, \$1.50.



hadn't gone out as far as the rules required, but had stayed near the switch.

I saw him reach it, and stoop down, clutch the handle, and at the first effort fail to lift it out of the notch in which it lies when the switch is open; and then I swept by like a cyclone. He had got the switch closed just in the nick of time, and the rush of wind from the passing train hurled him down a fifty-foot embankment, bruising him and tearing his clothes, but doing him no serious injury.

What did the company do to reward him for his heroism in preventing a most disastrous wreck? What did they *do*? Let him off with a reprimand for not having been out a proper distance with his flag, and discharged him within thirty days for a repetition of the offense at the same place!

I saw in the siding the engine that I came so near hitting, and the engine and train crew out in the field, staring with blanched faces—one laggard just tumbling over the fence as I whirled by. I heard a crash, and looking back saw that the corner of the head car had rolled over far enough to break off the watercrane that stood alongside the track, resulting in a bad washout, before they could get the water shut off. I breathed much easier now, and it was with a light heart that I pulled up the lever again and gradually opened her out. I was running through a yard where the rules required me to reduce speed to six miles an hour, but a train going sixty-six could not have kept up with me. I now began to almost enjoy my ride, for the relaxation was so great after what I had passed through that it didn't seem as if there was any danger now.

There was a passenger station at the foot of the mountain, and looking at my watch I saw that a train was just about due there, so again I began to blow my signal to warn them to look out for themselves, for the station was on my side of the road, so that passengers and baggage had to cross my track. Yes, there she stood as I came in sight—a little three-car local. Again I blew to them to make sure that they understood what was going on, although I could see that the track ahead of me was clear, for the operator at the preceding station, with rare presence of mind, had telegraphed ahead that I was coming "broke in two," and fast as I went the message beat me, and though I couldn't hear it for the infernal roar and clatter, yet I saw, in answer to my own signal, two short puffs of white steam from the engine's whistle, which meant, "All right, come along!"

I was now down the mountain, thank heaven! and on level ground, but the rear section wasn't, and I hadn't the least idea how far it was behind me, so I kept the old girl waltzing as fast as I could—which wasn't very fast, as my steam was down to sixty pounds. I didn't dare get down and look at my fire, for fear of being killed in case the rear section caught me, which was now more imminent than ever, as while I was losing way on the level ground their speed would hardly be checked at all.

I now began to think seriously of jumping, and if I had it would probably have been the last of me, for the bank there was a rock fill formed by blasting out the high rock on the other side of the road. I was still going a good thirty-five or forty miles an hour, and besides I was so shaken up by that terri-

ble ride, and had undergone such a severe mental strain, that I was as weak as a rag, and lame and sore all over.

Suddenly rounding a curve I saw a man standing by the switch of a long siding, giving me a frantic "go ahead" signal. At that sight my spirits rose about 2,000 per cent., for I knew I was saved. Giving him an answering toot-toot I dropped my reverse lever down in the corner, and pulled her wide open to get as far from the rear section as possible, and give him all the chance I could to throw the switch, and get out of the way.

This siding itself was on a large curve, and I found before I had gone a quarter of its length that it was partly occupied by a number of loaded coal cars. Now here arose another new combination. There was going to be a wreck on that siding, and I might get caught in it yet, for if I didn't get far enough away from the point of collision, some of the cars would be apt to pile over on top of me, and then again if, in my haste to get out of the way, I got to the further switch at just the right time, they might be shoved out and ram me. You see, it frequently happens on the railroad that you have to think of several things at once, and not be very long about it, either; and the result of my rapid thinking on this occasion was that I had done enough toward saving the company's property for one day, and that now was a good time to look out for myself a bit.

I pulled her over and "plugged" her; but as my steam was low I concluded she would stop herself quicker shut off, so I shut her off, and while I was waiting for her to slow up enough to give me a chance to jump on the left side, the crash came.

There was a great smashing and grinding and piling up round the curve behind me; but where I was the cars merely ran together with a great ker-bump and rattling of links and pins, which I could hear continuing on round the curve ahead as the lost motion between the cars was violently taken up. After the noise stopped a bit I started to back up, when, remembering that in all probability the opposite track was blocked by the wreckage, I ran ahead instead to the next station, and notified the agent to hold all trains until further orders.

I then reported to the train dispatcher by wire, and he ordered me to cross over to the other track and run back to the wreck, find out how the tracks were, and report to him from this station, the agent keeping the track open for my return.

The agent, a bright, ambitious young fellow, who is now a division superintendent on the same road, helped me to fire up, and back I went. I found, as I had expected, that both tracks were blocked, the wrecked cars being piled in heaps, mixed and tangled with the railroad iron that had composed part of my train, while coal, flour, agricultural machinery, and all sorts of merchandise were scattered all over the ground.

All this property and four human lives were lost because the train crew took an early morning nap.

[The engineer's nerves being preyed upon by this and similar adventures, he asks to be transferred to conductor's post, and is assigned to duty.]

Shortly after this I was called on my day off to take out a special—a frequent occurrence, as the

land speculators were in the habit of giving free excursions occasionally to prospective purchasers. It was a hot day, and when I went ahead to speak to the engineer and see if he was ready, I noticed that he looked flushed and warm, but paid no attention, as it was quite natural that he should on such a day. We had a little talk concerning the trains and where we had better sidetrack, and it was agreed that we would not be able to make more than ten miles before we would have to take the switch for the first inward-bound train. When the passengers were all on, I gave the signal, and he pulled out with a jerk, slipping his drivers in a way that was irritating to an old engineer like myself. Before we were clear of the yard he was going at a forty-mile gait, and the cars were thumping over the frogs and switches at a great rate. I wondered what he was going so fast for, because we had plenty of time to get to the switch, and there was no possibility of our going any further. When we struck out into the open country the speed increased, until I remarked to the baggage-master that the engineer seemed to be in a devil of a hurry. Although I was not personally acquainted with the man, I knew that he was a regular freight runner, and should therefore have all the trains' times at his fingers' ends. I looked at my watch, made a rapid mental calculation, and decided that he was trying for the next siding, eight miles further along. If he kept up the gait that he was going—and it was an open question whether he could or not—he would reach the switch five minutes before the opposing train was due, which was not time enough; besides, a thousand and one things might happen to reduce his speed. And if the steam dropped five pounds it would knock him out. What could he be thinking of, I wondered. We were within an eighth of a mile of the near end of the siding, and I pulled the bell; but he passed the switch without slackening his speed, and paid not the slightest attention to my signal. I stepped into the smoker and pulled the air-valve wide open that set the Westinghouse brakes, and brought the train to a standstill just as the last car cleared the switch. I told the rear man to open the switch, so that we could back in, and jumped down on the ground to give the engineer the signal. As I came in sight of the cab he stuck his head out of the window, and shouted to me, in a thick, unsteady voice, which explained at once what the trouble was: "Say, did you pull the air on me? You ——" He called me everything but a decent white man. There was no time to blarney with him. I went back into the smoker and got the ventilator stick, which I concealed under my coat. I then told the head brakeman and baggage-master that the engineer was drunk, and I was going to take charge of the engine, and back the train in; and I told the brakeman to come with me, and look out for the engineer when I should get him out of the cab; and I told the baggage-master that I would blow three short whistles when I got control of the engine, in case I found that I was unable to relieve the brakes, and in that case he should crawl under the cars and bleed them off. I saw that neither of them relished the jobs that I had set them; and I knew that by many of the men I was regarded as an interloper

from the East, so there was a chance that they might be more than willing to see me stuck. However, this was a time for action, not words; so, calling to the brakeman to come on, I again jumped off, on the left side, and, shouting to the rear man to go back with his flag, I ran quickly ahead to the engine, where I could hear the engineer vainly attempting to release the brake, and cursing away to himself and the fireman as I stepped lightly up into the tender.

It is one of the unwritten laws of railroading that the conductor's authority ceases at the back end of the tender, and nobody had ever insisted on the rigid recognition of that law more firmly than I myself when I ran engines; so that I had every reason to expect anything but a pleasant reception. As I got up on the left side neither of them saw me at first. The fireman was sitting on his seat, watching the engineer and idly ringing the bell, while the engineer himself was just in the act of pulling the reverse lever over, to "take the slack," hoping, no doubt, to be able to start her in spite of the brakes.

I let him get her in the back motion, and then seizing him by both shoulders, I settled back with all my might, dragging him from the foot-board down on top of myself. He was a big, fat brute, and nearly squelched the breath out of my body as he fell on top of me, the wet coal splashing from under us, as when a barrel is dropped into the water. It cost me a couple of minutes' hard struggle to turn him over, but, having done so, I didn't hesitate to give him a rap with the ventilator stick, which quieted him at once. Then, stepping up in the cab, I found, to my great relief, that I was able to let the brakes off from there, the air-pump having had time to get the pressure up while I had been arranging matters with the engineer, so, telling the fireman to get off and close the switch after me, I backed the train in and called my head flag. By this time the engineer showed signs of returning consciousness, so I found a piece of bell-cord in the tank-box, and, calling on the baggage-master and brakeman, we tied him and put him in the baggage car. By that time the opposing train had passed, and I started the train. The fireman, who was not any too sober, here interfered, saying he wouldn't fire for "no brass-bound conductor!" My blood was pretty well up now, so I jumped down in the tank and argued with him for about three minutes in a manner that convinced him that his easiest way was to do whatever the "brass-bound conductor" told him to.

I stopped at the first telegraph office and sent back for an engineer. They sent me one, so that I only had to run the engine one way; but I was a sight for gods and men when I returned to the train. My coat was split up the back, and one sleeve torn entirely out. I was drenched from head to foot in the inky black water into which I had fallen in the tender, and had a bad cut in the back of my head, from which the blood had flowed copiously, contributing a variety to the otherwise sombre uniformity of my dirt.

The engineer was, of course, discharged, and the head brakeman, for having failed to assist me in capturing the engine, was jacked up for thirty days.



## AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

*A Vegetable Cannonball.....Meredith Nugent.....New York Ledger*

One cannot fail to be struck with admiration and astonishment, on looking at the section of a giant California tree, which has recently been placed on exhibition in the Central Park Museum of Natural History. I remember that the first time I saw it I was simply amazed. If that is just one slice of the tree, thought I, how grand the great monster must have looked with its towering height of three hundred and fifty-eight feet. Yet this great section, I must tell you, though sixty feet in circumference, was not cut from where the trunk was of greatest diameter, but from a point fifty feet above the ground, for at its base the big fellow measured ninety feet in circumference. Giant though he was, this king of the forest primeval, when compared with ordinary trees, was not nearly as much of a giant as the greatest flower in the world is compared to ordinary flowers. Just imagine a flower nine feet in circumference, and with petals so strong that a man can stand upon them! A very mammoth among flowers you may think, yet it is a flower that is frequently met with in the wilds of Africa. It has five large, fleshy petals surrounding a brilliant centre, and this centre, encircled as it is with a wide, high brim, would make a bathtub quite large enough for a child. Now, as wonderful as these giants are, there are still others fully as wonderful, if not more so, and some of them may be found among the grasses. When we walk in the fields on a fine summer day, through grass that is knee-high, we are apt to remark that "it is a fine crop of grass," and when we meet with some shoulder high we consider it exceptionally tall. In India, though, there is a species of grass, called Dab grass, which not only reaches above the heads of the tallest men, but would do so even if they were giants. Goliath or the Cyclops could not have looked over a field of this grass even if they had stood on tiptoe, for it grows to a height of fourteen feet. As tall as this Dab grass is, it is very far from being the tallest grass in the world. What would you think of a grass four times as tall? And yet such grass may be found in the Indian forests. True, when this grass grows up among the trees, the overhanging boughs furnish it support, for this grass has the added faculty of climbing. Perhaps you will now be ready to believe that this grass must surely be the tallest grass in the world, but no; it is not. Prepare yourselves to hear that there is another species still taller, and very much taller, for it grows to the prodigious height of a hundred feet! It is called the giant bamboo, and is the tallest grass in the world.

In our own country, however, grows a giant which goes ahead of them all. It is not as tall as some of the foreign giants, to be sure, but it can do what none of the foreign giants can do—it can travel, for every fall it makes itself highly conspicuous by the Yankee-like rapidity with which it goes scouring across the country. It partakes of the truly American spirit of going ahead of any and everything. Sailing before a good wind, it can outsail the fastest yacht—yes, and travel, too, faster than the speediest railroad train. This American production

grows on our Western prairies, and bears the very un-American name of Jericho weed. In appearance it is a great globular mass of tangled vegetation, sometimes so large that its diameter is the height of a man. During the spring and summer it behaves very much as other plants do, with the exception that it grows much more rapidly than do the surrounding weeds, but, like them, it is firmly rooted in the ground, and also it does not travel at all during that period. When the fall comes, however, and the work of growing is done, then the Jericho weed is all ready to start off on its wild wanderings, and wild wanderings they are, too—a sort of vegetable cowboy spree. With the first breath of autumn the great weed dries up. This does not cause the least shrinkage in size, but, with the evaporation of the sap, it becomes lightness itself. At the same time it loosens from the soil and for a while is blown hither and thither by every varying breeze.

With the arrival of the first great windstorm, however, the Jericho weed seems to undergo a transformation. It gathers up in balls and masses. Then it becomes, as it were, a part of the elements. It bounds along in advance of the oncoming gale, and fairly leaps across the plains. It spreads along in most reckless fashion, a huge vegetable cannonball. Onward it goes in its mad career, now whirling along through clouds of dust, now vaulting high into the air, sweeping along in riotous inebriation, with its ragged ends swishing the storm in perfect fury.

At the approach of these wild, uproarious fellows the beasts of the field become terror-stricken. They flee in all directions for safety and, with a mad despair born of impending disaster, seek any shelter that offers refuge from the whirling advance guards of the dreaded cyclone.

*Noon in an English Forest.....London Speaker*

The dawn rose dim and wet on the hills, cleared, and grew white, and, while the dark left the east with faint stars and low rosy moon, filled all the land with a meek light that seemed to peer in doubt round the black hollows of the wood where night is ever most deep. Day advanced, and the cool green meadows dried in the heat. In so bright a sun, the very air shines with white visible waves like a rippled stream. The children left the fields and sang in the long morning all through the cool, still, and solemn woods; and the butterfly alone flew amid the grasses and young plants upon the plain. Almost the glory of noon settled round the golden furze, the plumage of the goldfinch, and the blossoms of moist-purple vetch below them. The mailed tiger-beetle crept through the grass with a train of lesser insects, green, gold and vermilion, with many living stars of gules and azure. Slowly, with the last melody of the lark, with the dropping of the moon below the pines and the low wash of morning waves that die finally in reeds and moss, the land glows in a wide delight. The air trembles, but without wind; the wild pines mutter now and then among the hills; the surface of the water shakes sometimes and scatters the steady sunlight;



the summit of the wide wood heaves with an immense and heavy motion like the sea. Mounded masses of rhododendron, looking toward a pool, find their rose reflected in a mirror that dims and softens and causes them to hang visibly in peaceful shadow as deep as to where even the full lily throws no image on the sands. Not a warbler pipes in the dense whitethorns, not a nightingale in the hazels. There is such silence that the puissant lips of summer sleep, or seem to sleep, over the wildernesses of interminable hill and wood and meadow and wide water, and only murmur heavily and voluptuously at slow returning intervals with memory or hope or dream. Yet the lips do no more than pause, and that with impassioned trembling. Every moment promises an outburst from the tense soul. It is a high and portentous sleep. And the immortals have descended to the earth; that glow of light, or scroll of cloud, dwells no longer in the sky, which at dawn struck the soul like a finger lifted in tacit appeal, or at wild windy sunset rode awfully on the hills.

Every form, whether of tree or cliff or cloud, is softened and smoothed, and at last blended with its surroundings into a mystery and a vague, grateful doubt; every hue is dimmed; and the landscape melts into one harmony under the magic touch of the summer air. The bright gorse itself is dulled by a mist of quick tiny wings. But upon the oak-wooded hills half a league distant this magic of the atmosphere has worked its most wonderful charm. The broken ridges of the hills that rise with a dense roof of oak trees into the northern sky have lost all the wildness of their outline, and flow into the low masses of the clouds. Once the dark trees rose horribly with sierras of tall and pointed boughs or, where a pine broke their squares, with free dusky locks; and all shook and roared forever. Against the white heavens of dawn, their figures towered supremely to join their limbs and wandering hair with the black rack or burning mist. As I penetrated a grassy and peaceful gorge, the oaks grew suddenly into the sky overhead, in blackness more terrible, in shapes more fantastic, than the midnight clouds that troop along the horizon, low and slow and ominous. No bird was there, no flower; not a child strayed in the cool gloom. The old boughs rasped and bent, singing like the clatter of spears, the shock of ponderous steel, and the tumbling of helmets or broken shields; the bulls on a thousand hills seemed to meet there in the ruin of a mighty onset. But now the ridge does not alter so much as upon a calm August noon the sea-line shifts at the horizon. Nor do the boughs murmur; for the thick folds of the ivy upon them seem to hang more close and heavy than before, muffling all sound or stir, soothing the stormy branches, hiding their broken age, and even adorning with winterless green the decay and ruin of the ancient boles. The little flowers twine about their grim bulk; the birds build in them, and sing or rove among their shadow.

Without mist, or at least without mist that is visible in the most spacious halls of the gladed woods, the magic that is in the summer air (that same which awakens the rose, wreathes and colors the cloud, whitens the white daisy) changes the enormous pile of the wood into an aerial cloud,

heavy, indeed, and still dark, but mingling on an equality with the rosy ranks that pace the horizon. And not only does the forest ascend to add its peaked and turreted ridges with those of cloudland, but their hue, their very substance as it seems, is changed. The oak leaves, being still young, are of a pale wet green and delicately rose in places; the hawthorns that embroider the woodland are as pale, and often white with flowers or hoary with their remembrance; and, seen through half a league of the warm noon air, all are touched, impregnated through and through, with a dense blue cloud. Every fantasy of feature and diversity of color is absorbed and lost in this delicate but impenetrable haze. I cannot see where the woods end or sky begins. The clouds themselves are cloaked, like the forest, in mist. At such a distance, the whole ridge is like nothing so much as the still ranges of heavy dark-blue cloud that lodge in the low west long after a windless sunset, and out of which, while they tower in stupendous silhouette, the first stars rise as out of waters. Nor are the woods less aerial than these, less calm and dark, nor less solemn and mysterious in their solemnity. That curtain of visible air, that hangs so constantly and will not be withdrawn till moonrise, hides more than the well-known woods, more even than the innumerable voices, living or airy, that wandered through them as I roved there, too; more than the glory of the open glades and gloom of the columned clumps. It is now, when they are thus inaccessible from distance and impenetrable from dimness, that dreams are woven in the woods. I know that there, in the melodious and many-shadowed lawns that often break the gloom of the forest, nightingale and lark mingle their twilight music, thickets murmur, and mild waters beat upon bright pebbles and singing reeds. I know, too, of the eternal twilight of the woods, their multitudinous forms, their voices and oracular silences; of their noons, equally silent and dusky, prolonging the gloom of the dawn, dim also and magical in the shadows of trees that are themselves like shadows. Beyond these I cannot reach, more than these distance and mist hide from the eyes at least; but love, and the memory of many a woodland noon or dusk, people the walks with shapes and fill the air between the valley and the sky with voices. These are what the dark blue air cannot hide. It rather multiplies them by its glamor, its inscrutability. The haze is of the same stuff as this visionary concourse. Both melt and gather with the rising and setting of the sun. Both know the rolling of the constellations, flying voices, and shadows of night; but the haze knows them at their birth only, the other in their prime and fullness. Hesperus at sunset sees the one waning from the hills; and high Cassiopeia reigns while the other fills the forest, passing and repassing with melody and delicious motion. They are shapes that from all time have moved and shone and sang in the wild woods. "What men or gods," cried Keats, when he saw them, no longer transient imaginings, but fixed immortally upon the Grecian urn by love and genius—

"What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?  
What mad pursuit? what struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? what wild ecstasy?"

But how rare are the precious hours when they present themselves in such clear relief upon the background of a calm, pure, and unpreoccupied mind!

But there is promise, in the mellow and liquid green of the actual leaves, of all the miracle that distance accomplishes. The leaves tremble like placid waters which, shaken suddenly, are about to find their placidity again; about to find it, no more; for the woods seem now never to attain perfect immobility, but a calm infinitely greater, as when harsh seas abate. In crossing the threshold—a boundless, lonely meadow of deepest grass, daisies, and a myriad bees humming near humming streams—pause before entering the woods. Their power is arrogated at once. Burning, not gorgeous, leaves without; vague, vast glooms receding immeasurably within. The forest impresses the whole meadow. Actual shadows almost meet across the friths of sward that retreat into the wood; but the melancholy gloom, or rather the spiritual tempering of the light, extends farther than the shadows. The woodland, as it were, puts forth an arm and asserts its old prerogative over the land. Nothing escapes it. A cottage under the woods, even at some distance, is mastered by them—an awe, a power, a tyranny of the great woods. In this they are like the ocean, never to be quite chained and overcome; and in wild seasons they burst all bounds; their dominion passes the limit of tide or of artificial confine. Nor is it necessary to await the night, or storm, or some unusual display of wildness. The stillest hours have it; the white, cold dawn, when the woods are losing the voices of night and assuming the voices of day; and the warm noon when, as now, all things are at pause. Surely the depth of waters is not less potent and mysterious because it is clear and calm, or a draught less magical because bright and transparent? The vast, dark, and sonorous colonnades are still, but only as a harp laid aside. They await the midnight and the moonrise.

*An Arboreal Giant.....Emma V. Triepel.....Popular Science News*

Hundreds of visitors to our National Capitol pause daily to inspect a tall tower-like structure in the park near the main building of the Agriculture Department. This is the shell of a section from a gigantic redwood tree, which traveled from California to Chicago for the Columbian Exposition and was afterward taken to Washington. The network of crevices in its surface indicates the joining together of the parts into which it was subdivided for shipment. A doorway has been cut in its side, and within an iron staircase leads upward from the marble floor to a landing considerably below the dormer windows in the roof. This section was taken from the tree about twenty feet above the base, which was twenty-six feet in diameter and eighty-one and a half feet in circumference. After being hollowed out and subdivided into sections, weighing about four tons each, it was hauled a distance of sixty miles over a rough mountain road on heavy trucks, constructed for the purpose, by teams of sixteen mules each, and eleven cars were required to transport the forty-six pieces from Monson, Cal., to Chicago; the total cost of cutting, shipping and installing it in its position being \$10,475.

The species to which this tree belongs was first discovered in 1852, and is limited in range to small groves, on the mountains of California, several thousand feet above the sea level. The foliage resembles cedar, and the wood is extremely heavy when green, especially near the base.

This tree was selected for exhibition on account of its symmetry and soundness, for, although 300 feet high, it was smaller than others of its species. In Mariposa Grove may be found the Grizzly Giant, thirty-three feet, and Wanona, twenty-eight feet in diameter, while in Calaveras Grove, a pavilion has been built upon the stump of a tree ninety-two feet in circumference. Few perfect specimens exist, some being irregular in form or decayed, while others have been injured by lightning, wind or fire, and the species seem destined to gradually become extinct, although the Government by making a reservation of the Sequoia Park, which embraces all the lands upon which these giant trees flourish, and by prohibiting their cutting, has done its utmost to relegate to Nature their final destruction. And a like reservation should be made of the Arizona petrified-forest area.

*A Ponderous Flower.....W. Whitman Bailey.....Providence Journal*

Among the marvelous plants that the last century has made known none is more remarkable than the huge parasite *Rafflesia*. It derives its name from Sir Stamford Raffles, who, in 1818, was Governor of Beneoleen, in Sumatra. He was at one time on a tour of the island accompanied by Lady Raffles. Dr. Arnold and quite a party of Europeans and natives. Suddenly they alighted upon a flower of prodigious size and repulsive odor, more than a yard across, and weighing fifteen pounds. Its color was a light orange, mottled with yellowish white, the whole thing livid and visited by carrion insects. Later investigations showed the plant to consist of flower alone, directly parasitic on a species of *Cissus*. It never has stem or leaves of its own. The famous Robert Brown bestowed the name on the plant *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, commemorating thus the titles of both discoverers. Several species are now known, differing much in size, but little in essentials. Their entire growth occupies but a few months. They first appear as knob-like protuberances protruding from the bark of various species of *Cissus*. The flowers remain expanded only a few days, then becoming a disgusting mass of putridity. As in the similar case of one well-known carrion flower, the insects, attracted by the odor, also assist in the pollination. These parasites flower at a different time from the host plants, thus making their own blossoms more prominent. They have been cultivated in various botanic gardens, especially in the East.

This plant is among the giant flowers ranking in size with the great water lily of the Amazons, and with some of the huge tropical aroids. A pea-flower in Trinidad is said to be several feet in length, its banner or upper petal being alone one foot long. The range from these titans to the almost invisible flower of water star-wort is tremendous, but the little is fashioned as carefully as the great. Nature leaves no corner unfinished, for the reason that it is minute.



## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*Belgian Draft Dogs.....Harvey Johnson.....U. S. Consular Reports*

The dog generally in use varies in size and color, but in probably the majority of cases he is, when standing, about two feet high, of a dark-gray or dark-brown color, has short hair, and the tail cut. In addition to his work as a draft animal, he is a faithful guardian of his master's home. The price naturally depends upon the size, health and age. A well-kept dog, two years old, two feet high, trained and ready for work, will sell for \$18 or \$20. The same animal at the age of six or seven years, will not bring more than \$8 or \$10.

In the cities and towns, when employed by butchers, bakers, laundries, etc., to draw their delivery carts, one dog is often used, and is harnessed under the cart. The cart is provided with two handles, like those of a wheelbarrow, which are held by a boy, the boy thus guiding the cart through the narrow streets while the dog pulls. In case of need, the boy assists by pushing the cart as he would a wheelbarrow. Sometimes two dogs are placed under the cart, but not more. The highest utility is attained where two, three, four, or five are harnessed abreast and placed in front of the cart, which they draw just as horses. It is in this way that the peasants come to town with their vegetables and flowers in the morning, and in this way they return in the afternoon, seated in their carts, happy and smiling when they have been able to sell their loads; and in this contentment the dogs seem to join, as they move briskly along, with their steady, easy trot, toward home. A team of three or four of these dogs can draw 500 or 600 pounds for several hours. The average working life of this faithful animal is said to be about ten years.

*The Loss of the First Born.....London Spectator*

She was his latest bride, the joy of his great heart as well as the flower of his goodly flock. And as he swept proudly through the foaming sea, with her graceful form gliding sinuously by his side, at the head of the mighty school in all the exultation of his overlordship of those Titans, he often sprang clear into the bright air in the fullness of his gigantic life and measureless delight of living it. After having in this way somewhat quieted his exuberant spirits, he swam sedately enough by the side of his favorite again, and resumed the serious conversation they had been having. He told her they would arrive at the island to-morrow, and she would then see what a sweet spot he had selected for the birth-place of their first-born. There was deep water right up to the edge of the widespreading reef. Shallow winding channels, that only sagacious whales, humpbacks like themselves, could find or thread amid the incessant rolling of the enormous breakers, led into a spacious lagoon behind, where there was no greater depth than six fathoms. The floor of those quiet quarters was delightfully jagged, so that she would be able easily to chafe off every last barnacle and limpet from the lovely folds of her charming breast. As for food, the place was alive with tender young squid and sea-slugs, all fat and juicy. And as he spoke he caressed her lovingly with his fifteen-foot fin that spread like a wing from

the broad expanse of his side, while she gazed up at him affectionately out of the corner of her tiny eye.

When she instinctively expressed her fear of the ever-vigilant sharks who love nothing better than a tender young calf, he comforted her by an assurance that there was little need to fear them there. If a stray one should come prowling round she was to attack him at once, as he would almost certainly be alone. Then his voice took a graver tone as his wound reminded him of the greatest danger of all, and one of which she had no experience. He told her how to some of the quiet haunts of their people came occasionally white things, with long thin legs, walking on top of the water. They were not nearly as big as a whale, but there seemed to be smaller living things in them that were awful and dangerous. They bit with long sharp teeth, they had arms hundreds of feet long, and they knew no pity even for languid mother and new-born calf. They had killed vast numbers of the whale-folk, and the thought of his escape from them made him ache with fright, though it was so many years ago. But, happily, they could not come everywhere, and he had chosen this shelter for her because it was barred against them.

Even as he spoke, the school swept into sight of a vast barrier of coral, and, settling down many fathoms, they skirted its base rooted in the eternal buttresses of the world. Grand and awful was the view, but they heeded it not, being on business bent, with no admiration to waste on the gorgeous scene or appreciation of the untellable marvels of the deep; matters of every day with them. Presently they rose near enough to the surface to hear the awful roar of the league-long line of resistless breakers overhead, and, turning with them, followed their lord and leader into one of the channels he had spoken of. It wound its tortuous way for a couple of miles through the great reef, the stillness of the placid shallows strangely disturbed by the roaring return of the displaced water as the troop of leviathans paddled gently through its intricacies. At length they emerged into a wide lagoon bounded on one side by towering masses of black rock rising tier upon tier for over two thousand feet. In every other direction the sea raised a rampart of dazzling foam, which seemed never to subside for one moment, or reveal even a remote chance of entry.

For the next two days they stayed with her, exploring every corner, finding it truly, as the Master had said, a place of ten thousand for a refuge from all enemies. At last, when the patient mother-to-be had settled upon a shady pool beneath a huge overhanging crag as her favorite spot, they all bade her farewell, formed into line, and departed, leaving her to the unfailing ministrations of the good Nurse Nature, with a promise to return again in about ten days.

On the second day of her loneliness a little son was born to her, a pretty, frolicsome creature about eight feet long, his tender, shining dark skin elegantly mottled with splashes of gray, while the tiny furrows of his belly were white as curd. And the proud mother lolled in her cool corner feeding her



babe from her bounteous breast feeling supremely happy. He was a very well-spring of joy to her, every move of his lithe young body, every puff from his tiny spiracle, giving a new pang of delight. Nor did anything harmful come near. But she never relaxed her vigilant watch; not the faint splash of a gannet after a fleeting flying-fish but sent a shudder of apprehensive energy through her mighty frame.

For one blissful week there was perfect peace. Then came a morning when the glorious blue sky grew gray and greasy, then black as soot. A death-like silence fell. The harmless fish and other denizens of the reef crept into crevices of the coral and all the birds fled wailing away. She was filled with an indefinable dread, a loneliness unfelt before stirred every fibre with fear. Moving uneasily about the restricted area of her shelter, her calf clutched closely under her fin, she saw spear after spear of crimson flame cleave the swart heavens, while immense boulders of red-hot rock fell in a hurtling hail around her. A seething torrent of molten lava amid a dense fog of steam, fell with a deafening hiss into the sea. Desperately she sought to descend, but forgetting the bottom so near, dealt herself a fearful blow. Then, in frantic fear for her youngling, she rushed, holding him closer to her breast around the barrier, seeking the passage through which they had entered. Almost exhausted with her exertions, she found it, fled along its windings with the rock heaving and groaning around her, and at last plunged exultantly through the boiling breakers down, down into peace. But unsatisfied, still she toiled on to leave that accursed place far behind, nor rested except to breathe her offspring until she was a hundred miles away.

Then, secure from that terror, she took her ease, thinking, poor mother, that all danger was past. But, alas! for her hopes! A grim, silent shadow shot past as she lay basking on her side, her calf lazily sucking. Startled into sudden activity, she sprang forward her full length, swiftly sweeping her wide fins back and forth in search of her infant. Again that dark form flew past her side, bearing away on the projecting sword from its head the body of her first-born writhing in sudden death.

*An Intelligent Parrot.....Olive Davis Brigham, for Current Literature*

Our family is the happy possessor of a wise and traveled parrot by the name of Beauty. He is the real African gray, as he was born in the "Dark Continent." We know but little of his early history, except the fact that in his youth he must have seen much of the world and much of human nature; as he came to us from Washington, where he had been owned by an officer in the navy.

This man, much to his sorrow, was compelled to sell Beauty, because once, in a drunken fit, he struck at the bird with his cane, and from that time he could not enter the room where the bird was without the parrot's setting up a continuous screaming. This all occurred a number of years ago, but is rather necessary as an explanation, and proof of the veracity of the following incident; and of the length of a parrot's memory.

One summer evening we were seated on the piazza of our house. It was twilight, and Beauty

whose cage had been moved out upon the lawn, was whistling a merry accompaniment to our chat.

My mother had just returned from a neighbor's, who had been taken suddenly ill, and to whom she had carried some whisky. She had the bottle still in her hand, and its contents were gently lapping the sides of the bottle.

The movement of the liquid must have reached Beaut's keen ears, and brought back to his mind old familiar scenes, for suddenly his strange behavior attracted our notice, and, looking, we beheld our usually model bird staggering about the cage like a drunken man, and rattling off the most maudlin talk imaginable. First, we hardly realized what possessed the parrot, then my mother bethought herself of the liquid in her hand, and, holding the bottle up to the cage, said, "Do you want some whisky, Beaut?" "Bet yer life," the parrot replied in a voice as prompt and as distinct as a man's.

Surely Beauty's actions in this incident prove very clearly that the habits of his former master were imprinted most vividly upon his memory, even after years of separation.

*Horses in History.....London Standard*

It is hard to say with any near approach to accuracy how long the horse has been a domesticated animal. We can only say that he has been so from time immemorial—that is, from the earliest times of which we have any records. The Assyrian sculptures—and they are about the most ancient of which we know anything, for some of them are estimated to date from 4200 B. C.—contain more representations of caparisoned horses than even men. Still, we do not get any examples of favorite horses until a long time after this.

Even the first examples, indeed, are only legendary, for, though there is no doubt that Hector of Troy existed, it is not improbable that Homer invented the names of his three favorite horses, Poderge, the cream-colored Galathea and the fiery Ethon. But the horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, is an individual as historically real as his master. This famous horse was, says Plutarch, offered to Philip for 13 talents (about £2,518), but he displayed so much viciousness that Alexander's father was about to send him away when the young prince offered to tame him. He agreed, in the event of failure, to forfeit the price of the horse and began by turning his head to the sun, as he observed that the horse was frightened at his own shadow. In the end he completely tamed him—so completely, indeed, that Bucephalus, though he would permit nobody except Alexander to mount him, always knelt down for that purpose to his master. He died at the age of thirty, and his master built as his mausoleum the city of Bucephala.

Readers of Macaulay will remember the famous black Auster, the horse of Herminius, and the dark gray charger of Mamilius, whose sudden appearance in the city of Tusculum without his master brought the news of the defeat of the allies at Lake Regillus. Connected with that battle, too, were the horses of the great "twin brethren," Castor and Pollux, coal black, with white legs and tails. But those are legendary. Not so, however, the well-known horse of Caligula, Incitatus. This animal had

a stable of marble; his stall was of ivory, his clothing of purple and his halters stiff with gems. He had a set of golden plates and was presented with a palace, furniture and slaves complete, in order that guests invited in his name should be properly entertained. His diet was the most costly that could be imagined, the finest grapes that Asia could provide being reserved for him. Verus, another Roman emperor about a century later, treated his horse almost as extravagantly. He fed him with raisins and almonds with his own hands, and when he died erected a statue of gold to him, while all the dignitaries of the empire attended the funeral.

As we come to later times, so we get more examples of favorite horses. William the Conqueror had one which he rode at the battle of Hastings, about which almost everything seems to be known except his name. He was of huge size and was a present from King Alfonso of Spain—"such a gift as a prince might give and a prince receive." This gallant horse, however, did not survive the battle, for Gyrth, Harold's butcher, "clove him with a bill, and he died." Richard I.'s horse was called Maleck, and was jet black. He bore his master through the holy war and arrived in England before him; in fact, he survived the King several years. The second Richard, too, had a favorite horse, called Roan Barbary, which was supposed to be the finest horse in Europe at that time, and it was on Roan Barbary that the young King was mounted when the incident wherein Wat Tyler was stabbed by the Mayor of Walworth took place.

About a century later we get the Wars of the Roses, and in the many battles of that civil disturbance a couple of horses played important parts. These belonged to the great Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker. His first was Maleck, a beautiful gray, which he rode at the battle of Towton. It was this horse whose death turned the fortunes of the battle, for Warwick, seeing that his men were giving ground, deliberately sprang from his favorite horse and killed him. Then his men knew that the kingmaker was prepared to conquer, but not to fly. They rallied and finally won the battle.

There were two horses belonging to highwaymen which were famous in their time. One of them belonged to the celebrated knight of the road, Paul Clifford. He was called Robin and was Irish. In color iron gray, he was reputed by judges of horseflesh—and there were some who were quite as competent to give an opinion, if not more so, as any of the present day—to be absolutely without blemish and to be second to none. Another famous horse, or rather mare, was Black Bess. Her owner, Dick Turpin, or, to give him his correct name, Nicks, committed a robbery in London at four o'clock in the morning, and, fearing discovery, made for Gravesend, ferried across the river and appeared at the bowling green in York the same evening, having accomplished his ride of 300 miles in sixteen hours on one horse. At least, so says the legend, and this is certain—that on his trial he was acquitted, the jury considering it impossible that he could have got to York in the time.

*An Eagle and Its Freedom.....Whittier (Cal.) Register*

There was an interested crowd before a large glass front. Everybody that came along stopped

either to make inquiries or elbowed in toward the window to see what the attraction was. Inside was a magnificent white-headed eagle. There was a chain from its right foot to a huge piece of iron, some water in a pan, an untouched piece of fish, a few sods, and a card with the words "For Sale."

The big bird's wings drooped on either side to its feet. Its eyes were glazed and dim-looking. It opened and shut them now and then, but never once turned them to the jostling, noisy crowd that stood just outside the glass. There were no marks of violence to be seen, but the dull, pathetic eyes, the drooping wings, the soiled white about the head, and the ruffled feathers over the body showed that the captive had been in chains much longer than it had been in the window.

One of the crowd in the street was a sturdy young farmer who had come into town early that morning. He had pushed his way to the front and stood looking in silence for a long time at the great helpless bird. He was sure he had seen it before. It had been captured he learned from what some of the crowd said, in the country from which he had come. That settled it—it was the same bird!

He had seen it on the mountain where he sometimes had hunted for a stray sheep. He knew the big pine in the top of which it had its nest. He had noted it soar majestically and free above him as he worked in the valley, and had seen it sit motionless for hours on the top of some tall, distant ranpike. Now and then he had had a suspicion that it had carried off an occasional lamb, and had more than once tried to shoot the bird, but had never succeeded in getting near enough.

The young farmer elbowed his way along the window to the door of the store. Then he went in. "What d'ye want for that bird?" he said. "I'd like to buy 'im."

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Very well; I'll take 'im."

He paid over the money, and the bird was handed out to him.

The crowd at the window watched eagerly as the farmer came out with the big eagle under his arm, and went straight across the street to where a ladder leaned against a billboard that was some ten or twelve feet high. At the foot of the ladder he stopped and took the chain from the bird's leg; then he went slowly up and placed his old friend—or enemy, he was not sure which, but no difference—on the top of the billboard, and came down.

The great bird had been a prisoner so long that it seemed for a time to have forgotten how to be free. It sat for a while as it had sat in the window. But gradually it came to itself. It lifted first one drooping wing and tucked it closely to its side, then the other. It raised itself slowly to its full height, and stretched out its great head toward the sky. The dullness went out of the eyes, and a fierce new light flashed in; then, nervously stretching out its huge pinions on either side and taking a step or two forward, it rose with a hoarse scream and swept out toward the sun. A burst of applause from the crowd met the farmer as he recrossed the street.

"I had seen him on the mountain," he said, "and I couldn't bear to see him there." He pointed to the window; then, in a moment he was gone.



## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*Early Golf in America.....The Golfer*

The date of the first game of golf in America is a matter of doubt. All sorts of conjectures have been hazarded, but up to this time no real facts brought forth as to the status of the game here before the sixties.

Some time ago we told the story of the first recorded game in America. It was played in Franklin Park, Boston, over about the same ground included in the present public links. It was a rough and ready four-ball match of ten holes of more or less difficulty, and was won by George Wright, of Boston, with a score of sixty-eight, a card so far ahead of all others that the performance was considered, of necessity, to indicate promising skill at the game. We remember distinctly the curious scrutiny which we gave the clubs used on that occasion. They were considered strange implements, indeed. After this story had been detailed in our pages, we were informed that a Mr. Betts, of the St. George Cricket Club, Staten Island, had played a game, with clubs which he had brought over from Scotland, in 1863.

Now and again, we run across stray paragraphs referring in vague ways to American golf matters of the last century. Occasionally, word is set afloat, to drift from paper to paper, of golf played in America during the Revolution. This derelict item of many forms, usually refers in a dim way to some hazy record of golf during the Revolution—played by British officers, we assume, as the condition of the Americans at that time would hardly allow them to indulge in luxuries. Such statements, however, are not to be taken seriously until backed by more of fact.

Now, however, we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers evidence of American golf early in the present century. Through the interested kindness of George B. Hillman, Esq., of Wilkesbarre, Pa., we are enabled to place before our readers a reproduction of a card of invitation issued by the Golf Club of Savannah, Ga., December 31, 1811.

### Golf Club Ball.

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*The honor of Miss Eliza Johnston's company is requested to a Ball, to be given by the Members of the Golf Club, of this City, at the Exchange, on Tuesday Evening, the 31st instant, at 7 o'clock.*

GEORGE WOODRUFF,  
ROBERT MACKAY,  
JOHN CAIG, } MANAGERS.  
JAMES DICKSON,

GEORGE HOGARTH, Treasurer.

*Savannah, 20th December, 1811.*

If we believe that "where there's fire there's smoke," then we will believe that there must have been golf where they had an organized golf club in Savannah in 1811. This old invitation is certainly a unique golf treasure. Besides being of value in itself, it may assist us to trace the date of the first golf play

in this country. The original invitation is now the property of Mrs. H. M. Beck, of Wilkesbarre. She is the great-granddaughter of the Miss Johnston to whom the invitation was sent.

We shall continue our researches in this direction, and ask the assistance of our readers in unearthing the early history of the game on this side. Golf is now of much importance in America; there are so many playing the game and benefiting thereby that any light on this matter would be of national interest.

*My Fight with a Catamount .....Allen French.....Youth's Companion*

My guide, Alaric, and I had gone in after moose to the country beyond Mud Brook, in Maine. There its watershed between the east branch and the west is cut up into valleys, in one or another of which a herd of moose, in winter, generally takes up quarters. It was not yet yarding-time, for the snow was still only about four inches deep, making it just right for the moose-hunter who is at the same time a sportsman.

Our task was a slow one; we had to examine each valley for moose-tracks, tramping up one side and down the other, or, as we usually managed it, separating at the valley's mouth, each taking a side, meeting at the end and then, if unsuccessful, taking the quickest way back to camp. And unsuccessful we were, since for three days we found no trail. But Alaric was not in the least discouraged.

"You can never tell about moose," he said; "they travel so. There were moose in this country before the snow, and there are moose within a day's walk of us now. It's just as I told you, we may have to spend five days in finding where they are."

It was on the second day that we found that, while after moose, we had been tracked by a catamount. The print of its paw was generously large.

"I've seen bigger," said Alaric, "but this feller's big enough. He's just waiting round, I guess, so as to get some of the meat we kill. We'll remember him," he said, looking up at me as he knelt on the snow, "so's to see that he doesn't spoil the hide or the head."

I accepted the theory, and thought little more of the matter for twenty-four hours. At the end of the third day we found that the catamount had for a second time been following our trail—not only our trail, but also mine. He had followed me all day as I walked along the hillside, looking ahead and on both sides, but seldom behind. Alaric examined his tracks carefully for half a mile.

"He was in sight of you all the way," he said. "See here, where he stood for some time, just shifting about in one place, watching?" I saw—and thought.

After a while, it seemed to me, a catamount might get tired of waiting for us to kill his meat, and would start in to kill it for himself. Unquestionably the easiest game for him to get would be human. For there were no deer in the region, and the caribou were all herded on Katahdin and Traveller. The previous severe winter had decimated the partridges, and big is the catamount that will tackle a moose. I mentioned the theory to Alaric.



"Um — yes, perhaps," he said, and eyed me dubiously.

Then I wished that I had not said anything. It is not well to let your guide think that you are afraid.

In the morning, when we had attained our valley's mouth, Alaric was about to keep with me, instead of leaving me as before; but that made our hunting much slower, for we could cover much less ground, and I sent him around the other way.

"All right," said he. "But keep a good lookout behind you now."

He disappeared in a cedar swamp, and I made my way along the slope of a hill. I watched indeed behind as well as in front, and in every fox's track I crossed I saw a catamount's, until finally I got used to the situation, and believed that the "Indian devil" had concluded to let me alone. The day was fine. The sun shone bright, and the softening snow, dropping from the upper branches of the trees, kept up a constant movement in the woods. I took and held a good pace, and with my eyes searching the snow ahead and on all sides of me for signs of moose, walked for a full hour, seeing nothing living but the woodpeckers and the chickadees, hearing nothing but the rustle of the branches, as released of their loads they sprang back into place. Then quite needlessly I found insecure footing under the snow, and plunged suddenly at full length. My rifle whirled from my hand with force, and I heard it strike against the uncovered top of a sugar-loaf stone. I jumped up in fear and hastily examined it. The breech was shattered—my rifle was as useless as any stick. Now I thought of the catamount, as, with the broken rifle in my hands, I looked about me in the woods, bright with sun and snow. I was not entirely helpless, for my revolver and knife were in my belt. Yet a thirty-eight calibre revolver, even with a long cartridge and a long barrel, is not a sure defence against an animal as heavy as myself, which in facing me would present for a mark only a round head and a chest with muscles so thick and knotty that they would probably stop any revolver bullet. I doubted my ability to hit the eye. Very likely I was no longer followed; and in any case, I might call Alaric. And yet he was too far away for a shout to reach him, and I dared not fire signal shots, for in order to travel light, I had left at camp all revolver cartridges but those in the chambers. So I started at once for the bottom of the valley, hoping to strike Alaric's trail on the opposite slope, and intending to follow it until I caught him. My rifle I left where it was; it was useless and heavy. I cast many a glance behind me as, almost at a trot, I made my way down the long hillside. I strode on rapidly, for I had certainly a mile to cover before I could strike Alaric's trail, much more before I could catch my nimble guide. I was cheerful and unalarmed until, pausing to look behind, I saw, a hundred yards away, a tawny animal quickly slip behind a tree.

I hastily drew my revolver and knife; but no movement came from its hidden breast, and rather than stand and wait, I pursued my retreat. I moved more slowly, yet as fast as I could and still guard myself against another fall and watch for a rush from behind. I scanned the ground in front of me, and glanced back every second. For some

time I saw no more of the catamount. But when I did see him, I was startled at his nearness; he was within fifty yards. I hurried on as he slipped aside again; but looking again in a moment, I saw him now following boldly upon my trail. I stopped, but he stopped, too, and stood regarding me. He was too far away for me to fire yet, and as he made no movement to approach, I cautiously continued my retreat, always after a few steps stopping to face him. He stopped as I stopped, yet each time I turned away came quickly closer. I was already thinking of awaiting him without further movement, when the way was blocked by a ravine. It was cut by the stream that drained the valley, and its steep sides were nearly fifteen feet in height. They even overhung in places, but this I did not then know. I was in no mind to trust myself in the deep gully, where the catamount might drop upon me before I could scramble out upon the other side.

I walked into an open space and took my stand close to a birch that grew on the very edge of the bank. For thirty feet there was no good cover for the catamount; so, armed and determined, I waited his action. The animal skirted the bushes about me, as if examining the ground, and to my disappointment, began to come upon me along the edge of the ravine. This gave him the best cover before his charge, and at the same time assured him that the momentum of his rush would not carry him tumbling into the gully. Always keeping too well concealed for a good mark, he crept up behind a fallen tree, on the near side of which a little bush grew, and flattened himself there, watching me, I felt sure, and waiting, in the hope that he might catch me off my guard.

I cannot describe how stealthy and noiseless and altogether perfect his manœuvering was. Although the trees that grew about were all small and the bushes bare, and although the white snow gave no background for concealment, he covered himself so perfectly at one time, and slipped in and out of sight so quickly at another, that although I stood with revolver pointed and cocked, I could find no opportunity for a shot.

As he circled for position he came ever nearer, and I could see at one time the round head, with its short, pointed ears; at another the long, sinuous, muscular body; but they moved so rapidly that before I could shoot they were gone from sight. All the time he made no sound but a little rustle. In his final concealment I saw nothing of him but his tail, that twitched and twitched and twitched. At last I caught the glint of his pale green eye, and fired. There came a snarl from behind the bush, and it was dashed to one side and the other, while round head and bared teeth and tawny body came crashing through. I pulled trigger again, and the report sounded muffled, and the smoke for an instant obscured the beast. All was white, when, like a breath, it passed, and I saw the rushing catamount not ten feet from me.

I had not time to fire or crouch, but with ready legs hurled myself to one side, and threw my left arm around the tree that grew at the edge of the bank. With an awful dread I felt the ground giving way beneath me.

I dropped my knife and caught the tree closer,

when it, too, leaned to fall. It hung for a moment over the steep slope, and I could not save myself. The frost had not clamped the overhang to the solid ground. The last fall rains had cut it under; the first spring thaw would have brought it down, had not my weight been thrown upon it. With a twist the tree and I fell together. I clutched my revolver desperately, despite the sickening fear of the fall, and in my grasp it exploded in mid air. Then I fell, and although my body struck easily in the snow-covered ravine, my right hand had been beaten against a sharp rock, and the birch was upon me so that I could not move.

My legs were on the bank, and underneath the snow, beneath my shoulders, I soon felt the ice, from which stones protruded. One snow-covered rock received and supported my head. I lay upon my right side, and my right hand, swinging in a curve, had struck with force upon another stone, and lay upon the ice, the only part of my body, except my head, which was free. My left arm was pressed close to my side by the birch, which lay across my body and legs. The weight was not so great but that I could have lifted it, could I but have gained purchase. But I must at the same time lift my own body, for my hips were lower than my feet, my shoulders lower than my hips; and I could not gather ten pounds of force in that position.

My fall confused me somewhat, and I could not at first feel anything, either the pain in my hand or the danger I was in. I noticed only the fine, powdery snow which, cast up by the fall, settled upon me as I lay. Then I saw my arm, stretched out in front of me, with a bloody hand at the end of it, and I came fully to myself. A pain shot from finger-tip to shoulder as I closed my hand tighter upon the butt of the revolver. But I clenched my teeth and tried to rise—tried twice more before I gave it up as hopeless. Then I raised my hand and put it in a better position, propped upon a stone. The movements hurt me terribly, but I thought of the catamount, which would surely not be satisfied with two bullets for its breakfast. I was scarcely ready when the head of the beast was thrust over the edge of the bank to look for me.

He saw, and gloated as a human enemy might have done. His savage snarl was full of intelligence, and his slow approach was deliberate torture. He stood for a moment in full view—then slipped and slid down to the surface of the ice, where, ten yards away, he stood and looked at me. I saw his magnificent build, his superb muscular development, as with his body in profile, his head turned toward me, he waited before approaching playing with my helplessness; but I was not entirely helpless! With shaking hand I took aim; I could not use my thumb to cock the revolver, but drew hard at the trigger, and the hammer rose and fell.

My turn for gloating had come now, for the catamount was crying with rage and pain. He fell writhing, striking with his forepaws at the snow, and raising his head to snap at nothing; but this did not last long. Slowly he dragged himself to a sitting posture, and I could understand his plight and estimate my own danger.

My first two bullets had but torn his flesh. My

last had broken his back. He was paralyzed in his hind legs, as I have seen a deer, yet he had many minutes to live, perhaps hours, and was strong and angry enough to finish me. Painfully he started on that short journey to me. With his forepaws, his claws digging the snow, he began to drag himself toward me.

I could only wait. I had but one more shot, and wished to hold it till he should be close; but my torn hand was weak, and the bruised tendons had already begun to stiffen. Into that deep place, where bank and trees overhung, the sun did not come, and I felt the cold striking into my raw flesh.

More than that, my weight upon my shoulder began to cut off the blood from my arm. I felt pricking in my flesh, my arm began to be numb, and I feared that I might not be able to shoot.

If he could but hurry! He dragged himself at a snail's pace. It would be so long before he came close that my hand would be useless. Yet as he crawled directly at me, the mark was a poor one. I saw with satisfaction that he would have to turn aside for one of the rocks in his path. When at last he reached it, and began to drag himself around it, he gave me my last chance.

I saw the space behind his shoulder, prayed that my bullet might miss his ribs, summoned the last force at my almost dead hand, and fired.

A little drift of air blew the smoke aside so quickly that I could see the fire fly. He bit savagely at his side, but he crawled on without stopping. From my numb hand the revolver fell without noise in the snow—my fight was finished. He came on; he was only fifteen feet away from me, when he stopped and coughed. Would he sink, unable to move farther? No; he started again! Although his legs dragged behind him, impeding, although he left a red trail on the snow, and each step forced a snarl from him, he came on. With glittering eyes and hoarse breath, he forced himself to cross the last space.

Minutes passed before he was close enough to touch me. Ah! even as he turned toward my hand to seize it, even as I waited to see, rather than feel, the crunching of my senseless arm, his head drooped. He raised it once more, but his power was gone. He laid his head, once so powerful, upon my hand, rested his body against the stone, that stood high enough to support him, and glared at me with his fierce, malignant eyes. Then the fire changed in his eyes, clouded, flickered, glowed—went out. The last breath was expelled with a wheeze. He was dead.

Then my own powers sank, and I thought that I was dying, too. Somewhere in the midst of my faintness I had a sense as if I felt, rather than heard, hasty, heavy footsteps on the bank above me.

As soon as I knew anything clearly, I knew that the tree had been pulled away, and that Alaric was bending over me. He had, with ears alert for any sound, and with footsteps kept as near to me as they might be with obedience to my order, come rushing to my aid at the sound of my first revolver shot. But the distance was so great that he did not arrive until my fight was over.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA\*

—The number of soldiers on duty in the Federal army during the civil war is given as follows: July 1, 1861, 183,588; January 1, 1862, 527,204; January 1, 1863, 698,802; January 1, 1864, 611,250; January 1, 1865, 620,924; May 1, 1865, 797,807.

—The average person wears nearly fourteen pounds of clothing.

—The Jewish Year Book estimates that there are in the world about 11,000,000 of that race, more than half being under Russian jurisdiction.

—The first envelope ever made is in the possession of the British Museum.

—Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 6.99 inches to the statute mile.

—Between the ticks of a watch a ray of light could move eight times around the globe.

—As many as 4,061 muscles have been counted in the body of the moth.

—The Rhind manuscript, now in the British Museum, is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant that has ever been deciphered.

—The wings of birds are not only to aid locomotion in the air, but also on the ground and water. One bird even has claws in the "elbows" of its wings to aid in climbing.

—The regular army is made up of 25 per cent. of foreigners, while in the navy 52 per cent. of the petty officers and 42 per cent. of the seamen are foreign born. Forty per cent. of those who went down with the Maine were of this class.

—Letters dropped into a box in Paris are delivered in Berlin within an hour a half, and sometimes within thirty-five minutes. They are whisked through tubes by pneumatic power.

—At the Strozzi Palace, in Rome, there is a book made of marble, the leaves being of marvelous thinness.

—According to Professor Galton, a few persons see mentally in print every word they hear uttered.

—The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.

—It is eighteen years since the first Japanese newspaper was established, and now there are in existence 575 daily and weekly papers, 35 law magazines, 35 medical magazines, 11 scientific and a large number of religious journals.

—The elephant does not smell with his trunk. His olfactory nerves are contained in a single nostril which is in the roof of the mouth, near the front.

—Tientsin and other Chinese cities have no lights at night except such as come from private houses.

—The number of newspapers published in this country is 19,582 in the English language, with 741 German, 65 Swedish, 56 Spanish, 51 French, 35 Bohemian, 33 Polish, 25 Italian, 18 Dutch, 18 Hebrew, etc.

—Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper, instead of porcelain or mineral composition. These paper teeth are said to be very satisfactory, as they do not break or chip; are not sensitive to heat or cold, and are not susceptible to the moisture of the mouth, and, from their peculiar composition, they are very cheap.

—Humming birds are domesticated by placing in their cages a number of paper flowers of tubular form containing a small quantity of sugar and water, which must be frequently renewed. Of this liquid the birds partake, and quickly become apparently contented with their captivity.

—A Chinaman always takes spirits, usually rice whisky, with his meals, but he drinks moderately, and never apart from meals.

—It is a strange fact that injuries to the tongue, whether of man or animal, heal more quickly than those of any other part of the system.

—Human beings have six muscles to each eye, that they may move it on either side; but horses, cows, sheep and other quadrupeds, which habitually incline their heads to the earth in search of food, have a muscle by which their eyelids are suspended and supported, and which we do not need.

—The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Cæsar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as near as possible with the solar year.

—The present population of the United States exceeds that of Germany by about 22,000,000, and that of Great Britain by 34,000,000.

—The organs of smell in a vulture and a carrion crow are so keen that they can scent their food for a distance of forty miles.

—The Chinese have a god for every disease, even for mumps and measles.

—The oldest university in the world is at Peking. It is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a granite register consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

—Gaust is the smallest republic in the world. It has an area of one mile and a population of 140. It has existed since 1648, and is recognized by both Spain and France. It is situated on the flat top of a mountain in the Pyrenees, and has a president who is elected by the council of twelve.

—In 1841-47 the highest stone bridge in the world was constructed on the canal leading to Marseilles, France, where it crosses the Arc Valley. The bridge has three tiers of arches. The lowest tier has twelve arches of 49.2 feet span; the middle tier fifteen arches of 52.5 feet and the upper tier fifty-three arches of 16.4 feet span. The bridge is 48 feet wide on top, 1,289 feet long and 271 feet high. The width of the canal on the bottom is about 22 feet. In 1852-59 the Cabin John Bridge, the largest stone arch in the world, was built, near Washington, D. C., to carry an aqueduct and highway over Rock Creek. Its span is 220 feet with a rise of 57.3 feet.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.



# TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*The Battlefield.....William Cullen Bryant*

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle-cloud.  
Ah, never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life blood of her brave—  
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.  
Now all is calm and fresh and still;  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.  
No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;  
Men start not at the battle-cry—  
O, be it never heard again!  
Soon rested those who fought; but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.  
A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year;  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.  
Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.  
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.  
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.  
Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here!  
Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

*O Captain! My Captain!.....A Dirge for Lincoln.....Walt Whitman\**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But, O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.  
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

\*Printed by request.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

*The Long Ago.....Benjamin Franklin Taylor†*

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River of Time,  
As it flows through the Realm of Tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime  
Ere it blends with the Ocean of Years.  
How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like buds between!  
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go!  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,  
As they glide in the shadow and sheen!  
There's a magical isle up the River of Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper clime  
And the Junes with the roses are straying.  
The name of that isle is The Long Ago;  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;  
There are heaps of dust—oh, we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.  
There's a fragment of song that nobody sings,  
And part of an infant's prayer.  
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments our loved used to wear.  
There are hands that we waved, as the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air  
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.  
Oh, remembered for aye be that beautiful isle,  
All the day of our life until night;  
And when Evening comes, with her beautiful smile  
And we're closing our eyes to slumber awhile,  
May that Greenwood of Soul be in sight!

*Song.....Christina Rossetti*

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress-tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.  
I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth nor rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

†See Open Questions, page 96.

## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

*What Makes Convicts?.....J. D. Roth\*.....Chicago Record*

A Massachusetts society for the investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to crime asked me to inquire into the habits of the convicts at Joliet as to the use of intoxicating drinks, with all the care possible, to assist the society in its endeavor to reach some reliable conclusions on the question. I complied with its wishes as best I could, and through the warden's favor and this request I had opportunity to learn more of the drink and the social habits of the convicts than I otherwise would have known. I called many of the men before me and talked over the manner of their former lives without reserve, and by questions and answers got many facts which throw light on the question of what were the principal causes of their criminal actions. I also examined the institution's records covering these points in the cases of 1,200 men. The memoranda I made of the conversations thus had with the men interviewed, and of the facts furnished by the prison's records to supplement and correct the matter gained through the interviews, fill many pages and cannot be given here. The conclusions of the whole matter are as follows:

The leading causes of crime are bad heredity and bad homes and home surroundings in youth, and, later in life, drink habits, licentiousness, gambling and bad literature.

It sometimes is asserted that our prison population is drawn almost wholly from the illiterate classes, and that colleges and high schools are sovereign cure-alls for what some call the disease of criminality. An examination of the reports of the Joliet penitentiary hardly upholds that assertion. The facts given in these reports are in harmony with those given in prison reports generally, if one may be allowed to draw so general a conclusion from the many reports which pass under one's eyes in a four-years' study of prison work. The report of the Joliet prison for 1896 is a fair average of the reports from that institution on this question for many years—I have the reports for the last twenty-five years before me as I write—and I give the facts from it as a fair index to all and because they are the most recent.

September 30 of that year there were in Joliet prison 1,319 convicts. Of this number 86 were wholly illiterate, 22 were able to read and write a little, 206 others could read and write, 825 had a common-school education and 90 claimed to have had the benefits of high-school and collegiate courses. The wholly illiterate population was six and one-half per cent. of the whole and the high-school and college representatives in the prison population were only a little under seven per cent. of the whole. Taking into account the comparatively small number of persons who get into our high schools and colleges and the comparatively large number whose educational advantages never enabled them to do more, in an intellectual way, than read and write a little, the figures do not seem to show that higher education inevitably tends to rid

us of criminality. A report from Sing Sing, N. Y., says that of a prison population there of 1,382, 120 were ranked as uneducated, 13 had an academic education, 6 a collegiate education, and 1,243 had a common-school education.

The majority of the men in the Joliet penitentiary are unmarried, and most of them are comparatively young. The social relations of convicts are not given in the published reports of any of the penal institutions of our State, but I was privileged to examine records at Joliet in which the family relations of men in that institution are set forth in so far as they can be gathered from the men themselves and from more or less corroborative evidence that necessarily comes to the notice of the prison officials in the discharge of their duties. I have looked through part of the memoranda I made of that examination, which extended to 3,000 cases, and of 1,042 cases thus re-examined I find that 664 men were reported unmarried, 62 were widowers, 79 had been married, but had separated from their wives, in six cases the family relations were not known, and in 231 cases the men were married and living with their families when they were arrested for the crimes of which they were convicted.

For some years, too, youths and young men convicted of crime have been sent to the reformatory at Pontiac. While the report of that institution is silent on this question, it tells us the ages of those in the institution, and these range from ten to twenty years. The number of inmates of any given age there seems to increase as the age is increased. The ages from sixteen to twenty have more representatives than those from twelve to sixteen. It seems probable that few, if any, of these youths and young men are married, and it seems more than probable that from one-half to two-thirds of the 1,127 inmates on hand October 1, 1896, belong to the territory in Illinois that sends its adult convicts to Joliet. Add 600, then, to the 1,042 cases of which I have written above, and of the 1,642 convicts thus reported 1,400 were single and 231 were married and living with their families when convicted of the crimes for which they were sent to prison; that is, but one-seventh of the whole number had their own homes and were living in them.

I have before me a report of arrests made by the police of Chicago during 1894 and 1895, and it shows that nearly three-quarters of the whole number arrested were unmarried.

The lack of good homes and good home surroundings is a factor too often overlooked when we essay to study the leading causes of crime. It is one of the tremendous facts of human life that by every act, impulse and thought men are fashioning not themselves only but those around them and those who may come after them in remote generations. It is hard for him who has come into this world of a bad ancestry, and who always has been surrounded by drunkenness, oaths and uncleanness, and from his youth has breathed the air of the slums, to lead an upright life. We distrust these classes, and our distrust brings about their continuance and their multiplication. It becomes to

\*Ex-Chaplain of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet.

is very expensive in the end. By our distrust we help make the thief, the burglar and the incendiary and by our penal system we help keep him so.

Emerson once said: "Let our affection flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. Our acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our feet in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service."

*Women and the Labor Problem.....New Orleans Picayune*

One of the most interesting as well as important factors in the labor problem to-day is the employment of women in the various departments of labor once reserved for men, and the competition of women with men in the struggle for life.

There were some 22,000,000 persons of both sexes engaged in gainful pursuits of all sorts in 1890. Of these, about 4,000,000 were females and 18,000,000 males. There were, according to the same census, about 13,000,000 families in the United States. In 1860 there were about 10,000,000 workers of both sexes, and of these one-twentieth, or 500,000, were females. These were engaged chiefly in clothing factories, cotton mills and in shoe-binding, and they were found almost wholly in the New England States, whose men had gone away to sea or to the new lands of the West, and left their women dependent. In the West and in the South a woman seldom went away from the home to work, or, if so, they were occupied with household duties in families. After the civil war the situation was vastly changed. A million men lost their lives or were so disabled as to be incapacitated to support themselves. The South suffered more than any other section, and many women were left self-dependent. It was a new thing to see white women in the Southern States start out to seek work in avenues that had been previously closed to women. They could not take domestic service, because such places were monopolized by the negroes who had been brought up to that sort of work. The posts of teaching the young did not afford places for all who were forced to work, and thus the white women of the South emulated their sisters of the North and West in seeking the means of earning a livelihood in every honorable work within their capacity, and, however much the necessity for such a state of things is regretted, it must be recognized all the same.

It is not only unmanly, but it is outrageously unjust, for men to complain that women are driving them out of employment. There are 13,000,000 heads of families in the United States. Some of these are widows, but the greatest numbers are men. There are men enough in the country to support all the women if they would. The fact is that they do not. It is their own fault. If every man who pretends to be a man were supporting a woman as he should, there would be probably 4,000,000 places in offices, stores, shops and factories that are now occupied by women workers left free to men, and the women would be at home.

The worst feature in the entire situation is that the women are put off with about one-half the wages given to men for the same service. This is

an outrage in many cases. When the women acquire the power in business which they have always been able to wield in love, they will correct the evil of lower wages, too.

*Reclamation of the Public Lands.....National Advocate*

There are three million unemployed wage-earners in the nation to-day. Every decade sees their number increasing. What is to become of them? What is to become of the nation when they have increased ten-fold?

The remedy is simple. It needs only that the people who are overcrowding the cities, and starving there while they hunt for work where there is none, shall be given a chance to get land to till and taught to till it so that each man as the reward of his own toil on his own land shall get his food direct from nature's granary.

The people have the land, for enough remains of the public domain to give to all who need it a home on the soil. All it needs to be made fertile by irrigation, where it is now waste and desolate, is the labor of those who want it for homes, wisely directed by the government. The 100,000,000 acres of the arid public lands which could be reclaimed by Federal irrigation works would give ten-acre homes for a million families, every one of whom would become self-sustaining. Their labor under government employment would build the works. The wages paid them would buy for them homes upon the land their labor had reclaimed. One million dollars of the nation's money, set apart to do this, would no sooner be so used to pay for labor than it would come back to pay for land, and so a sum less than is wasted from the national treasury every year in many ways would soon relieve the sufferings of unemployed labor, and year by year would create rural homes to be national safeguards. The people who are suffering in the cities have the power to thus work out their own salvation. But while they suffer they are asleep, and those who have enough give the matter no thought. The lesson of the Chicago riots goes unheeded. Must we have some great social convulsion to rouse the nation to the danger that is in our midst? It is to be hoped not. Better by far that the sleeping giant, Labor, should awake before then and that its demands for relief should be heard in time.

This great problem overshadows all others. No question now before the aggregate American people compares with it in importance.

Let the whole power of the nation be turned to creating rural homes as national safeguards and to making rural life attractive, to stop the tide of population to the cities. Let Congress begin the national work of reclaiming the deserts and selling them to home builders, aid to make rural life less isolated by free rural mail delivery, encourage the thrift of those who till the soil by giving them postal savings banks, stimulate the building of good roads to make nearby country neighbors, stop the free-seed fake and put the money to better uses, enlarge the usefulness of the Department of Agriculture by a liberal appropriation to encourage the establishment of schools of agriculture, where boys can learn to get their living from the land and girls be trained in domestic science and be taught to make homes happy.



## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

**A Sharp Answer.**—A well-known bishop was making his annual round among the Sunday schools of his diocese, examining the children and encouraging them.

One Sunday, after having spoken on the lesson, whose subject was Jacob's Dream, he said, "Now is there any question you would like to ask me?"

For a moment there was silence, then a small girl on a front bench, spoke forth, in a timid voice, "Please, my Lord, if the angels had wings, why would they need a ladder?"

This question was so unexpected that the poor bishop did not know what to reply, and was racking his brains for an answer, when the eager voice of a farmer's little daughter cried out, "Please, my Lord, I know."

"Why was it, my dear?" asked the relieved bishop.

"Because they were moulting."

**Mike's Leg.**—Mike was once fixing the roof of his house, when Pat came along and inquired: "How are ye, Moike?" "Got a bad leg," says Mike. "Well, you canna expect any better," says Pat, "you are getting old now." "It canna come of that," says Mike, "the other leg is old, too."

**A Grave Reflection.**—When the late New England poet, John G. Saxe, was a young editor at Burlington, Vt., he attended a Roman Catholic funeral in the capacity of bearer. High mass was sung and the bearers stood throughout the long service. Finally a companion whispered to the humorist: "Pretty long drawn-out, isn't it, Saxe?"

"Yes," was the reply. "They will run it into the ground pretty soon."

**The Heavenly Way.**—Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go round the other way."

**A Question.**—An English hostess was entertaining about three hundred people at a reception and had provided only about seventy-five seats. In despair, she said to a compatriot: "Oh, I am so distressed! Not three-fourths of these people can sit down!" "Bless my soul, madam!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter with them?"

**Eligible.**—A class of girls about ten years of age each, whose teacher was fond of forming clubs, tried to form one of members who could trace their ancestry three generations or more, and offered a prize to the girl whose family went back the furthest. Therefore she gave each a card for her parents to fill in.

One girl, going home to her dinner, said to her mother: "Oh! Mamma! Teacher is forming a club

and it is called The Holland Dames of America. If you can tell how far back we can trace our ancestors I can join."

The mother, being busy, answered: "Oh, tell the teacher we're mongrels." The child returned to school, and as soon as the teacher mentioned the subject arose from her seat and said: "Teacher, mamma says I can join, our ancestors were all scoundrels."

**A Dry Jest.**—A certain Irishman tells of his experience on a railroad trip as follows:

"But, oh, what a toime Oi had on the shleeper! Oi'll niver forgit thot noight until me dyin' day. Whin Oi got into bed Oi was thot tired thot Oi wint roight to sleep, toight as a drum. It must have bin in the middle of the noight whin Oi was woke up by some one cryin' out. Oi listened a minit an' heard the ould woman above my berth sayin', 'Ochone, but Oi'm dry!' She kept thot up for an hour it seemed, and Oi could stand it no longer. 'Oi know thot yer dry,' says Oi, 'an' if ye don't keep more quiet everyone in the train will be afther knowin' it.' Faith she paid no attention to me at all, at all, an' purty soon she says louder than iver, 'Ochone, but Oi *am* dry!' Begob, thot settled it. Oi rang the bell an' says, 'Here, porther, bring this lady a drink.' Thin Oi rolled over, hopin' to be able to sleep in pace the rist of the noight. It was all roight for half an hour, whin all of a suddint Oi heard thot some voice, 'Ochone, but Oi *was* dry! Ochone, but I *was* dry!' And the ould boy himself take me if she didn't keep thot up until dayloight. Troth, an' the loikes of her shouldn't be allowed on the cars."

**A Kean Anecdote.**—In playing Richard III. Charles Kean indulged in a series of dreadful grimaces which the conventions of the times regarded as appropriate accessories of the rôle. He was playing the piece in a prominent town, and had occasion to take on a man to enact the part of the Sentinel who awakes Richard and announces: "'Tis I, my Lord, the village clock hath twice proclaimed the hour of morn." Unfortunately Kean made such dreadful grimaces that the Sentinel forgot his lines and stammered: "'Tis I, my Lord, 'tis I, my Lord; the village cock! 'Tis I, my Lord, the—village cock!" By this time there was a decided titter all over the house, and Kean then said: "Then why the mischief don't you crow?" which, needless, to say, brought down the house.

**Mixed.**—An Irish laborer having received his salary, strutted into the bar of a fashionable hotel one day and called for a cocktail, throwing down a quarter on the counter. The barkeeper handed him his drink and took the coin ringing it up on the cash register. Mike looked at him, "Well," says he, "don't I git iny change?" "We charge twenty-five cents for all mixed drinks," replied the barkeeper. Mike scratched his head with a puzzled look. "Begorry," says he, "how the divil did you know I was a 'Mick'?"

\*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS \*

—“Oh, John. No room for the trunk! Why not put it in the air-shaft bedroom?” “Can’t; there’s a bandbox there already.”

—“Mr. Fizzington is quite a linguist, isn’t he?” “I never knew it.” “Oh, yes; he talks three languages.” “What are they?” “Horse, baseball and golf.”

—Stranger (to Highlander in full uniform)—Sandy, are you cold with the kilt? Sandy—Na, mon; but I’m nigh kilt wi’ the cauld.

—Where’er a man attempts to drown  
His troubles, then I note,  
He always seems to think they are  
Located in his throat.

—Johnny—Does the gas-meter measure the quantity of gas you use? Papa—No, my son; the quantity you have to pay for.

—“Out of work again, Pat? I thought that old Skinflint gave you a job?” “He did, sor; but Oi’ll be kilt afore Oi’ll starve to death for the sake of kapin’ aloive, sor.”

—Mrs. Housewife—Bridget, that is the seventh piece of china that you have broken within the last two days. Bridget—I know, mum. At the last place where I wor-cked the folks never ate off of annything but goold and silver.

—“I should fancy the laundry business was about as easy as any to start.” “What makes you think so?” “All you have to do is to lay in a supply of starch.” “Yes.” “Well, that’ll starch you all right.” Three days after there was a burial.

—Willie—Pa, what do they make talking machines of? His Father—The first one was made out of a rib, my son.

—One sad effect of the cruelties  
That in these war times be  
Is the nerve-destroying citizen  
Who calls it “massacree.”

—He—There are two periods in a man’s life when he never understands a woman. “Indeed! and when are they?” “Before he is married, and afterward.”

—Waiter (who has spilled the contents of a water bottle over a guest)—Shall I get you a napkin? Guest—I think you would better get me a mackintosh.

—A New Yorker has been arrested for counterfeiting copper cents, and rural editors all over that State are hastening to say that he should be sent to the pennytentiary for it.

—If the arms of the sea were in the right place perhaps we wouldn’t hear so much about old ocean’s melancholy waist.

—“Doctor, do you treat rich and poor alike?” “No; circumstances alter cases.”

—She (in the midst of their first tiff)—I won’t stand such names. How dare you call me a goose? He—Well, you’re no chicken.

—The Parson (before the immersion)—Stiddy now, sistah—stiddy! Yo’ will come up whitah dan snow. The Penitent—Oh, I’s afeerd dat’s askin’ toe much. Er cream-colah will do.

—An exchange tells of an author who was “the victim of a literary accident.” He must have received a check from a pay-on-publication periodical a few hours before he died.

—She—Colonel, have you ever been in close quarters? He—Yes; I once rode three hundred miles in a sleeping car where the only passenger besides myself was a female book agent.

—The art of sailing  
Most women lack,  
But she who’s pretty may  
Command a smack.

—Jabbers—I saw a furniture van standing in front of your house this morning. You aren’t moving, are you? Havers—No; my wife took the baby to spend the day at her mother’s, that’s all.

—Society is now composed of two classes—those who talk war and the dumb.

—A king, jes’ like a po’ man,  
Is a-gwinter hab regrets  
If he quarrels wif de neighbors  
’Stid o’ paying off ’is debts.

—“Is Dodded indolent?” “Indolent? He’s too lazy to split an infinitive.”

—Little Bennie—Papa, what does repentance mean? Papa—Repentance is the sorrowful feeling that comes to a person after he gets caught at it.

—Railroad President—What does this mean, sir? You have one of the suburban trains leaving a station at eight o’clock. Superintendent—I—I thought that was right. President—Right? Who ever heard of such a thing, sir? You must be crazy. The idea of any suburban train anywhere leaving a station exactly on the hour! Make it 7.59 or 8.01.

—How strange a thing one’s income is,  
A paradox it seems to be—  
To live without one bothers some,  
To live within one bothers me.

—An old negro who was hanging around a recruiting office was asked if he was going to enlist. “No, suh,” he replied; “but I put five sons in—all I had left.” “Lost some, have you?” “Yes, suh; two. One wuz burnt, en de yuther died a natural death.” “A natural death?” “Yes, suh; dey lynched him!”

—Hiram—Hurry up, Mandy, an’ git away from this building. Mandy—What’s your hurry, Hi? Hiram (chuckling)—The fellow in the elevator forgot to collect our fares.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

## THE PROVING OF A GUARDSMAN\*

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[Luigi della Verria, a young gentleman of Pavia, being at odds with his father, who desires him to enter upon a legal career, which is altogether distasteful to him, has applied to Gian Galeazzo, the head of the branch of the Visconti, who hold the overlordship of Pavia—a man well able to advance him in his chosen profession of arms. His Lordship, detaining him as a guest in the palace over night, has promised an interview on the morrow, to which Luigi has now awakened. Having breakfasted in his room he has made his way to the courtyard, where men-at-arms are gathered.]

A bustling scene met my eyes as I halted a moment in the doorway before mingling with the soldiery. The appearance of the place was that of a camp before battle, rather than that of the courtyard of a Signor supposedly at peace with his neighbors. Some of the men were burnishing their steel headpieces, others their body armor; some were sharpening their lances or pikes, others were putting a keener edge on their swords. Laughter and jests and oaths added to the noise of weapons and armor. The guttural German, the vivacious French, and our own mellow speech blended in a curious and bewildering medley.

I was peering about among the various groups, endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the German officer whose acquaintance I had made on the previous evening, when my presence was noticed by half a dozen troopers who were lounging quite near, seemingly more idle than the rest.

"Good morrow, Sir Pretty Clothes!" called one of them, his accent betraying his Northland birth.

Though I had been thoughtful enough to leave my gay cloak behind, and to put off some of my other finery, I realized that my fashionable attire was inappropriate for the hour and place, and so answered this greeting with perfect good nature.

"See him smile!" cried another of the troopers, speaking in German. "Is he not like a puppet in a booth? You pull a string, and he rolls his eyes to heaven; you pull another, and he smirks for you most maiden-like."

"By St. Christopher!" a third exclaimed, in the same tongue, "it is maiden-like he is. Look at those cheeks. Apricots have not a lovelier flush, and as for the hair, many a maid would be envious of that gold."

"Gold!" shouted he who had spoken first, moving toward me, followed by the others; "sheep's tallow is the hue to match it."

This fellow, an under-officer, as I saw by his attire, in spite of his good looks (he had regular features and keen eyes), contrived to assume a most insulting manner. He stopped in front of me, spread his legs wide apart, puffed out his lips, and stared at my hair, cocking his head first upon one side and then upon the other, muttering the while:

"Tallow, tallow! by every saint in the calendar, or my name is not Otto von Ettergarde! I'll lay you a florin," he cried, addressing one of his companions, "it's nearer to tallow than gold."

I was quite at a loss what to do. To stand there

and be further the butt of the German troopers was as far from my liking as it was from my intention, but how to avoid them puzzled me. Retreat into the palace I would not, and yet if I attempted to pass through the courtyard I felt that they were likely to follow. This last, however, appeared to be my only choice. I had no wish to pick a quarrel with any of them, for fear of incurring Gian Galeazzo's displeasure, so springing swiftly to one side, I had eluded them before they were aware of my intention, and began threading my way between the other groups toward the gateway that led into the piazza. For an instant I thought I had done with them, but ere long I heard several of them hot at my heels.

"Stay, my sweet maid-face!" cried he who had declared himself to be Otto Ettergarde, breaking out into Italian. "Tarry, my fair candle-locks! By my faith, you are well named, for you run as nimble as your same stinking tallow in hot weather."

"Assuredly," I said to myself, "this pestilent fellow is growing to be most offensive;" but I still kept to my resolve to pay no heed to him.

He, having evidently determined to see to what lengths he could push me, now overstepped the mark, for he slipped forward, caught my lifted foot in his, and all but tripped me upon my face; in fact, I only saved myself from sprawling at full length upon the stones of the courtyard by clutching hold of a big trooper near at hand who was burnishing his breastplate, causing him to drop this with a great clatter upon the pavement.

"God's wounds!" cried he, drawing back as though he would fetch me a buffet; "what do you mean?"

I saw his good nature in his countenance, and felt sure that I could pacify him; as for the others, I cared not now what I said.

"I crave your pardon most earnestly," I began, "and beg you to believe that I had no intention of making you drop your armor. These insolent fellows," I exclaimed, turning on von Ettergarde and his companions, who stood by, grinning at my discomfiture, "were the cause of the accident. Because, forsooth! I have the misfortune to possess but one suit of clothes, they needs must mock at me, and because the color of my hair is not to their taste, they needs must flee at me, dog my steps, and try the scurvy trick of tripping me."

All this I said in the troopers' own tongue, and blank-faced most of them looked on a sudden. As for the big soldier against whom I had been thrown he immediately espoused my cause.

"Give over, von Ettergarde," said he. "Why do you pester the youngster?"

A malicious look crossed the trooper's handsome features as he saw he was likely to be deprived of his sport.

"What's that to you?" he cried. "I thought Rupert Hartzheim made it his boast that he always minded his own affairs. Hereafter we shall look to find him acting as sponsor for every young popinjay in Pavia."

\* A selected reading from *A Man-at-Arms*, by Clinton Scollard. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.



I was now so thoroughly incensed that I doubt if I should have been able to restrain myself had the whole line of the Visconti, from the original Matteo down, been ranged before me. I strode forward and faced von Ettergarde.

"While I thank Rupert Hartzheim, as you call him, for his kindly interest in me," I said, "I am quite able to stand up for my own rights against such a mannerless knave as you, even though you do wear his Lordship's insignia."

Hartzheim clutched me by the arm, and pulled me away, but von Ettergarde, flushed and fierce, and growing more angry each instant owing to the outcries of those who had gathered about us, rushed at me with drawn blade.

"Softly! softly!" said Hartzheim, interposing his stalwart bulk between us. "You are but getting a repayment in your own coin."

"He called me a mannerless knave!" sputtered my whilom tormentor.

"I spoke only the truth," cried I. "You had best let us have it out," I said to Hartzheim.

"There seems to be no other way," the latter answered, looking from one of us to the other. "But mark you, von Ettergarde," he said sternly, "if you hurt the youngling fatally, you have me to deal with. Choose your second, since it must be so, and let the affair be conducted as quietly as may be. The garden will serve for the place of meeting. The morning is hardly old yet, and her little ladyship will not be abroad. Give back there!" he called to those who were clustering about us.

I saw by the way the troopers respected his authority that he was one of some rank among them, though what I could not discover from his dress. He strode toward the entrance by which I had emerged into the courtyard, and I followed, with von Ettergarde and his second hard after.

My mind flew back several months to the time when I had last drawn blade in the duello, and I saw before me the great square of San Petronio in Bologna, and the swaggering bravo whom I had encountered as I strolled back to my lodgings through the moonlight from the rooms of a friend. The lout had been offering some insult to a defenceless wench whose cries arrested my steps. Was I likely, I asked myself, to be harder pressed now than when I needed all the finesse taught me by the best masters to preserve a whole skin, for my antagonist proved to be one of the most skillmen-at-arms employed by the Bentigvoli?

I was turning this over in my mind the while we passed from the dusk of the corridor into a sunny pleasance where there were flowers in bloom, and fruit trees casting plots of cool shade, and at the bottom of which, near to the enclosing wall, stood a vine-embowered summer-house. It was here, as I afterward learned, that Gian Galeazzo's daughter, Valentina, she who was afterward wedded to the Duke of Orleans, came to frolic with her maids. Now to all appearances the place was deserted, save that the birds were making a tremulous little twitter in the boughs.

As we walked down the privet-bordered path toward the summer-house I espied a clove-pink, my favorite flower, growing within reach, so I leaned over and plucked it, and having inhaled two or three

whiffs of its fragrance, thrust the stem into one of the eyelets of my doublet. When I looked up from arranging the blossom I was aware that Hartzheim was regarding me curiously.

"By the mass!" said he, "but you are the coolest youngster I ever fell in with." Then he continued to eye me to discover if my action were bravado, but he soon saw that it was not, and so he was quite chirk when we passed to the rear of the summer-house, where we found a swarded open space used by the maids for buffet-ball. There were marks upon the turf which told of the recent pressure of heavier feet, and I came to the conclusion that the play here practiced was not all of it the innocent amusement of maids.

"Look out for him! He is a devil if you oppose him too long, and he may have no mercy," was Hartzheim's last injunction.

That his words were true I speedily discovered when our weapons crossed; for there came a deadly gleam, a cruel exultation, into Hartzheim's handsome eyes. Blood-letting was evidently the man's delight, and he thought me but another mouse to be toyed with, and then maimed or crushed at will. I had never encountered just his like, yet I was in no whit put out.

"Jesu, a pretty counter!" I heard Hartzheim cry, as I turned aside a vicious thrust at my left shoulder, and that was the last of his exclamations I can recall, though I was conscious from time to time that he gave vent to some enthusiastic expression. How the affair would have ended I cannot say, for we were most evenly matched, had it not been brought to a close by a most unlooked-for interruption. We were plying at one another with all our energies, every nerve alert, anticipating sudden changes of fence, meeting each subtle attack, when a sharp "Hold!" startled us. A third sword struck ours in the air, and between us stood Jacobo del Verne, scowling, fierce, like an avenging fate. As we started back in amazement, letting the points of our weapons drop simultaneously on the sward, a voice that cut me to the very marrow fell upon my ears from the direction of the summer-house. As I swung about I caught the ferret eyes of the Lord of Pavia full upon me.

"Very pretty play, gentlemen; very pretty play, upon my word," said he, and he laughed with a glee which I could not fathom.

I was expecting that he would dismiss me with scathing words for allowing myself to be drawn into a quarrel on the very morning when he had bidden me to another interview with him, but he came forward and clapped me upon the arm.

"Bravo!" he cried. "I am proud to appoint you to the lieutenancy in the palace guard. Von Ettergarde," he continued, "you played your part bravely, and shall not be forgotten. Give your hand to Luigi della Verria."

The German could scarce do otherwise than obey; and though I now realized that the quarrel had been put upon me by previous arrangement, and should have borne the man no ill will for acting under orders, it was with an inward protest that I took his hand.

In this strange manner was my fitness for a guardsman's office proved.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

*At a Venezuela Table d'Hôte.....Karl Vantz.....Venezuelan Herald*

This Spanish-American hotel is the most cosmopolitan of all places. At the early morning meal—which is most informal and consists only of rolls and coffee—there is one immense table, and here people of all nationalities and professions, and of divers and sundry languages, meet on common ground. They are none of them in a particularly amiable frame of mind either, at this early hour, and here, more than elsewhere, the little peculiarities of each seem to grate on the other. For instance, the Russian, who occupies the corner suite of rooms and is ordinarily supposed to be a gentleman, tumbles out of bed, throws on a dressing gown and comes to his coffee and rolls without so much as washing his face. Now, the Russian is not a dainty looking individual at his best, that is, when he comes to dinner in the evening in his dress coat, and in this early morning garb he is a particularly unpleasant vis-a-vis.

The American girl, who has made her toilet for the day, and is immaculate in a tailor suit and fresh linen, feels especially outraged. She is a good enough natured girl usually, and rather given to encouraging foreigners in their practice of English, but now, she snubs the Russian, and completely squelches his conversational efforts. The Englishman makes a row because his coffee is not hot, and he has such difficulty in giving voice to his complaints, his pronunciation of Spanish is so uncertain and his vocabulary so meager that the other guests gathered around this genial board almost collapse in nervous prostration before he finishes "blowing up" the waiters to his satisfaction. Germans are good-natured even at eight o'clock rolls and coffee, and take undisguised delight in the attitude of the American girl toward the Russian. The Germans themselves were wont to be a little untidy before the advent of the American girl, but since her appearance they have cleaned themselves up considerably, and now they always come out with "shining morning faces." The American girl, by the way, is the only type of young woman who ever appears at the table d'hôte at this early hour. French and Spanish women who make their homes at the hotel, take their "desayuno" in bed, and come out later in all their glory of hats and feathers, and Paris gowns and furbelows at 12 o'clock breakfast.

This is a formal meal, served at the little tables with wine and all due ceremony. It starts out with soup and fish, and ends up with sweets and coffee. To the North American mind, where the word breakfast is synonymous of toast and eggs and grid-dle cakes, it seems sadly misnamed. At seven o'clock P. M. there is a repetition of breakfast, but at this hour it is called dinner, the gas is lighted, there are stiff little bouquets in lace paper holders on all the tables, and most of the men are in full dress. There is quite a loud and cheerful murmur of conversation now, Spanish, French, German and occasionally English, and, above it, the convivial popping of champagne corks in all directions.

In this country where every sort of tropical fruit grows in abundance, where alligator pears and oranges and pomegranates and bananas are as

plentiful as peanuts in Georgia, the North American apple, which comes all the way from New York, is considered the most delightful of edibles, and is served up at the table d'hôte as the "pièce de resistance." In the market the tiniest specimen costs fifteen cents.

*The Drinks of Old England.....Chicago Times-Herald*

While Americans are prone to sneer at the paucity of wit that characterizes the drink mixers of other lands, the sad confession must be made that their pre-eminence in this line of art results more from the exercise of the imitative faculty than from inherent originality. And it is yet more humiliating to confess that we borrowed the practice from England, the country of all others which now despises anything but straight or diluted Scotch or Irish, with an occasional lapse to a "B. and S." in the upper circles, and "shandygaff" in the plebeian pubs. Any one who gives thought to the history of drinking, however, can understand why the English were pioneers in the art of ornamental tippling. Even before the Roman invasion they were "potent in potting." Their beverages at that time, it is true, were crude and oftentimes harsh, but they made the most of their opportunities; and as the island was overrun by the various brands of invaders mead and metheglin gave way to all-conquering wines and powerful ales. In other words, as the population blended with succeeding races, drinks and drinking also became mixed, till in Shakespeare's time the country was in a perpetual muddle and fuddle, and an average Englishman was able "to drink with facility your Dane dead drunk" and put the bibulous German and the swag-bellied Hollander under the table "ere the next pottle could be filled."

Cocktails were unknown in these glorious days, and there is no authentic record of smashes, fizzes, or even high balls; but there were many other beverages with good mouth-filling names. The swaggers had a favorite tippie called "huffcap." It was an extra strong ale, which made its devotees "huffy," prone to bully and sometimes fight. Women, who went to the tavern as boldly, if not quite so openly, as the men, drank "merry-go-down," which was compounded of Spanish wines, with liberal accessions of sugar, a sprinkling of nutmeg and a pinch of ginger. The poorer class of religious men took kindly to "lamb's wool," which was made of hot ale, pulp of roasted apples, grated nutmeg and ginger, with raw sugar for sweetening. Monks, priests and prelates had a special class of wines appropriately known as "theologicum." They were, of course, the finest vintages in the market, for, as one of the chroniclers of the times remarks, the wine merchant was afraid to serve this class of customers with anything but the best, lest his soul should go straight to the devil.

Another saintly drink was "bishop," which subsequently met the poetic approbation of Dean Swift, who wrote:

Fine oranges,  
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,  
They'll make a sweet bishop which gentlefolks sup.



The old poets were fond of celebrating their drink in verse. Of sack, whose glorious operations were graphically described by its high priest, Falstaff, an Elizabethan poet, wrote:

Sacke will make the merrie minde be sad,  
So will it make the melancholie glad.  
If mirthe and sadness doth in sacke remain,  
When I am sade I will take some sacke again.

But to return to fancy drinks, the list of which is by no means exhausted. One wonderful decoction was made by boiling a number of herbs, bitter and sweet, and adding a quantity of the infusion to hot ale. This mixture, which was sweet or sour, soporific or exhilarating, according to the luck of the brewer in gathering his herbs, was known as "bitter sweet." Falstaff, it will be remembered, could not stomach apple-johns, which were sometimes roasted and dropped into hot-spiced ale. Crabs were preferred for this purpose. Ale so treated was a favorite indulgence at Christmas time. Reference is made to it in the winter song in *Love's Labor's Lost*:

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl.

It formed the ingredient of the famous wassail bowl, as well as of the gossip's bowl, of which Puck says:

And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
And when she drinks against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

Other popular drinks were maddog and dragon's milk. Their main constituent was ale of different degrees of age and strength, flavored with ginger and similar hot stuff. Maddog was the stronger of the two. It was popular among gentlemen of Ancient Pistol's stamp, who usually wanted something to grip their throats and put fire into their eyes. Topers owe a great deal to this same maddog. He it was that introduced the custom, popular in other lands besides England, of easing the effects of over-indulgence by taking "a hair of the dog that bit you."

The fastidious Briton of the olden times was also mighty hard to please as to the qualities of wine. We find record of his nicety in this regard as far back as the twelfth century. An old manuscript in the British Museum tells us what wine was most prized: "It should be clear like the tears of a penitent, so that a man may see distinctly to the bottom of his glass; its color should represent the greenness of a buffalo's horn; when drunk it should descend impetuously like thunder; sweet-tasted, like an almond; creeping, like a squirrel; leaping, like a roebuck; strong, like the building of a Cistercian monastery; glittering, like a spark of fire; subtle, like the logic of the schools of Paris; delicate as fine silk, and colder than crystal."

If the Englishman of that day was able to procure this celestial liquor he was more fortunate than recent topers and tipplers have been in the triune kingdom. All modern travelers can testify that no such wine is to be had now, either in "dear old London" or elsewhere on the island. Furthermore, the fancy beverages of the Elizabethan period have disappeared and left not a rack behind, unless we dignify such a wishy-washy stuff as claret punch, which

holds the place of honor in most metropolitan bar-rooms, and port negus, which still lingers in the sick-room, by calling them weak-kneed descendants of the sturdy, uncompromising beverages of old.

*Bread the World Over.....Sanitary Record*

It is a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In this country, where good bread, made from spring and fall wheat flour, is within the reach of all, rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, the inhabitants of only a small portion of the earth's surface enjoy such a food. In the remoter parts of Sweden the poor people make and bake their rye bread twice a year, and store the loaves away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Further north still bread is made from barley and oats. In Lapland, oats, with the inner bark of the pine, are used. The two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes, cooked in a pan over the fire. In dreary Kamchatka, pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food. The Icelander scrapes the "Iceland moss" off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves both for bread and puddings. In some parts of Siberia, China and other Eastern countries, a fairly palatable bread is made from buckwheat. In parts of Italy chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for making bread. Durra, a variety of the millet, is much used in the countries of India, Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor for making bread. Rice bread is the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese, and a large portion of the inhabitants of India. In Persia the bread is made from rice flour and milk; it is called "Lawash." The Persian oven is built in the ground about the size of a barrel. The sides are smooth mason work. The fire is built at the bottom and kept burning until the wall or sides of the oven are thoroughly heated. Enough dough to form a sheet about one foot wide and about two feet long is thrown on the bench, and rolled until about as thin as sole leather, then it is taken up and tossed and rolled from one arm to the other and flung on a board and slapped on the side of the oven. It takes only a few moments to bake, and when baked, it is spread out to cool. This bread is cheap (one cent a sheet); it is sweet and nourishing. A specimen of the "hunger bread" from Armenia is made of clover seed, flax, or linseed meal, mixed with edible grass. In the Molucca islands the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white floury meal. This is made up into flat, oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each oven being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves. Bread is also made of roots in some parts of Africa, and South America. It is made from manioc tubers. These roots are a deadly poison if eaten in the raw state, but make a good food if properly prepared. To prepare it for bread, the roots are soaked for several days in water, thus washing out the poison; the fibres are picked out, dried, and ground into flour. This is mixed with milk, if obtainable, if not water is used. The dough is formed into little round loaves, and baked in hot ashes or dried in the sun.



## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Mr. William Black, from whom nothing has been heard for some time, has a new novel ready for publication in the autumn entitled *Wild Eelin*.

The deaths of three American writers are recorded for the month of May: Mrs. Maria Louise Pool, at Rockland, Mass., May 19, aged fifty-six; Edward Bellamy, at Chicopee, Mass., May 22, aged forty-eight; and Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, at Washington, May 28, aged sixty-three.

S. R. Crockett has started on a six weeks' walking tour in Spain.

Richard Mansfield has secured from the Scribners the exclusive rights, in this country, for the dramatization of Stevenson's *St. Ives*.

The admirers of the Polish poet, Mickiewicz, are collecting funds for a monument to be erected in Lemburg. The sum of 10,000 florins is already in hand. The monument is intended to be an "eternal protest" against the Czar, who forbade a Mickiewicz celebration in Warsaw.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett secured a divorce, May 10, from Dr. Swan M. Burnett, with permission to use her maiden name, Hodgson.

Richard Le Gallienne has accepted the professorship of English literature in the Cosmopolitan University.

Carl Schurz, who has retired from the editorial page of *Harper's Weekly*, is now engaged upon a book of memoirs.

Frau Elisabeth Forster-Nietzsche announces in the *Wiener Rundschau* of May 1 that there is no improvement in the condition of her brother, Friedrich Nietzsche, whose mind is wrecked by overwork and the use of chloral in the largest doses.

Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, a reading from whose recent book, *Java, the Garden of the East*, is given in *World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel*, page 42, this number, will issue, through D. Appleton & Co., a new edition of her *Guidebook of Alaska*, containing a description of the Klondike, with maps and illustrations.

Cesare-Augusto Levi, the Italian historian, has discovered among the archives of the Republic of Venice and in those of several private families, documents concerning Othello and Desdemona, whose real name was Palma, which rectify in several particulars the story as related by Shakespeare and other writers.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of *But Yet a Woman*, *The Wind of Destiny*, and other novels and poems, now United States Minister to Persia, was married at Athens, Greece, March 9, to Grace Aspinwall Bowen, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The *London Literary World* quotes from another English journal the following unique story of the conception and founding of *Tit-Bits*, from whose pages *Current Literary* frequently takes items of interest: "Sir George Newnes, the future millionaire, was at the time engaged in a business house at Manchester, and suddenly, while reading to his wife a paragraph out of *The Manchester Evening News*, he exclaimed: 'There! that is what I call a

real tit-bit! Now, why can't a paper be brought out containing nothing but tit-bits similar to this?' There and then the young couple discussed the possibility of the little green weekly which was to bring them fame and fortune. George Newnes, however, is one of those men who essentially believe in the motto, 'Slow but sure.' He did not give away his idea, neither did he neglect his ordinary work, but he never forgot that conversation; and at the end of a year, that is in the October of 1881, when he himself was just thirty years of age, the first number of *Tit-Bits* was published. Remarkable to relate, *Tit-Bits* caught on from the first moment, something like five thousand copies being sold in two hours by the Newspaper Boys' Brigade of Manchester alone. Then, and not till then, did Mr. Newnes give up his regular work in order to devote himself entirely to editing and publishing the new weekly."

Some forty ladies and gentlemen representing literature and the stage—including Mr. Thomas Hardy, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. William Archer, recently sent Dr. Ibsen a birthday letter and a set of silver consisting of a "ciborium," or loving-cup, an exact fac-simile of one executed for George II. in 1730; a ladle, in silver and ebony, an original, made about 1725; and a small cup of the same period. The letter was signed by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer, who said, among other things: "Some of us recognized your force and your distinction a quarter of a century ago; some of us have but lately come into the range of your genius; but we all alike rejoice in its vital power, and hope for many fresh manifestations of its versatility."

Of the works of fiction published in this country during the year 1897 only the seven following were deemed worthy of permanent shelf room in public libraries by the committee appointed for this investigation by the New York Library Association and the New York Library Club: *On the Face of the Waters*, by Mrs. F. A. Steel; *St. Ives*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; *The Gadfly*, by E. L. Voynich; *School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes; *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; and *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen.

Apropos of the work of Mrs. Steel, whose *On the Face of the Waters*, is cited first in the above list of the seven best books published in 1897, the opinion of a cultured native of India, Prof. A. S. Ghosh, of the University of Calcutta, is interesting. Writing in the *London Academy*, Professor Ghosh praises the book highly, not only for its dramatic qualities, but for the understanding and sympathy it reveals. But he has one or two faults to find. He writes: "I think, however, that the sorrows of a childless wife in India are not nearly so great as Mrs. Steel describes them to be, simply because of that 'curious resignation, that impassive acquiescence, which,' she says, 'does more to separate East from West than all the seas which lie between England and India'; and because, even if the barrenness of the first wife necessitates the marrying of a

second (with a view to the future performance of religious rites), there can be no jealousy between the two; for to them 'marriage has for its object the preservation of the hearth fire, not the fire of passion, and the jealousy which is a virtue to the civilized is a crime to these barbarians.' Mrs. Steel, I fear, has also fallen into the common error (it would have been a marvel had she not) of assuming that every graduate of an Indian University is a prig. The Indian graduate is also the pet aversion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But both are wrong in their assumptions. In the discharge of my academical duties, not so very long ago, I came daily into contact with more than seven hundred under-graduates of the Calcutta University, and I did not notice in them as a class any particular priggishness, anything which would differentiate them in that respect, say, from English 'Varsity men.'

Anna Dill Gamble, author of the story, *The House of the Lighted Windows*, in *Short Stories* for January, is a daughter of William Gamble, who built up the Mission Press in Shanghai, China. He was called later by the Japanese Government to introduce his system of printing into Japan. Yale College recognized his services in the East by making him an A. M. Miss Gamble's mother was of old Pennsylvania colonial stock. She herself was born in Paris, France, in 1877, but has lived most of her life in Pennsylvania. She was educated at the Collegiate Institute in York, and has been greatly helped by the encouragement of her mother and the criticisms of her older brother, who is at present one of the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* at Princeton University. *The House of the Lighted Windows* is Miss Gamble's first published work, although the *Youth's Companion* has accepted a story of hers which has not yet appeared.

Writing to the *London Athenæum* of the projected publication of a selection of letters of the late Alphonse Daudet, Jules Claretie says: "If these pages only reveal half the charm of Daudet's talk, they deserve preservation. The public ought not to be deprived of them. I have heard and known most of the famous talkers of my time—for conversation in France particularly is, or used to be, a special art most pleasant and attractive. I recall the good stories and the gay gasconades of the elder Dumas; the witty inventions, the Marseillaise sallies, the anecdotes with a 'bouillabaisse' flavor of Méry; the incidents, stories, and portraits, quick 'mots,' brief phrases, resembling his animated writing, of M. Thiers; the delightful improvisations tinged with pleasant paradox of Ernest Renan; the grandiose things imagined by Victor Hugo, the maxims his genius coined; the unsurpassable philosophic ironies of Gavarni; the profound sayings of the younger Dumas; and the talk of innumerable other masters of this art of word-painting. Alphonse Daudet was one of the most notable and the most charming of this company.

Robert Loveman, the Southern poet, has come to New York to devote himself exclusively to literary work. Mr. Loveman's last book of verse was brought out by the Lippincotts and is having a good sale, and has been well received by the reviews. Mr. I. Zangwill, in his London letter to the

*Cosmopolitan Magazine*, November, 1897, says the verses are "marked by delicacy of expression, restraint of handling, and tenderness of thought, while their brevity would have pleased Poe." Messrs. Stedman, Aldrich, Riley, and other well-known writers, have spoken highly of the volume. Mr. Loveman's verses are familiar to readers of *Current Literature*, his poems having often appeared in this magazine. Mr. Loveman will spend the summer months abroad, returning to New York for the winter, when he hopes to have ready another book.

Harper's Weekly will run serially in 1899 a novel of the romantic school by Edward S. Van Zile, entitled *With Sword and Crucifix, Being an Account of the Strange Adventures of Count Louis de Sancerre, Companion of Sieur de la Salle on the Lower Mississippi in the Year of Grace 1682*. In the July number of Lippincott's Magazine a novelette by the same writer, entitled *Harold Bradley, Playwright*, appears, and at present Mr. Van Zile is engaged upon another novel dealing with an early period of American history.

In a letter written a few years before his death the distinguished English scholar, John Addington Symonds, said: "My average earnings during the last ten years have been £215 5s. 6d.," or, in our currency, not much more than a thousand dollars. The *Tribune*, in commenting upon this statement, says: "It goes to show once more that as between scholarship and fiction the writer with a fondness for the flesh pots of this earth would better not hesitate. The situation indicated in our citation is the more deplorable when it is considered that Symonds was not by any means a dry, pedantic historian, one over whom the 'general' reader might blamelessly fall asleep."

Sir Herbert Maxwell has just completed a memoir of the late Sir Charles Murray whose life extended over the greater part of the century—1806-95. A son of the Earl of Dunmore, he went to the United States as a young man, passed some months in the lodges of the Pawnee Indians and wrote *Travels in North America* (1839) and shortly after a novel called *Prairie Bird*. He was master of the Queen's household during the first eight years of her reign, and then minister at various courts, Lisbon, Dresden, and Copenhagen. He was in constant intercourse with literary and scientific men. He was a man of many sterling qualities of mind and heart, and his memoir will be awaited with interest in England and will not be without interest on this side of the Atlantic.

The last literary manuscript from Mr. Gladstone's hand was his tribute to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, his friend at Eton and after. The article was written for the *Youth's Companion*, and appeared in the last New Year's number. The finishing touches were made in the statesman's own handwriting in November.

To a correspondent who recently wrote to Ouida for material out of which to construct her biography she replied: "I have not replied to you because I regret to refuse your request, and I cannot comply with it. What impertinence and what folly are these so-called biographies of persons who have done nothing to deserve such a punishment."

## BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

**Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.**

- A Course in Mechanical Drawing: J. S. Reid: J. Wiley & Sons, 8vo, cloth.....\$2 00  
 Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture and Vocal Expression: S. S. Hamill, A.M.: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 60  
 Half a Century of Music in England, 1837-1887: Francis Hueffer: C. Scribner's Sons, 8vo, cloth..... 2 00  
 Handbook of Acoustics for the Use of Musical Students: T. F. Harris: C. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth. 1 25  
 Iphigenia in Tauris: Goethe: Trans. by Frederick Butler: Paper.....  
 Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant: G. Bernard Shaw: H. S. Stone & Co., cloth..... 2 50  
 Secrets of Violin Playing, The: C. Scribner's Sons, The Red, White and Blue: M. F. Mansfield, paper.. 50  
 12mo, paper..... 40  
 Violin-Making as It Was and Is: E. Heron Allen: C. Scribner's Sons, 8vo, cloth..... 3 00

**Biographic and Reminiscent.**

- A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., etc.: G. (Canon) Rawlinson: Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, cloth.... 5 00  
 John and Sebastian Cabot; the Discovery of North America: C. Raymond Beazley: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Mirabeau: Paul Ferdinand Willert: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 75  
 Napoleon and His Times: C. (Lord) Beresford and H. W. Wilson: E. & J. B. Young & Co., 4to, cloth. 4 00  
 Recollections of a Nonagenarian of Life in New England, the Middle West and New York: J. C. Holbrook, D.D.: The Pilgrim Press, 12mo, cloth, net.. 1 00  
 Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop: Rob. Burns and Mrs. Frances Anna Wallace, (Mrs. J. Dunlop): Dodd, Mead & Co., S. buckram..... 5 00  
 The Life of Judge (George) Jeffreys: H. B. Irving: Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, cloth..... 4 00  
 Walt Whitman at Home by Himself: Walt Whitman: The Critic Co., 8vo, paper..... 50  
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 The New Century Speaker for School and College: H. Allyn Frink: Ginn & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 1 10  
 Yale University Entrance Examinations in Mathematics: R. Mather, Comp.: The C. P. Judd Co., 8vo, cloth, net..... 2 00

**Essays and Miscellanies.**

- Best Things by Chauncey M. Depew: Chauncey Mitchell Depew: A. N. Marquis & Co., 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper..... 50  
 Bookmaking: The Peter Paul Book Co., paper.....  
 Conklin's Bequemes Hand Buch: Laird & Lee, cloth..... 50  
 Essays on Museums and Other Subjects Connected with Natural History: Sir W. H. Flower: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth, net..... 4 00  
 Institute Organization: Barr Ferree: Paper.....  
 Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman: Oscar Lovell Triggs: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 1 25

- Stories of Ohio: William Dean Howells: American Book Co., illus., cloth..... 60  
 The Age of Fable; or, Beauties of Mythology: T. Bulfinch: 12mo, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Century Atlas of the World: Benjamin E. Smith: The Century Co., calfskin.....  
 The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Nov. '97 to Apl. '98: The Century Co., cloth.....  
 The Popular Lecture as an Educator: Barr Ferree: Paper.....

**Fiction of the Month.**

- A Champion in the Seventies: Edith A. Barnett: Herbert S. Stone & Co., cloth.....  
 A Christmas Story: Susan M. Hayward: Tourney Pub. Co., paper.....  
 A Handful of Silver: L. T. Meade: E. P. Dutton & Co., illus., cloth..... 1 50  
 A Realized Ideal: Julia Magruder: H. S. Stone & Co., S. cloth..... 1 25  
 A Revolutionary Love Story: Ellen Olney Kirk: Herbert S. Stone & Co., cloth.....  
 A Trooper of the Empress: Clinton Ross ("R." pseud.): Appleton, 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper..... 50  
 Cape Cod Week: Annie Eliot Trumbull: A. S. Barnes & Co.....  
 Der Praktische Deutsche: U. Jos. Beiley: Wm. R. Jenkins, cloth..... 1 00  
 Doctor Sphinx: Caroline C. Walch: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth.....  
 Her Ladyship's Elephant: D. Dwight Wells: H. Holt & Co., 12mo, buckram..... 1 25  
 Jack Archer; a Tale of the Crimea: G. Alfred Henty: C. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth..... 1 00  
 La Fille du Député: G. Ohnet: H. Holt & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 50  
 Labor of Love: Julia Magruder: Lothrop Pub. Co., 12mo, cloth..... 1 00  
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 Tales From Town Topics: Town Topics Publishing Co., paper..... 50  
 The Deserter, and Other Stories: Harold Frederic: Lothrop Pub. Co., 12mo, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Forest Lovers: Maurice Hewlett: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 50  
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 The Head of the Family: Alphonse Daudet: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, cloth..... 1 50  
 The Red Lily: Anatole France: Brentano's, cloth.. 1 25  
 Thirty Strange Stories: H. G. Wells: Harper, 12mo, cloth..... 1 50  
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**Historic and National.**

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 Bradford's History "Of Plimoth Plantation"; From the Original Manuscript: W. Bradford: 8vo, cloth. 1 00



- Cuba in War Time: R. Harding Davis: Illus. by F. Remington: (New ed.) R. H. Russell, illus., 12mo, cloth, \$1.25; paper..... 50
- History of England under Henry IV.: Jas. Hamilton Wylie: In 4 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 7 00
- The Federalist: Alex. Hamilton, Jas. Madison and J. Jay: H. Holt & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 2 50
- Manual of Heavy Artillery Service Prepared by the Authority of the War Department: J. Caldwell Tidball: Jas. J. Chapman, 8vo, pl, leath..... 3 00
- The Historical Reference Book: L. Heilprin: Appleton, 12mo, hf. leath..... 2 00
- The Indian Frontier War: Lionel James: C. Scribner's Sons, 8vo, cloth..... 3 50
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# NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*A Veteran.....Minna Irving.....Judge*

He stood before the village store.  
Unkempt and weary-eyed,  
His shabby harness here and there  
With bits of rope was tied;  
His knees were stiff, his coat was long,  
A sorry sight indeed,  
The butt of many an idler's jest—  
The farmer's old gray steed.

Across the hot and dusty square,  
And up the narrow street  
Arose a burst of rolling drums  
And bugles loud and sweet;  
He turned his head and pricked his ears  
And shook his tangled mane,  
As memory with its magic swelled  
His withered veins again.

With every well-remembered note  
A vision on him grew  
Of trumpets with their crimson cords  
And lines of men in blue;  
He seemed to see from far and near  
The marching squadrons come,  
And flung his broken harness off  
To curvet to the drum.

For upon a battle field  
He heard the bugles blow,  
"Attention" in the dreary dawn  
And "Charge" upon the foe;  
The soldier-heart was in him yet,  
Though he was blind and lame,  
And many a whip had left its scar  
Upon his gallant frame.

So every hand to every cap  
Went up in grave salute  
As all the veterans passed him by  
With flag and fife and flute;  
And some were seen to drop a tear—  
Those bearded men in blue—  
A tribute to the old gray horse  
Who was a veteran too.

*Her Shopping Bag.....Anna M. Fowler.....Easton Pilot*

'Tis made of lustrous velveteen  
Drawn tight with silken strings,  
But I am sure you couldn't guess  
What very curious things

It has to hold from day to day,  
So I will name a few—  
You'll find they range from pins and lace  
Quite to an oyster stew—

A leg of lamb, a slice of ham,  
Bon-bons and patty-pans,  
A Charlotte russe, a café mousse,  
Lamp wicks and paper fans.

Love letters, cards, and hateful bills,  
Quail, sausage, and grape fruit—  
(I do declare it is enough  
To strike a brave man mute).

And many books, and locks, and hooks  
With small things two or three.  
Like scent-bags, pills and banjo strings,  
Cough drops and Oolong tea—

And when from week-day duties free  
On Sunday it goes hence  
Enshrining in its ample folds  
Prayer book and Peter pence.

On birthdays and on holidays  
The things it's made to hold  
Would turn a miser pale with greed  
And make a pirate bold.

'Tis made of lustrous velveteen  
Drawn tight with silken strings—  
This magic bag—this shopping bag  
That holds such curious things.

*The Chant of Time.....Will T. Hale.....Memphis Commercial Appeal*

Before creation I was old, e'en then my hair was gray,  
And still my latest living year is eons yet away;  
The God and I alone have been from earliest morning  
gleam,  
When mind as yet was of the Lord, and matter but a  
dream.

I've heard the minstrels of the spheres their earliest an-  
thems sing,  
And seen blind chaos quickening, then into cosmos spring;  
The while the light a foetus lay—the elements in strife—  
I heard the voice: "Let there be light!" and saw light  
leap to life.

I looked upon the sun's surprise, when that primeval day,  
He peered down there upon the spot where earth's first  
dead man lay.  
Within my ears have rung the cries of kingdoms at their  
birth;  
Before my eyes corruption's blast has swept them from the  
earth.

I've witnessed Knowledge in its prime, then seen the sure  
advance  
Of Retrogression's reign that brought but crime and  
ignorance,  
When, as the form of Venus shuts the sunlight of the sun,  
The drear Dark Ages stretched their pall and hid what  
wisdom won.

Yea, this I've seen and heard, and more; and I shall live  
to see  
The purpose and the mystery of all the years to be,  
And gaze upon the holocaust, when God the world shall  
burn,  
And with his palm its ashes scoop and place them in their  
urn.

*Birth of the Rose.....Rose Maynard David....San Francisco News-Letter*

A perfect thought went hovering in the air  
Seeking expression visible and found  
A chaste young shoot of green from virgin ground  
All budded: and he gladly entered there.

He filled her soul with beauty; and at morn  
Drew warmth of love from the bright sun—God's ray,  
The dew from night, the secrets from the clay—  
She sighed—the petals burst—a Rose was born!



## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

413. *Authorship of Lines to a Skeleton*: In your issue of March, 1897, I note Lines to a Skeleton credited to Philip Robert as author. I have known that poem for perhaps thirty-five years and always had the impression, as well as have seen it several places stated, that the author is unknown. Is there not an error in crediting same as above?—C. R. Gearhart, Lock Haven, Pa.

[The poem was first published anonymously in the London Morning Chronicle in 1827. Notwithstanding the offer of a reward of fifty guineas, the author's name remained a secret until nearly sixty years had passed, when it was learned that the lines were written by Robert Philip (not Philip Robert, as our correspondent has it), of Gormyre Cottage, Scotland. Toward the end of the year 1826 he wrote the verses while watching for body-snatchers in the parish churchyard of Torphichen, where, during the repairing of the church, the unearthing of a skeleton suggested the subject. The verses were shown to Dr. John Alford, who procured a copy, and either by accident or intention dropped a copy in the Royal College of Surgeons, where they were found.]

414. *Bishop Simpson's Lectures on Job*: Could you inform me through Open Questions whether Bishop Simpson ever published his lecture or lectures on the Book of Job, and if so, where they could be obtained? You will greatly oblige.—Rosalie Hayward, St. Georges, Bermuda.

415. *Who Wrote The Long Ago?* The authorship of the enclosed poem, *The Long Ago* [see *Treasure Trove*, p. 81.—Ed.] is disputed. I have found the poem in a book of miscellany credited to Benjamin Franklin Taylor, and am inclined to believe he wrote it. I have, however, several newspaper extracts crediting the late Phlo Henderson, of Charlotte, N. C., with being the writer. It was written, certainly, before 1870, but I cannot give a better date. The poem's beauty of rhetorical figure, almost perfect rhythm, and the lovely pathos of the whole, make it a gem of literature and entitle the author, whoever he was, to a place in the ranks of—

“—the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time!”

I shall be glad if any reader of *Current Literature* can give better information regarding its origin.—Gordon H. Cilley, Hickory, N. C.

416. Do you know of any book that will give us a concise historical and critical survey of the modern literature of Continental Europe? If you know of no single book, what do you consider the best books giving such a survey of French, German, Italian, and also English literature?—Elizabeth V. Clark, Wyoming, Del.

[D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth avenue, New York City, are publishing an interesting series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World. A History of Italian Literature, this series, is just out, price \$1.50. No doubt these books would well suit your purpose.]

417. Will you not kindly give space for the following in your department of Questions and Answers? When a boy at school some twenty-five years ago I learned a song of

which but one verse remains with me now. I should be glad to know the name of the song, its author and where I might find it complete. As I recall it the first words are:

On a sunny summer morning,  
Early as the dew was dry;  
Up the hill I went a-berrying,  
Need I tell you, tell you why?  
Farmer Davis had a daughter  
And it happened that I knew  
That on sunny summer mornings  
Jennie went a-berrying too.

—F. S. Barton, Puebla, N. M.

418. *The Savings Banks of Switzerland*: Would you kindly answer the following questions in your magazine: 1. What interest is paid by the savings banks of Switzerland, Europe, to depositors? 2. What is the largest amount of money they will hold on deposit for a single individual?—George Nicoll, New York City.

[The affairs of the Savings Banks of Switzerland are differently administered, according to the varying laws of the various cantons. No doubt the precise information you desire may be obtained from the History of Banking in All the Leading Nations, edited by the editor of the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, issued by the Journal of Commerce, 19 Beaver street, this city, in 1896. Les Caisses d'Epargne, by Jean Rouquet (Paris, 1896), is also a valuable reference book on the subject. Also the Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Economie Politique, edited by Léon Say and Joseph Chailley (Paris, 1892). These books should be found at any large public library.]

419. If not asking too much, would you explain the reference to Johannesburg in Harold Frederic's *Gloria Mundi*? See the *Cosmopolitan* of April, page 616. I understand the “perhaps” of Daniel Deronda and know where Johannesburg is, but cannot see the connection.—M. M., Augusta, Ga.

[The passage mentioned, which is too long to quote here, seems to us to refer to the late Barney Barnato, Johannesburg having been, we believe, the scene of many of the Hebrew multi-millionaire's brilliant financial operations.]

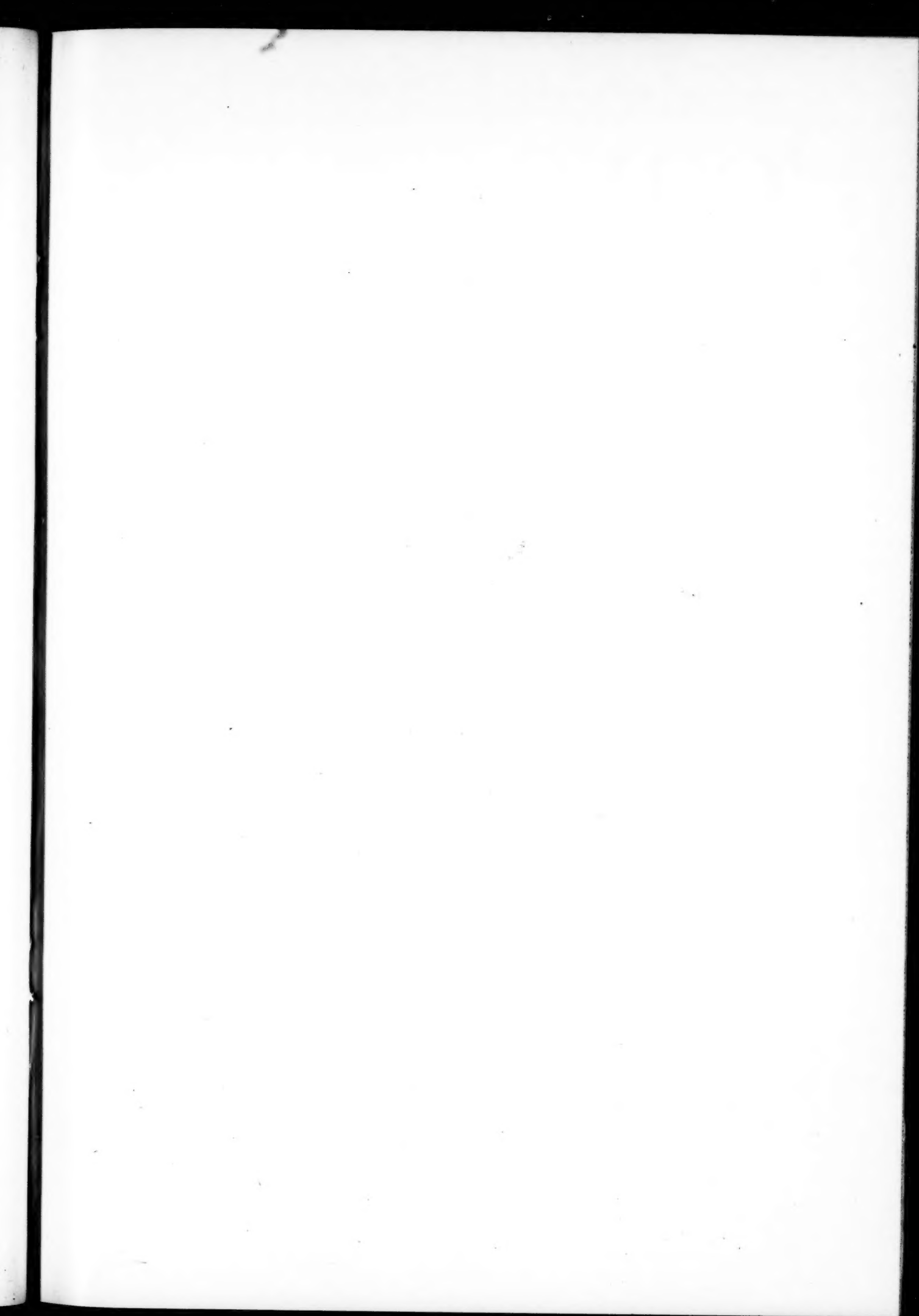
### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

405. In your June issue I find in Correspondents' column an inquiry for the author of *For Love's Sweet Sake*, and, no doubt, many poems have been written under the title. The enclosed one I read some six years ago, was written by Mr. Con DeVlieger, Jr., whose writings have received great consideration in the South and West, and perhaps familiar to you under the nom de plume of Gyp.—Wm. T. Greene, Waco, Texas.

[The verses, together with others by the same author, courteously enclosed by our correspondent, are held for the sender of Query 405, which appeared in our May number.]

In reply to query 407 in regard to Odo, I beg to say that the book to which Mr. Neal refers is *A Fellowe and His Wife*, by William Sharpe and Blanche Willis Howard. I have forgotten the publisher, but it can be obtained at almost any large book store.—Katherine B. Huston, San Antonio, Texas.

412. The book to which your querist number four hundred and twelve (412) refers is *Little Venice*, by Grace Denio Litchfield, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.—Mary Boyd Davis, Detroit, Mich.





S. WEIR MITCHELL

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 112.)